In The Middle Watch

By W. Clark Russell.

Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly.

KB 73423

Library
of the
University of Toronto

LU… …AIR.
Free … dandriff

M… …il

which has been … r and beautifier
of the hair, whi…

as it forms the … te and fragrant
bouquet of roses. Contains no lead or mineral ingredients, and for the use of fair or golden-haired children or grey-haired adults is now sold in a

GOLDEN COLOUR.

Sizes 3s. 6d.; 7s.; 10s. 6d., equal to 4 small; and 21s.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR eradicates freckles, tan, sunburn redness and roughness of the skin, etc., and produces a beautiful and delicate complexion. Ask anywhere for ROWLANDS' Articles, of 20, Hatton Garden, London.

MELLIN'S FOOD

For Infants and Invalids.

NOT FARINACEOUS.

The Food of the Present and Future.

Apply for Free Sample to the Inventor and Manufacturer,

G. MELLIN, Marlboro' Works, Peckham, London, S.E.

This sweetly scented Emollient Milk is superior to every other preparation for rendering

THE SKIN

SOFT, SMOOTH & WHITE.

It entirely removes and prevents all **Roughness, Redness, Sunburn, Chaps.** And all other blemishes of the Skin caused by

SUMMER'S HEAT OR WINTER'S COLD.

It keeps the Skin Cool and Refreshed on the Hottest Day in Summer, and Soft and Smooth in the Coldest Winter.

Bottles, 1s., 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d. of all Chemists, and Perfumers. Free for 3d. extra by the Sole Makers,

M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

[*Twain.*]

EASY TEETHING.

DO NOT LET YOUR CHILD DIE!

Fennings' Children's Powders Prevent Convulsions.

ARE COOLING AND SOOTHING.

FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS

For Children cutting their Teeth, to prevent Convulsions. (Do not contain Calomel, Opium, Morphia, or anything injurious to a tender babe.)

Sold in Stamped Boxes, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. (great saving), with full directions. Sent post free for 15 stamps. Direct to ALFRED FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

Read **Fennings' Every Mother's Book**, which contains valuable hints on Feeding, Teething, Weaning, Sleeping, &c. Ask your Chemist for a FREE copy.

SAFE TEETHING.

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis.

FENNINGS' LUNG HEALERS.

The Best Remedy to Cure all **COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMAS, &c.**

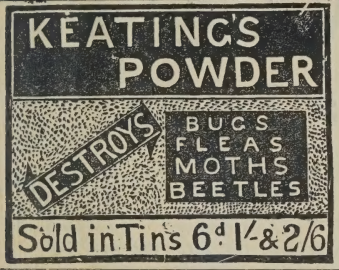
Sold in Boxes, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., with directions. Sent post free for 15 stamps. Direct to ALFRED FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

The largest size Boxes, 2s. 9d. (35 stamps, post free) contain three times the quantity of the small boxes.

Read **Fennings' Everybody's Doctor.** Sent post free, 13 stamps. Direct A. FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

BRONCHITIS CURED.

FENNINGS' EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK sent post free on application by letter or post card. Direct to ALFRED FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.



KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

Absolutely the best-known remedy ever made for

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS

Strongly recommended by the most eminent Doctors.

TINS ONLY, 1/1½ and 2/9.

WM. WOOLLAMS & CO.

ORIGINAL MANUFACTURERS,

ARTISTIC WALL-PAPERS,

Guaranteed free from Arsenic.

Note Trade Mark.

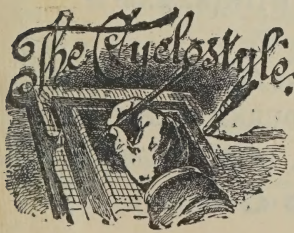
SHOW ROOMS:

110, High St., Manchester Sq., London, W.

OF ALL DECORATORS AND CONTRACTORS.

☞ SOLE ADDRESS.

THE CYCLOSTYLE



Is the latest and best device by which a great number of Facsimile Copies can be taken from one Original in permanent ink, black or any other colour. By its means anyone entirely inexperienced can become his own Lithographer. Among successful users are many ladies. *Sold at most respectable Stationers' throughout the United Kingdom.* No Washing, no Dampning, no Melting, no Copying Press, no Electricity, no Chemicals, Gelatine, or Aniline. Price from ***21s.***

CHIEF LONDON DEPOT:

FACSIMILE APPARATUS CO.

79a, GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.

COOPER COOPER & CO.

ARE NOW SELLING

TEA

PHENOMENAL in QUALITY

at 2/- a Pound.

And Magnificent Teas at 2/6 and 3/- a Pound.

Samples, Price List and Directions for Brewing post free on application.

COOPER COOPER & CO. have No Agents and No Travellers, and their Choice Teas are to be obtained only at the following addresses:—

Chief Office:

50, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE.

Branch Establishments:

63, BISHOPSGATE STREET, WITHIN, E.C.
268, REGENT CIRCUS, W.
35, STRAND, near Charing Cross, W.C.
7, WESTBOURNE GROVE, W.
334, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

LONDON.

CHEAP EDITIONS OF POPULAR NOVELS.

Illustrated Covers, Two Shillings each.

By EDMOND ABOUT.—The Fellah.

By HAMILTON AÏDÉ.

Carr of Carrlyon. | Confidences.

By Mrs. ALEXANDER.

Maid, Wife, or Widow? | Valerie's Fate.

By GRANT ALLEN.

Strange Stories. | Philistia. | Babylon.

ANONYMOUS.

Paul Ferroll. | Why Paul Ferroll Killed his Wife.

By SHELSLEY BEAUCHAMP.

Grantley Grange.

By BESANT and RICE.

Ready-Money Mortiboy
With Harp and Crown.
This Son of Vulcan.
My Little Girl.
Case of Mr. Lucraft.
Golden Butterfly.
By Celia's Arbour.
Monks of Thelema.
'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay
The Seamy Side.
Ten Years' Tenant
Chaplain of the Fleet.

By WALTER BESANT.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
The Captains' Room.
All in a Garden Fair.
Dorothy Forster.
Uncle Jack

By FREDERICK BOYLE.

Camp Notes. | Savage Life. | No-Man's Land.

By BRET HARTE.

An Heiress of Red Dog.
Luck of Roaring Camp.
Californian Stories.
Gabriel Conroy.
Flip.
Maruja.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Shadow of the Sword.
A Child of Nature.
God and the Man.
Annan Water. | Matt.
The New Abelard.
The Martyrdom of Madeline.
Love Me for Ever.
Foxglove Manor.
Master of the Mine.

By Mrs. BURNETT.—Surly Tim.

By HALL CAINE.

The Shadow of a Crime.

By Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON.

Deceivers Ever. | Juliet's Guardian.

By MACLAREN COBBAN.

The Cure of Souls.

By C. ALLSTON COLLINS.

The Bar Sinister.

By MORTIMER & FRANCES COLLINS.

Sweet Anne Page.
Midnight to Midnight.
Sweet and Twenty.
Frances.
Transmigration.
A Fight with Fortune.
The Village Comedy.
You Play me False.

Blacksmith and Scholar.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Antonina. | Basil.
Hide and Seek.
The Dead Secret.
Queen of Hearts.
My Miscellanies.
The Woman in White.
The Moonstone.
Man and Wife.
Poor Miss Finch.
Miss or Mrs.?
The New Magdalen.
The Frozen Deep.
The Law and the Lady.
The Two Destinies.
The Haunted Hotel.
The Fallen Leaves.
Jezebel's Daughter.
The Black Robe.
Heart and Science.
"I Say No."

By DUTTON COOK.

Leo. | Paul Foster's Daughter.

By C. EGBERT CRADDOCK.

The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains.

By WILLIAM CYPLES.—Hearts of Gold.

By ALPHONSE DAUDET.

The Evangelist: or, Port Salvation.

By JAMES DE MILLE.

A Castle in Spain.

By J. LEITH DERWENT.

Our Lady of Tears. | Circe's Lovers.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Sketches by Boz.
The Pickwick Papers.
Oliver Twist.
Nicholas Nickleby.

By Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDES.

A Point of Honour. | Archie Lovell.

By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

Felicia. | Kitty.

By EDWARD EGGLESTON.—Roxy.

By PERCY FITZGERALD.

Bella Donna.
Polly.
Second Mrs. Tillotson.
75, Brooke Street.
Never Forgotten.
The Lady of Brantome.

By ALBANY DE FONBLANQUE.

Filthy Lucre.

By R. E. FRANCILLON.

Olympia.
Queen Cophetua.
One by One.
A Real Queen.

Prefaced by Sir H. BARTLE FRERE.

Pandurang Hari.

By HAIN FRISWELL.—One of Two.

By EDW. GARRETT.—The Capel Girls.

By CHARLES GIBBON.

Robin Gray.
For Lack of Gold.
What will World Say?
In Honour Bound.
In Love and War.
For the King.
Queen of the Meadow.
In Pastures Green.
A Heart's Problem.
The Braes of Yarrow.
The Golden Shaft.
Of High Degree.
Fancy Free.
By Mead and Stream.
Loving a Dream.
A Hard Knot.

The Flower of the Forest.

By WILLIAM GILBERT.

Dr. Austin's Guests. | James Duke.

The Wizard of the Mountain.

By JAMES GREENWOOD.

Dick Temple.

By JOHN HABBERTON.—Brueton's Bayou.

By ANDREW HALLIDAY.

Every-Day Papers.

By Lady DUFFUS HARDY.

Paul Wynter's Sacrifice.

By THOMAS HARDY.

Under the Greenwood Tree.

By J. BERWICK HARWOOD.

The Tenth Earl.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Garth. | Dust.
Ellice Quentin.
Sebastian Strome.
Fortune's Fool.
Beatrix Randolph.
Prince Saroni's Wife.

By Sir ARTHUR HELPS.

Ivan de Biron.

By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY.

The Lover's Creed.

By TOM HOOD.—A Golden Heart.

By Mrs. GEORGE HOOPER.

The House of Raby.

By TIGHE HOPKINS.

'Twixt Love and Duty.

By Mrs. ALFRED HUNT.

Thornicroft's Model. | The Leaden Casket.
Self-Condemned.

By JEAN INGELOW.—Fated to be Free.

By HARRIETT JAY.

The Dark Colleen. | Queen of Connaught.

By MARK KERSHAW.

Colonial Facts and Fictions.

By R. ASHE KING.

A Drawn Game. | The Wearing of the Green.

By HENRY KINGSLEY.—Oakshott Castle.

By E. LYNN LINTON.

Patricia Kemball.
Leam Dundas.
The World Well Lost.
Under which Lord?
With a Silken Thread.
Rebel of the Family.
"My Love!"
Ione.

By HENRY W. LUCY.—Gideon Fleyce.

CHEAP EDITIONS OF POPULAR NOVELS.

Illustrated Covers, Two Shillings each.

By JUSTIN McCARTHY.

Dear Lady Disdain.
Waterdale Neighbours.
My Enemy's Daughter.
A Fair Saxon.
Miss Misanthrope
Linley Rochford.
Donna Quixote.
The Comet of a Season.
Maid of Athens.
Camiola.

By Mrs. MACDONELL.—Quaker Cousins.

By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

The Evil Eye.
Lost Rose.

By W. H. MALLOCK.—The New Republic.

By FLORENCE MARRYAT.

Open! Sesame!
Harvest of Wild Oats.
Fighting the Air.
Written in Fire.
A Little Stepson.

By J. MASTERMAN.

Half-a-dozen Daughters.

By BRANDER MATTHEWS.

A Secret of the Sea.

By JEAN MIDDLEMASS.

Touch and Go.
Mr. Dorillion.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

A Life's Atonement.
A Model Father.
Joseph's Coat.
Coals of Fire.
First Person Singular.
By the Gate of the Sea.
Val Strange.
Hearts.
The Way of the World.
Bit of Human Nature.
Cynic Fortune.

By ALICE O'HANLON.—The Unforeseen.

By Mrs. OLIPHANT.—Whiteladies.

By Mrs. R. O'REILLY.—Phœbe's Fortunes.

By OUIDA.

Held in Bondage.
Strathmore.
Chandos.
Idalia.
Under Two Flags.
Cecil Castlemaine.
Tricotrin.
Puck.
Folle Farine.
A Dog of Flanders.
Two Wooden Shoes.
Pascarel.
Signa.
In a Winter City.
Ariadne.
Moths.
Friendship
Pipistrello.
A Village Commune.
Bimbi.
In Maremma.
Wanda.
Frescoes.
Princess Napraxine.
Othmar.

By M. AGNES PAUL.—Gentle and Simple.

By JAMES PAYN.

Lost Sir Massingberd.
A Perfect Treasure.
Bentinck's Tutor.
Murphy's Master.
A County Family.
At Her Mercy.
A Woman's Vengeance.
Cecil's Tryst.
Clyffards of Clyffe.
Family Scapegrace.
Foster Brothers.
Found Dead.
Halves.
Best of Husbands.
Walter's Word.
Fallen Fortunes.
What He Cost Her.
Humorous Stories.
Gwendoline's Harvest.
The Talk of the Town.
Like Father, Like Son.
A Marine Residence.
Married Beneath Him.
Mirk Abbey.
Not Wooed, but Won.
£200 Reward.
Less Black than We're Painted.
By Proxy.
Under One Roof.
High Spirits.
Carlyon's Year.
A Confidential Agent.
Some Private Views.
From Exile.
A Grape from a Thorn.
For Cash Only.
Kit.
The Canon's Ward.

By EDGAR A. POE.

The Mystery of Marie Roget.

By E. C. PRICE.

Valentina.
Mrs. Lancaster's Rival.
The Foreigners.
Gerald.

By CHARLES READE.

Never too Late to Mend
Hard Cash.
Peg Woffington.
Christie Johnstone.
Griffith Gaunt.
Put Yourself in His Place.
Double Marriage.
Love Little, Love Long.
Foul Play.
Cloister and the Hearth
Course of True Love.
Autobiog. of a Thief.
A Terrible Temptation
The Wandering Heir.
A Simpleton.
A Woman-Hater.
Singleheart & Double-face.
Good Stories.
The Jilt.
Readiana.

By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.

Her Mother's Darling.
Uninhabited House.
The Mystery in Palace Gardens.
Weird Stories.
Fairy Water.
The Prince of Wales's Garden Party.

By F. W. ROBINSON.

Women are Strange.
The Hands of Justice.

By JAMES RUNCIMAN.

Skippers and Shellbacks.
Grace Balmaign's Sweetheart.
Schools and Scholars.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Round the Galley Fire.
On the Fo'k'sle Head.
In the Middle Watch.

By BAYLE ST. JOHN.

A Levantine Family.

By G. A. SALA.

Gaslight and Daylight.

By JOHN SAUNDERS.

Bound to the Wheel.
One Against the World.
The Lion in the Path.
The Two Dreamers.
Guy Waterman.

By KATHARINE SAUNDERS.

Joan Merryweather.
The High Mills.
Sebastian.
Heart Salvage.
Margaret and Elizabeth.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

Rogues and Vagabonds.
The Ring o' Bells.
Mary Jane's Memoirs.

By ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

A Match in the Dark.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

The Mysteries of Heron Dyke.

By R. A. STERNDALE

The Afghan Knife.

By R. LOUIS STEVENSON.

New Arabian Nights.
Prince Otto.

By BERTHA THOMAS.

Cressida.
Proud Maisie.
The Violin-Player.

By W. MOY THOMAS.

A Fight for Life.

By WALTER THORNBURY.

Tales for the Marines.

By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Way We Live Now.
American Senator.
Frau Frohmann.
Marion Fay.
Kept in the Dark.
The Land-Leaguers.
Mr. Scarborough's Family.
John Caldigate.
The Golden Lion.

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE.

Anne Furness.
Mabel's Progress.
Like Ships upon the Sea.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Farnell's Folly.

By IVAN TURGENIEFF, &c.

Stories from Foreign Novelists.

By MARK TWAIN.

Tom Sawyer.
A Tramp Abroad.
Stolen White Elephant
A Pleasure Trip on the Continent of Europe.
Huckleberry Finn.
Life on the Mississippi.

By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.

Mistress Judith.

By SARAH TYTLER.

What She Came Through.
Beauty and the Beast.
Noblesse Oblige.
The Bride's Pass.
St. Mungo's City.
Lady Bell.

By J. S. WINTER.

Cavalry Life.
Regimental Legends.

By Lady WOOD.—Sabina.

By EDMUND YATES.

Castaway.
The Forlorn Hope.
Land at Last.

IN THE MIDDLE WATCH

BY

W. CLARK RUSSELL

AUTHOR OF

"THE WRECK OF THE 'GROSVENOR,'" "ROUND THE GALLEY FIRE,"
"ON THE FO'K'SLE HEAD," ETC.

A NEW EDITION

London
CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY
1887

William Clark Russell (1844-) was born in New York, the son of the well-known vocalist, Henry Russell. First edition 1885-

PREFACE.

WE have sat "Round the Galley Fire;" we have yarned "On the Fo'k'sle Head;" let us now, "In the Middle Watch," pace the deck together, renew our chats about old ocean, and tell such sea-tales as we can call to mind. It is in our power, at all events, to keep the breeze light and steady, the deep reposeful, the sails stirless. Thus we may converse throughout this watch on deck of ours without risk of interruption from the calls of the officer on duty.

W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026 with funding from
University of Toronto

https://archive.org/details/inmiddlewatch00russ

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
COME, ALL YOU LIVELY HEARTIES!	1
A YACHTSMAN'S YARN	3
TUGS	14
A VETERAN	25
LIGHTS AT SEA	35
CAPTAIN WEEVIL'S YARN	44
VANISHED TYPES	53
A SHIP'S WHEEL	65
SAILORS' FOOD	73
DEAL PUNTMEN	79
THE NAUTICAL DRAMA	92
"COOPERING"	102
A TWISTER	110
A CHAT WITH A COXSWAIN	122
ALARMS AT SEA	134
A CLOSE SHAVE	145
FIGURE-HEADS	155
SLAVING IN 1884	166
SHARKS AND SHADOWS	178
SEA STORIES	190
THE DIREST OF ALL SEA PERILS	223
EMIGRANTS' RATIONS	239
SHIPS' NAMES	249
FIGHTING MERCHANT SEAMEN	258
ENDURANCE AT SEA	269
A WILD NIGHT	280

IN THE MIDDLE WATCH.

COME, ALL YOU LIVELY HEARTIES!

I.

COME, all you lively hearties, gather round, lads, gather round,
Whilst I a tale of starving do recite;
The ship was called the *Turtle*, and to New York we was bound,
When she sprang a leak and foundered in the night.
Ho! black it was and cold, full of spray and likewise frost;
We was destitute of stockings, boots, and coats;
And the capt'n kept on crying, "We are lost, boys, we are lost!'
Whilst we tumbled for our lives into the boats.
Ho! cold it was and wet, and of vittles we had naught;
And with nary drop o' water had we come;
And the only things we found which the steward he had brought,
Were a candle and a half a pint o' rum.

II.

The sea ran mountain-high, and when the dawn it rose,
We found the other boats had disappeared;
There was ten of us a-sitting, lads, with scarce a rag o' clothes,
And all hands looked terribully skeered.
Says Joe, "The rum's all drunk and the candle it is ate,
It's pretty plain we're sentenced for to starve;"
But Tom he says, "No, no! There's the steward hearty yet,
And we'll scoff him whilst he's fresh enough to carve."

Ho! cold it was and wet, and of vittles we had naught;
With nary drop of water had we come;
And the only things we found which the steward he had brought,
Was gone—I mean the candle and the rum.

III.

The steward he fell wild, and he fetched a fearful groan,
And he opened wide his shirt for all to see;
And he thumped his buzzum hard, and says, "Listen! this is bone;
And there's nothing fit to scoff, my lads, on *me*."
Then Tom he says, "It's true; but the cook there's good to eat,
And his corpulence our appetite should ease;"
But the others said, "No, no; what we're craving for is meat,
And dripping won't our happetite appease!"
Ho! cold it was and wet, and of vittles we had naught;
With nary drop of water had we come;
And the only things we found which the steward he had brought,
Was gone—I mean the candle and the rum.

IV.

Then we all turned to and took at each other a long look,
But the sailors saw no eatin' any wheer;
Some was too old and ugly, and some was like the cook,
And the others made the hungriest feel queer.
So we seized the steward's shirt and we used it for a sail,
And for five days did we drive afore the foam;
And at last we meets a ship, which she had on board the mail,
And she brought us shipwreckt sailors safely home.
Ho! we men the cold did feel, and of vittles we had naught;
And without a drop of water did we come;
And the only things we found which the steward he had brought,
Soon went—I mean the candle and the rum.

A YACHTSMAN'S YARN.

"I've knocked off the sea now for some years, but I was yachting along with all sorts of gentlemen and in all sorts of craft, from three to one hundred and twenty tons, ever since the top of my head was no higher than your knee; and as boy, man, and master, I'll allow there's no one who has seen much more than I have. Yet, spite of that, I can recall but one extraordinary circumstance. Daresay when I've told it you, you won't believe it; but I shan't be able to help that. Truth's truth, no consequence how sing'lar its appearance may be; and so now to begin.

"No matter the port, no matter the yacht's name, no matter her owner's calling, no matter nothing. Terms and dates and the like shall be imaginary, and so let the vessel be a schooner of 100 tons called the *Evangeline*, and her owner Mr. Robinson, and me, who was captain of her, Jacob Williams. This'll furnish a creep you may go on sweeping with till Doomsday without raising what's dead and gone, though not forgotten, mind ye, from the bottom. Well, for a whole fortnight had the *Evangeline* been moored in a snug berth alongside a pier wall. The English Channel was wide there, and it didn't need much sailing to find the Atlantic Ocean. I began to think all cruising was to come to an end;

for Mr. Robinson was a man fond of keeping the sea, and I had never found a fortnight's lying by to his taste at all. But matters explained themselves after I'd seen him two or three times walking about with a very fine-looking female party. Mr. Robinson was a bachelor, his age I dare say about forty, with handsome whiskers, and one of those voices that show breeding in a man; ay, and the humblest ear that hears 'em recognizes them. I didn't take much notice of *her*, though I reckoned her large black eyes the beautifullest I had ever beheld in a female countenance. She seemed young —not more than eight and twenty—with what they call a fine figure, though, speaking for myself, I never had much opinion of small waists. Give me *bong poine*, as my old master, Sir Arthur Jones, used to say; and he ought to have known, for he had been studying female beauty for eighty year, and died, I reckon, of it.

"I considered it to be a case of courting, for she was a lady: there was no mistaking that; she held her head up like one, and dressed as real ladies do, expensively but plainly—ay, old Jacob knows; he didn't go yachting for years for nothing. But it wasn't for me to form opinions. My berth was an easy one—just a sprawl all day long with a pipe in my mouth, and a good night's rest to follow; and that was all it was my duty to think about.

"Well, one afternoon Mr. Robinson comes aboard alone, and says to me, 'Williams, at what hour will the tide serve to-morrow night?'

"'Why, sir,' says I, after thinking, 'there'll be plenty of water at nine o'clock.'

"'Then,' says he, 'see all ready, Williams, to get away to-morrow at that hour. We're off to ——,' and he names a Mediterranean port.

"'Right, sir,' says I, though wondering a bit to

myself, for the season was pretty well advanced, and I couldn't have guessed, from what I knew and had heard of him, that he would have pushed so far south.

"Well, at half-past eight that evening the deck was hailed by a boat alongside, and up he comes handing a lady on board, thickly veiled, and they both went below as if they were in a hurry. Some parcels and a bit of a bandbox or so were chucked up to us by the watermen, who then shoved off. There was a nice little off-shore breeze a-blowing, and soon after nine we were clear of the harbour and sailing quietly along, the sea smooth and the moon rising red out of a smother of mist. Mr. Robinson came on deck and looked aloft to see what sail was made; I was at the tiller, and, stepping up to me, he says—

"'What d'yer think of the weather, Williams?'

"'Why,' says I, 'it seems as if it was going to keep fair.'

"'There can't come too much wind for me,' says he, 'short of a hurricane. Don't spare your cloths, let it blow as it may. You understand that?'

"'Quite easily,' says I.

"Now, this order I took to be as singular as our going to the Mediterranean, for Mr. Robinson was never a man to carry on; there was no racing in him; quiet sailing was his pleasure, and what his hurry was all of a sudden I couldn't imagine, though I guessed that the party in the cabin might have something to do with it. She came on deck after we had been under way about three-quarters of an hour, this time without a veil, with what they call a turban hat on her head. There was plenty of moonlight, and I tell you that the very shadow she cast, and that lay like a carving of jet on ivory, looked beautiful on the white deck, so fine

her figure was. Lord, how her big eyes flashed, too, when she drew my way and turned 'em to the moon! Being a sober, 'spectable man myself, with correct views on the bringing up of daughters, it seemed to be a queer start that if so be this young lady was keeping company with Mr. Robinson—being courted by him, you know—that her mother or some female connection wasn't along with her. P'raps they were married, I thought: might have been spliced that very morning. She had no gloves on, and whenever she walked with Mr. Robinson near to me I'd take a long squint at her left hand; but there was no distinguishing a wedding-ring by moonshine, and even had it been broad daylight it would have been all the same, for the jewels lay so thick on her fingers you'd have fancied them sparkling with dew.

"Well, all that night it blew a soft, quiet wind, but for hours next day 'twas all dead calm, a light swell, the sunlight coming off the water hot as steam, and the yacht slewing round and round as if, like the rest of us, she was trying to find out where the wind meant to come from next. I never saw any man fret more over a calm than Mr. Robinson did over that. The lady didn't appear discomposed; she sat under the awning reading, and once when Mr. Robinson turned to look at her she ran her shining black eyes with a smiling roll around the sea, that was just the same as if she had said, 'Isn't it big enough?' for hang me if even I couldn't read the language in them sparklers of hers when she chose to lift the eyelashes off their meaning, unaccustomed as Jacob Williams ever was to female ways and the customs they pursue! But Mr. Robinson couldn't keep quiet. He kept on asking of me when I thought the wind was coming, and he was constantly getting up and staring round, and I'd notice he was always letting his

cigar go out, which is a sure sign that either a man don't care about smoking, or else he's got something weighing upon his spirits. P'raps, thought I, it's stipulated that he's not to get married anywhere but in the port we're bound to, and that the licence don't run so long as to allow for calms; but this I said to myself, with a wink at my own thoughts, for, though there's a good many things in this 'ere yearth that I don't understand, I must tell you Jacob Williams wasn't born without a mind.

"Well, time went on, and then a head wind sprung up, with a short, spiteful sea. I kept the yacht under a press, according to orders, and the driving of her close-hauled, every luff trembling and the foam to leeward as high as the rail, fairly smothered the vessel forward; whilst as to her movements, it was dreary and aching enough, I can tell you, the wind sweeping out of clouds of spray forward and splitting with shrieks upon the ropes, and the canvas soaking up the damp till every stretch might have been owned for the matter of colour by a coalman. 'Twas 'bout ship often enough, Mr. Robinson being full of anxiety and impatience, and watching the compass for a shift of wind as if he was a cat and there was a mouse in the binnacle. I could have sworn the handsome party would have been beam-ended by the dance; it turned the stomachs of two of the crew, anyhow, and one of them said that if he had known the *Evangeline* was to cross the Bay, he'd have found another ship; yet the lady took no notice of the weather. She'd come up dressed in waterproofs, and her beautiful face shining with the big eyes in it out of a hood; and the more the sea troubled the schooner, the more the vessel laboured and showed herself uneasy, the more the lady would look pleased, laughing out at

times, with plenty of music in her voice, I allow, but with a something in it and in the gleaming stare she'd keep on the plunging and streaming bows, that made me calculate—don't know why, I'm sure—that lovely as she was and beautiful as she was shaped, there was no more heart inside of her than there's pearls in cockles.

"Well, we had two days of this, passing a good many vessels, both steam and sail, that were getting all they could out of what was baffling us; then there was a shift of wind, it fell light, everything turned dry, and we went along with all cloths showing, sailing about five knots—not more, and I don't think less. When the change of weather came Mr. Robinson looked more cheerful. Seemed happier, he did, and I overheard him say to the party as they stood looking over the starn at the wake that ran away in two white lines with a gull or two circling within a stone's throw in waiting for whatever the cook had to heave overboard—I heard him say:

"'Every mile'll make it more difficult; besides,' says he, with a sweep of his hand, 'what a waste this is! Williams,' he sings out to me, 'how fur off's the horizon?'

"'Why,' I answered, 'from this height I should say a matter of six mile and a half.'

"'And how fur distant, Captain Williams,' says the lady, smiling sweetly, and pretty nigh confusing my brains by the beautiful look she gave me, 'would a vessel like ours be seen?'

"I took time to think, with a squint at our mastheads—for we carried long sticks—and said, 'Well, call it twelve mile, mum. It's impossible to speak to a nicety.'

"'And what,' I heard Mr. Robinson observe, as I turned away, 'is twelve miles in this here watery wilderness of leagues?'

"And then she gave a laugh, as if some one had made her feel glad; and it was all like music and poetry, I can tell you, her laughing, and his softness, and the water smooth, and the yacht sailing along as if she enjoyed it, like a hard-worked vessel out for a holiday.

"Time passed till it come on four o'clock on the afternoon of that day. There was a redness in the western heavens that betokened more wind, though the sun still stood high. Meanwhile the breeze hung steady. There was the smoke of a steamer away on our starboard quarter, and there was nothing else in sight. I took no notice of it, for smoke's not uncommon nowadays on the ocean; but whatever the vessel might be, the glances I'd take at her now and again made me see she was driving through it properly; for three-quarters of an hour after we had sighted it, the smoke was abeam, and the funnel raised up, showing that her course was something to the eastward of ours. I pointed the glass at her, and made out a yellow chimney and pole-masts—hull still below the horizon.

"'Either a yacht, sir, or a Government despatch boat—something of that kind, sir,' says I to Mr. Robinson, who was sitting near me with the lady.

"He jumped up and took a look, and whilst he was working away with the telescope, the breeze comes along right out of the red sky abeam where the steamer was with twice its former strength, roughening the blue water into hollows, and bowing down the yacht till the slope of her deck was like a roof. The crew jumped about shortening canvas, and the yacht began to snore as she felt the wind. On a sudden, and as if the steamer had only just then spied us, she altered her course by three or four points, as one could see by the swift rising of her hull, till, whilst the sun was still

hanging a middling height over the sea-line, you could see the whole of the vessel—a long, low craft of about 150 tons—sweeping through the seas like an arrow, the smoke streaming black and fat from her small yellow funnel, and her hull sinking out of sight one moment and reappearing the next in a sort of jump of the whole foaming wash, as if, by Jove, sir, her screw would thrust her clean out of the water.

"The lady looked at her with a sort of indifference; but Mr. Robinson was pale enough as he handed me the glass, and said, 'Williams, see if you know her.'

"I took a look at her, and answered, 'It's hard to tell those steamers till you see their names, sir; but if she's not the *Violet*, belonging to General Coldsteel (of course, these are false names), she's uncommonly like her. But, law bless us! how they're driving her! Why, there'll be a bust up if they don't look out. They'll blow the boilers out of her!'

"Indeed, I never before saw any vessel rushed so. She'd shear clear through some of the larger seas, and you didn't need watch her long to make you reckon you'd seen the last of her. Then Mr. Robinson, talking like a man half in a rage, half in a fright, orders me to pack sail on the schooner; but it was already blowing a single-reef breeze, and I had no idea of losing our spars, and so I told him very firmly that the yacht had all she needed, and that more would only stop her by burying her; and I had my way. But we were foaming through it, too; we wanted no more pressure; the freshening wind had worked the schooner into a fair nine knots, and it was first-rate sailing too, considering the character of the sea and the weight of the breeze. 'Twas now certain beyond all question that the steamer meant to close us, though I thought she had a queer

way of doing it, for sometimes she'd head right at us, and then put her helm down and keep on a course parallel with ours, forging well ahead and then shifting the helm for a fresh run at us. There was no anxiety that I could see in the lady's looks, but Mr. Robinson was quite mightily bothered and worried and pale enough to make me suppose that all this meant a pursuit, with a capture to follow; and it was certain that whatever intentions the steamer had, there was nothing in the night which was approaching to promise us a chance of sneaking clear, for the sky was pure as glass, and it wouldn't be long after sundown before the moon would be filling the air with a light like morning.

"Well, sir, fathom by fathom the steamer had her way of us. She had drawn close enough to let Mr. Robinson make out the people aboard. As for me, I was at the helm; for there was something in the manœuvring of the steamer that made me suspicious, and I wasn't going to trust any man but myself at the tiller. We held on as we were; we couldn't improve the schooner's speed by bringing the wind anywhere else than where it was; and no good was to be done by cracking on, even though it had come to our dragging what we couldn't carry; for the steamer's speed was a fair fourteen if it was a mile, and our yacht was not going to do that, you know, or anything like it. The moon had risen, and the sea ran like heaving snow from the windward, and by this time the steamer was about half a mile ahead of us, about three points on the weather bow. She was as plain as if daylight lay on her. All the time the party and Mr. Robinson had kept the deck, she taking a view now and then of the steamer with an opera-glass.

"Suddenly I yelled out, 'Mr. Robinson, by all that's

holy, sir, that vessel there means to run us down! Lads,' I shouted, 'tumble aft quick, and see the boats all ready for lowering!'

"The lady jumped up with a scream, and seized hold of Mr. Robinson's arm, who, seeming to forget what he was about, shook her off, and fell to raving to me to see that the steamer didn't touch us. By thunder, sir, there was the cowardly brute slanting her flying length as though to cross our hawse, but clearly aiming to strike us right amidships. I shouted to the men to make ready and 'bout ship, and a minute after I shoved the tiller over, and the yacht rounded like a woman waltzing. But before we had gathered way the steamer was after us. The lady sent up scream after scream. Mr. Robinson stood motionless, seeing as plain as I that if the steamer meant to sink us there was no seamanship in this wide world that could stop her; and I saw the men throwing off their shoes and half stripping themselves, ready for what was to come.

"The steamer headed dead to strike our weather-beam; she rushed at us with the foam boiling over her bows; once more I chucked the schooner right up into the wind, and the steamer went past us like a rocket under our stern. I looked at her, and shan't ever forget what I saw. There was a white-haired man, with white whiskers and bare-headed, roaring and raging at us in the grasp of three or four seamen. 'Twas like a death-struggle. A chap, who looked as if he had just seized the wheel, was grinding it hard over to get away from us; and so the steamer fled past, more like a nightmare than a reality, and in a few minutes was standing with full speed to the norrard, where, in less than a quarter of an hour, she faded slick out of sight.

"It was some time after I had left the *Evangeline* and was at home before I got to know the meaning of

this here wonderful adventure. The party, it turned out, was no less than the wife of the general as owned the *Violet*, and she was running away with Mr. Robinson. Maybe our men had talked about our going to the Mediterranean, but anyhow the general, who was in London at the time, got scent that his wife had bolted with Mr. Robinson in the *Evangeline*, and in less than twenty-four hours he was after us in his steamer. He tracked us by speaking the vessels we passed; and the light airs and calms we had encountered easily allowed him to overhaul us quickly. And it turned out that when he had fairly sighted us, he sent the man at the wheel forward, and took the helm himself. The crew dursn't express their wonder aloud, though they knew he was no hand at steering, not to mention the mad agitation he was in, and they let him have his way when he headed the steamer for us, expecting that he merely wished to close us in order to speak; but when I put my helm down and the steamer passed, and they spied the general rounding his craft evidently to run us down, they threw themselves upon him to save their own lives as well as ours. That was the sight I saw as the steamer rushed past. A few moments after they had gone clear the poor old fellow was seized with an attack of apoplexy, which killed him right off, and thereupon they headed right away to England with the dead body aboard.

"What do you think of this for a yarn? Would any one suppose such vengefulness could exist in a white-haired man that had known his seventieth birthday? What did he want to go and try and drown me and my mates for? *We* weren't running away with the female party. But the world's full of romantic capering, sir; and I tell you what it is—'tain't all fair sailing even in yachts, modest and pretty as the divarsion is."

TUGS.

A TUG is about the homeliest craft afloat, as she is certainly one of the most familiar. Everybody knows what sort of a vessel she is; how she has paddles with sponsons, which sometimes give her a very short nose; how she is most frequently rigged with a pole-mast forward; how the after-part of her is adorned with an arched contrivance, termed a "tow-rail;" and how, all the year round, she is to be found tugging with might and main at the ships which come and go, sometimes pitching and rolling wildly ahead of them till her wheels look to twinkle clear of the frothing volumes of green water which careen and half smother her, and sometimes towing smoothly along over a still surface full of summer colour, when the silence upon the sea and in the air is so profound that the slapping of the paddles comes plain to the ear, though the little vessel and her huge burden astern may seem to be a couple of leagues distant.

The tug sees a deal of weather. She will add a pretty peaceful detail to a calm, clear day as she drifts slowly or lies at her anchor in some long, fair embrace of land, where the chalk drops sheer from the verdure on the summit into the snow of the rippling surf at the base; but she is oftentimes most wanted when it

is all flying thickness on high, and when the fierce storm shears off the heads of the seas into spume ere they have time to roll into white water and rise again like veiled brides of the winter winds, streaming white mantles after them through which the emeralds shine.

It is a brave sight to behold a little tug dragging at the hawser of a fifteen hundred ton ship when it is blowing half a gale of wind right ahead. The straining of the small fabric is like that of a sturdy and honest pony mounting a hill with an overloaded cart in its wake. The bight of the hawser slackens and tautens to the heaving of the vessels it connects: one moment it is hissing along the surface, and the next it is forking out from either side the big sea, down whose slant on one hand the tug is sliding bow under, whilst on the other hand the ship astern is cocking her jibbooms up to the heavens as the hurl of the billow takes her fore-foot full and swells green and frothing to the catheads. It is often a heavy struggle. The trend of the land may enable the tug to bring the wind abeam presently; and then a stay-sail or two may lighten the load; but that point there has to be fetched before it can be rounded, and meanwhile the gale is thundering down clear into the tug's eyes and bringing the seas along with it in heights which resemble cliffs. The dance and the strain are tremendous; and poor Jack, looking over the fore-castle rail at the little steamer that is pluckily hauling at his big ship, sends up several marine prayers, while he gnaws upon the quid in his cheek, that the tow-rope may not part; for if it does there'll be no dockyard gates for him for a good spell yet, and, worse still, it'll have to be a hard-over helm and a mad jump aloft to loose whatever canvas is wanted, or else the dropping of the anchor, the veering out of cable, the mess and wet of

ground-tackle, with a chance of dragging and parting, and then blue lights and flares and the rest of it.

I asked a tugsman the other day if he could give me any idea of the seafaring life that is led aboard the river tugs—that is, the tugs which hail from the port of London and tow to the Downs, or the Ness as it is called, or up to Gravesend and the Docks above; and he said yes, he'd be glad to answer any questions I might like to put to him; he didn't know, he was sure, whether he'd be able to give me any "ideas," as I called it, but he'd do his best.

"Then," said I, "where shall we start from?"

"Why, from Gravesend if you like, unless you wants me to bring a wessel from the Docks, say Millwall or the East India Docks."

"Call it Gravesend."

"Gravesend, then. We've had three or four months' sarvice, and have been on the Hard to scrape the wessel and clean her bilers, and so on. This done, we come off the Hard and lies afloat off Gravesend."

"How many hands?"

"Well, the average is seven men. There's captain, mate, second mate, engineer, two firemen, an' a boy."

"How long are you provisioned for?"

"Not above a week. We're never likely to be longer away than that from any port we can call at for more grub."

"And coals?"

"Coals likewise we take enough of to last for about a week."

"Does the owner find you in provisions?"

"No. Each man gives seven shillings mess money —not the cap'n, but all the others—and each man takes it in turn to be messman. No; there's no drink

aboard—nothing but fresh water, or water that's been condensed."

"And, now, supposing you get a job?"

"Well, say, it's like this: we're lying off Gravesend, when an order comes down to tow a ship from the docks. Up we goes to wherever the docks may be, get hold of the ship, and bring her down to Gravesend, where she moors to a buoy. We brings up too, of course, out of the way of navigation. When the wessel's ready for us again, she dips her ensign, and we go alongside, takes her line from over her bow and hauls the hawser aboard. Then, having secured her hawser to the tow-hook, we start and go on towing, as a rule, to as fur as Beachy Head."

"When it's time to slip do you first take care that the ship you've been towing is under the canvas she may need?"

"Yes. We usually keep hold of a ship until she's under press enough of sail to make us get out of her road, if we don't want her to run over us."

"It will be dangerous work at times?"

"Well, when the wessel's given to girtin', I mean yawing, swinging off and to, it comes rather risky; for, you see, under circumstances of that kind there's a chance of her bringin' the hawser on our quarter and draggin' our starn round."

"What's the cost of towing, say, as far as the Ness?"

"Call the average forty pound."

"Are you sometimes willing to take what you can get?"

"No, sir, not in the sense you mean. Competition 'll oblige us to cut it fine now and then; but there's a limit to the offers made us; and when the money's too little, we shift our helm for another chance."

"Which do you find the easier to tow—a deep or a light ship?"

"Oh, a deep ship. A light ship 'll seem to blow away to leeward of you; and you never feel to have a good steering grip of her."

"What's the average horse-power of tugs?"

"About eighty. You were speakin' about the dangers of our work. I'll tell you a perilous job that's cost a good many lives in its time, though I don't suppose there's a landsman in Great Britain—if he ain't a tug owner—as knows about it. It's this: suppose you're turning sharp round whilst manœuvring to bring a ship out of dock; the tow rope's slack, but all at once a sudden fierce pull 'll come upon it; for fear that it should get under the tug's quarter two of us men 'll stand by to put the hawser amidships of the taffrail, and this done, I tell you, we have to crouch down like lightning, for the line 'll come with a tearing rush over the tow-rail as the turning of our steamer tautens it, and if we didn't keep our eyes skinned the sweep of the rope 'ud have our heads off like breakin' a carrot. It needs all a man's smartness, and in its way I don't know that I could tell ye of anything riskier in the matter of seafaring jobs."

"Suppose, now, you're wanted by a ship pitching heavily, with two anchors down; how will you manage?"

"She's pitching heavily, you say, and riding to two anchors. Well, we head the tug to come round under her starn to wind'ard, and look out to receive the end of the throw-line which the crew 'll chuck to us, and by means of which we haul the hawser aboard. We then steam ahead whilst the crew man the windlass, which revolves easily; for, ye see, we tow the ship up to her anchors, so there's nothing for the men to do but heave in the slack of the cables."

"What will be the scope of hawser you tow by?"

"Call it sixty-five fathom; that 'ud be for what we should call a long tow."

"And now," said I, "I want you to tell me the way you go to work to pick up jobs in the Channel. One will often see tugs passing along, sometimes slowly, sometimes at full speed, and one wonders whether they're waiting for something to turn up, or in chase of a distant sail, or running home, or into harbour for provisions."

"The way we go to work is as follows," he replied. "We'll be lying off the land, and to be sure we may keep all on lyin' and lyin' till the want of grub forces us into port. But put it t'other way. We're a lyin', say, about ten or twelve mile, drivin', as the saying is—that is, the wessel lyin' in the trough of the sea, her lee sponson under, and drifting just as the wind and seas set her. We're keeping a bright look-out for anything coming up Channel, and in due course we sight a wessel, and intercept her and speak her. Sometimes she'll keep us followin' of her without takin' any notice; sometimes she'll walk away from us till she's forced to let us approach by the delay in taking a pilot aboard; anyhow she's pretty sure to go on bargaining and declining our services till the wind heads her and she can't help herself."

"Will you start after a ship that has got a tug chasing her?"

"Why, no; but there's what we call rankin', which I'll explain in this way. Let's suppose we're a lyin' in Dover Bay. Presently we see a big barque coming along. 'Heave up!' is the cry aboard us; but there'll be a bit of delay in getting the anchor. Meanwhile there's another tug lyin' in St. Margaret's Bay; she spies the barque and makes for her, and is perhaps

ahead of us in starting, or she may be a faster wessel; and so, seeing that she does best, we give up and return. That's what's called rankin' of you."

"There must be some excitement, I should think, in chasing a fast sailing ship so as to get the job of towing her."

"Well, there might be to them as is new to the work; but them sort o' feelings which is called excitement don't last long aboard a tug, 'specially if it's winter time. It wasn't long ago that we chased a sailing ship in the way you're speaking about. She had her pilot aboard, and was coming along like a comet under to'gallan'-sails. We started, but she'd ha' beaten us by three foot to our one if the veerin' of the breeze hadn't obliged her to brace up and shorten sail. You'd ha' thought it a fine sight, I dare say, to see us rolling and blowin' and foamin' arter her, and she goin' along like one of them clouds up there—ay, as fast as their shadows run. Well, she proved a mighty sulky craft when we got on to speakin' her. 'Do you want steam?' our cap'n roars out; but they made no answer. Meanwhile we keeps all on splashing and driving arter, fast as our wheels 'ud run us. Then the master of the ship comes to the side and sings out, 'What'll you tow me up for?' Our cap'n says, 'Fifty pounds.' On which t'other throws up his hands as if he'd been hurt, and disappears. You'd laugh to see the crew forrards watching us. Poor covies! mebbe they'd been away a year, and were thinking of Susan and Polly at home, and prayin' that their skipper and us 'ud come to tarms that they might clew up and haul down, and reckon that they'd be seein' Gravesend afore sunset. Well, we hung on to the ship, having her easy when round the North Foreland, for now she had to ratch; and from time to time there'd be more bargaining, th

master coming to the side and bawling out 'How much?' and us answering of him, and then him turning and shakin' his head or motioning with his arms as if to keep us off, till at last he sings out an offer, which we answered by sheering off and pretending to go away. This was only a roose, ye'll onderstand, an' a common one, for we'd no notion of losing her; besides, we knew she was bound to take a tug in the end; and, sure enough, after she'd made a few boards on her own account, she dips her ensign, which was like saying 'All right; you shall have your way.' Whereupon we go alongside her and take her rope."

"I suppose that tugs see some heavy weather?"

"I rather reckon they do. I remember one sample as befell our tug when we was riding in the Downs. It was a Sunday, and it came on to blow a whole gale from the south'ard and west'ard. 'Twas the most furious thing of the kind I was ever in, and the suddenest. It came along like a whirlwind, and rose a heavy sea like magic, as if a earthquake were at work under the water. Well, we pitched and strained so heavily that we broke our windlass-pawls and had to heave in the cable with the handy-billy, the steamer forgin' ahead to her anchor. We started for the river, but just as we turned Margate the wind flew into the norrard, and blew fit to lift our boat clean out o' water. On this we turned to make for Dover, but on our road we overtook a little schooner that had parted from her anchor. We went close and spoke her, and agreed to take her to Dover for £75. Well, when we come to the Downs we see a big schooner lyin' across a barque's bows, and we offered to haul her clear and carry her to Dover for £200. This was agreed to, so we lets go the little schooner in our wake, and away she drifts, Lord knows where; and

arter manœuvring a tidy bit with t'other wessel, we draws her clear of the barque and tows her to Dover. It was a nasty job, but in spite of saving her, for she might easily have sunk herself in the condition in which we found her, and in spite of the agreement as I understood it of £200, we only got £60, so that we should have done better had we kept to the little schooner."

"Served you right," said I, "for breaking your faith. If a tug undertakes to tow a vessel in distress and drops her for a job that promises more money, the law ought to hold her people accountable if any ill befalls the abandoned craft."

He was beginning to argue, but I cut him short by asking him what sort of tow-rope was most liked —steel or hemp?

"Steel we strongly object to," he replied; "indeed, some tugs won't tow with steel. The best hawsers are of manilla. There's no elasticity in steel, and it'll tear a ship to pieces before it parts."

"But surely its strength ought to be its essential merit," said I. "See how ships have been lost, how they have been blown ashore, and all hands drowned by tow-ropes parting."

"Well, that may be, master, but all the same give me manilla. The fault that's to be found with steel tow-ropes is like what's to be found with wire rigging—there's no play; if it wasn't for the hemp laniards to ease 'em and help 'em, I dunno, I am sure, what would become of the masts which are supported by them."

"Are tug-masters good seamen as a class?"

"I think they are. They know their business. They mostly rise from being boys aboard. They have a great knowledge of ships—can tell a furriner or an Englishman miles off by the cut of what he shows."

"Suppose whilst towing your hawser parts; what do you do?"

"Well, each wessel hauls in her own end. Allow that I'm a tug and you're a ship—if my end of the hawser that's parted is longer than yours, then you chuck me the end of a line and haul my end aboard ye, and connect the two parts by a carrick bend."

"This must be troublesome work in a seaway."

"It is, sir. But there's a good deal of daring amongst tugsmen. There's bound to be, for they have to go into the thick of all sorts of messes. You'll hear of men jumping off a paddle-box into a ship's rigging, watching their chance as the wessels roll and lean, and if they're out by a hair's breadth they're doomed men. I knew a case: a Frenchman had been in collision, and all hands had left her savin' two men and a boy. It was blowin' like thunder, and a strong sea running. A tug spied the drifting wessel, and ran down to her. There was no chance of boarding her by a boat. That was only to be done by a jump from the paddle-box, and two men did it, flinging themselves fair into the wessel's rigging, though a second arterwards the two craft were rolling away from each other and making a gulf atween them pretty nigh as wide as the Thames up at Battersea."

"Was the Frenchman saved?"

"Yes; his tow-rope was got aboard the tug and the ship brought into port."

Particulars of this description may seem somewhat dry, but if you want to understand the inner life of the seafaring world you must look close and go into the minutiæ, or you will miss much of the truth you are willing to learn. Every vessel that passes our shores has a life of her own, and to my fancy there's not one jot more of romance to be found in the biggest and

finest ship afloat than in the humble barge steered by the skipper's wife with a baby in the companion and a coloured handkerchief tied over her head. But the tug has a special interest of her own. Just as when, in towing down, the slipping of the tow-rope is like the letting fall of the last hand that has held to the outward-bounder as though in a clinging farewell, so, when in entering the Channel, after the wear and weariness of a long voyage, the first hearty greeting comes from the tug, for it is she that makes a man feel that home is indeed reached at last when the end of the hawser is hooked on, and the paddle-wheels drag the brave and travel-soiled ship towards her resting-place up the long and noble river.

A VETERAN.

"To Sir Philip Bowes Vere Broke, Baronet, Knight-Commander of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, and Captain in the Royal Navy, who, on the first of June, 1813, in his Majesty's frigate *Shannon*, captured after a close action of fifteen minutes, fought off Boston Lighthouse (himself leading the boarders), the United States frigate *Chesapeake*, of the same force."

Thus runs William James's dedication of his "Naval Occurrences," published four years after the engagement between the two ships, and you easily appreciate the relish with which our naval historian seized upon the famous fight for dedicatory purpose when you remember that the plan of his volume was formed when he was a prisoner in the United States, and that the book was delivered to the people of Halifax after he had made his escape from the Yankee gaolers. Coincidences are not uncommon in this ever-shifting world, but I confess I was not a little struck when one day, laying down this very volume of James's, in which I had been reading his narrative of the fight between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*, a letter was placed in my hands written by a man who had been aboard the *Shannon* during the encounter. Trafalgar seems a long distance back, but somehow the action between the English and American

frigates appears further off still, though, of course, it is not so; because, maybe, the people of this country and the people of the mighty dominion on the other side of the Atlantic have now been living for so many years in amity, and the friendship between them gains so much in truth and heartiness as the years roll on, that one fancies it must be much longer ago than the beginning of the present century since Commodore Porter was chasing our West Indiamen and since the *Guerrière* surrendered to the *Constitution*.

Hence, when I looked at the letter dated Nov. 21, 1884, written by a hand that may have served a gun, flourished a cutlass, or levelled a musket from the decks or tops of the *Shannon*, it really seemed to me like getting a note from old Father Time himself, who had put down his sand-glass and scythe to use the pen. I will give a few extracts from what the old man said, "You wished to know," he writes, "if that was true concerning the *Chesapeake*; she was a fifty-gun frigate, with 650 men, and our frigate was forty-six guns, 340 men. Some of our men was in Halifax Hospital at the time. The *Chesapeake* lost her captain and seventy of the crew, and a hundred wounded. Her captain we took down to Halifax, and buried him there with the honours of war. Our loss was fifty killed and wounded. The action only lasted fifteen minutes. . . . My old lady is only in her seventy-sixth year of her age, and I am ninety-one in February next. I was born on the 8th of February, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-four, and as I began to grow and was inclined to go to sea, and my father used to tell me that I would sup sorrow by spoonfuls; but all to no use; I wanted a voyage to India. My father sent me to school when I was eleven year Old and I left when I was fourteen years Old, but

still I wanted to go to sea, but my father bound me for seven years to one Mr. Sutter, solicitor, and I served twelve months to him and then I started off to Blackwall and Joined a ship bound to India, and I was that pleased and I was away from home for seven years. . . . When I was on board his Majesty's ship *Shannon* off the coast of America, Captain Broke wrote a letter to Captain Lawrence, captain of the *Chesapeake,* to bring him out to fight, and told him it was not for enmity, but it was to let the world see that Britons ruled the sea. They made shure of taking us; they spread the Union Jack over the Tablecloth for Captain Broke and his surviving officers to dine off from, but we had her in Toe in fifteen minutes."

Thus the old man aged ninety-one; and are not his words worth giving? I had never heard of the Union Jack over the tablecloth before; it is good enough to live; and is not the veteran's memory accurate (in all but his figures) when he says that Captain Broke wrote to Captain Lawrence to come out and fight, not for enmity, but "to let the world see that Britons rule the sea"? The closing words of one of the finest letters ever written to an enemy by a British naval officer ran thus: "I entreat you, sir, not to imagine that I am urged by mere personal vanity to the wish of meeting the *Chesapeake;* or that I depend only upon your personal ambition for your acceding to this invitation; we have both nobler motives. You will feel it as a compliment if I say that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render to my country; and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs in even combats that your little navy can now hope to console your country for the loss of that trade it can no longer

protect. Favour me with a speedy reply. We are short of provisions and water, and cannot stay long here."

Dated June, 1813; and before me lies the letter—and in a good, bold, steady hand is the letter written, too—of a man who was nineteen years old when this challenge was sent, and who stood watching the boat that conveyed Captain Slocum with the message which was never delivered to the American captain, because the *Chesapeake* was under weigh and coming down to meet the *Shannon* before the boat reached the shore.

The story is a very old one; it has been told scores and scores of times, and long since has America owned that it was an exploit magnificent enough to justify the pride of the men and brag of the schoolboys of a country whose maritime annals are made up of great and splendid actions. But there comes a sort of freshness into the familiar yarn when you look at it, so to speak, through the living eyes of a man who helped in the brief, fierce conflict, and shared in the glorious triumph of that day.

Not long ago I was examining the "Chart of the Sea Coast of New England," published by Mount and Page, on Tower Hill, in 1767; and was not a little interested in the queer configurations that defined Barnstaple Bay betwixt Cape Cod and Mashfield Point, and the deeper bay topped by Boston and winding down to Cape Ann. Boston was not much of a city then: the old chart-maker was satisfied to signify its existence by the sketch of a church and a couple of houses; and "Charles Town," lying east of Pudding Point, is represented as equally rich in accommodation, except that it has no church. But whatever might have been the number of houses and the figure of the population of Boston in 1767, it could, forty-six years later, furnish forth immense crowds of people to watch the combat between their captain and the

Britisher; and it is not impossible but that my old veteran may, to this hour, see in his mind's eye many of the spectators standing, with their watches in their hands, timing the conflict, and guessing and calculating the number of minutes it would take for the gallant Captain Lawrence to teach poor Captain Broke a few strokes of seamanship with the wind-up of a free tow to Boston.

The *Shannon* and the *Tenedos*, both of them frigates of forty-six guns, had, on April 2, reconnoitred the harbour of Boston, and discovered the U.S. frigate *Congress* lying there ready for sea, the *President* nearly so, and the *Constitution* repairing. Some days later on, the weather being thick, the *Chesapeake* managed to slip into Boston Harbour without being seen by the British frigates; and on May 1, the weather still remaining foggy, Commodore Rodgers, in command of the *President*, accompanied by the *Congress*, got away to sea unperceived by the English cruisers. It seems strange after all these years that there should be an old man living who can tell you how he remembers the news being carried forward that Captain Broke meant to challenge the *Chesapeake* to come out and fight, and how, the better to hold his ground whilst waiting, he took in a supply of provisions and water from the *Tenedos*, and despatched her with orders to her captain not to rejoin him till the 14th of June. There is no need to jog my veteran's memory to help him to recall how, whilst the *Shannon* cruised alone under easy canvas between Cape Cod and Cape Ann, always keeping a keen eye on Boston Harbour, she recaptured from the Yankees two brigs, the *William* and the *Lucy*, and sent them to the port they belonged to, weakening her crew by so doing; and how, on May 30, she fell in with the

British privateer-brig *Sir John Sherbrooke*, with fifty-two Irish labourers aboard, taken three days previously out of a captured Yankee privateer. The veteran will remember the twenty-two Paddies pressed into the *Shannon* out of the fifty-two men who had started in the *Duck* from Waterford to Newfoundland, when the *Goveror Plumer* came sheering alongside, and made them all prisoners. But such memories as these in my old friend's head must necessarily merge into that famous Monday morning when Captain Broke sent his challenge by Captain Slocum, who was a discharged prisoner, and who immediately went away in a boat, making for Marble Head. Is it wonderful that a man of ninety-one years of age should warm with a delight that makes him feel as if he were nineteen years old again, when his mind puts before him the picture of his noble frigate, with her colours flying, lying-to close to the lighthouse? Crowds of people stood upon the shore, knowing what was about to happen, and never doubting the issue when they turned their eyes upon the *Chesapeake* riding proudly in President Roads, with her royal yards across. Was the veteran one of the men below, who were eating their dinners, when between twelve and one Captain Broke went aloft and saw the *Chesapeake* fire a gun and set her top-gallant sails? The thunder of that gun vibrates through history to this hour, and let us always remember that it meant as sheer a defiance to the *Shannon* as the *Shannon's* courting of the conflict meant to the *Chesapeake*.

The duel when it began was soon over; but until the vessels were yard-arm to yard-arm the spectacle must have been a royal one, not more on account of the cool, determined pluck exhibited on both sides than by the sense of the grand national issue that was to be

worked out by the shot of the two fine frigates leaning from the breeze and seeking for an offing before letting fly. They had gone a distance of seven miles, after coquetting a bit under reefed topsails and hauled up courses, with a second gun between fired by the *Chesapeake* in defiance. The old man will remember the *Shannon* bearing away again with her foresail up and her main topsail flat and shivering that the *Chesapeake* might overhaul her; and he will remember the grand appearance of the American frigate as she came down upon the *Shannon's* quarter with three ensigns flying, one at the mizen-royal masthead, one at the peak, and one in the starboard main rigging, with a great white flag at the fore, inscribed with the words—which must now sound strangely ironical—"Free Trade and Sailors' Rights." She will have been narrowly watched aboard the *Shannon;* there would be nothing but eagerness to be at her; but the grandeur of the result could never be appreciated to its fullest height unless it were understood that the bitterest pill John Bull ever had to swallow at sea was the Yankee with whom stout Tom Cringle declared he would never wish to fight, "were it not for the laurels to be acquired by overcoming an enemy so brave, determined, and alert, and every way so worthy of one's steel as they have always proved." They knew aboard the *Shannon,* as well as Tom Cringle knew and owned, that "a feather would turn the scale between the two countries so far as courage and seamanship goes." This it was that makes the duel memorable: it was to be a struggle between two giants, not an encounter with Johnny Crapaud or the Spaniard with whom John Bull could never look upon a battle as a serious thing unless the strength was altogether on the enemy's side—a line-of-battle ship against a ten-gun brig, say.

There is this old man alive still to tell us that the action was begun by the *Shannon*. Broke thought the *Chesapeake* would pass under his stern and engage him upon what was then called the larboard side; and I dare say the veteran recollects his captain giving orders for all hands to lie down flat, to be as much as possible out of the way of the raking fire he expected. The advantage was a great one, but even the prejudiced James suggests that the brave Captain Lawrence waived it by luffing his gallant ship up within pistol-shot on the *Shannon's* starboard quarter. The hour was then half-past five. In eleven minutes Captain Broke had boarded the enemy, and four minutes later the *Chesapeake* was his prize. "The enemy made a desperate but disorderly resistance," wrote Captain Broke. "The firing continued at all the gangways and between the tops; but in two minutes' time the enemy was driven, sword in hand, from every post, the American flag was hauled down, and the proud old British Union floated triumphant over it. In another minute they ceased firing from below and called for quarter. The whole of this service was achieved in fifteen minutes from the commencement of the action."

Many accounts were published as to what happened in those fifteen minutes; but the truth was long ago established. The *Shannon* mounted twenty-four guns upon her broadside and one light boat gun; 18-pounders on her main deck, and 32-pounder carronades on her quarter-deck and forecastle; and her complement of men, including the poor Irishmen who had never been to sea, and of whom only four could speak English, was 330. The *Chesapeake* mounted twenty-eight long 18-pounders upon her main deck, sixteen carronades, 22-pounders, upon the quarter-deck; four carronades,

32-pounders, and a long 18-pounder, a shifting gun, upon the forecastle. Her armament, as fought, consisted of forty-nine guns; her complement of men, 391. The fight began in whole broadsides; in seven minutes the American fell upon the *Shannon*, whose aftermost guns swept the enemy's deck, beating in the stern-ports, and driving the men from their quarters. The *Chesapeake's* head then fell off, and the vessels lay broadside on, the *Chesapeake's* mainmast being on a line with the *Shannon's* taffrail. At this moment Captain Broke gave the order to board. About twenty of the *Chesapeake's* crew showed a bold front, but they were helplessly driven below by the rush of English seamen. Does the veteran remember, if, indeed, he heard, the triumphant shout of "There, sir! there goes up the old ensign over the Yankee colours!" from the seaman that was binding up the head of the British commander, whose skull had been half bared by a blow from the butt-end of a musket wielded by one of three men who had previously submitted? In such a bloody determined conflict as this, between kinsmen, where rage always runs highest, a deal may be done in fifteen minutes. "It is impossible," wrote Captain Broke, "to particularize every brilliant deed performed by my officers and men; but I must mention, when the ships' yard-arms were locked together, that Mr. Cosnaghan, who commanded in our maintop, finding himself screened from the enemy by the foot of the topsail, laid out upon the main yard-arm to fire upon them, and shot three men in that situation. Mr. Smith, who commanded in our foretop, stormed the enemy's foretop from the fore-yard-arm, and destroyed all the Americans remaining in it." We all know how the American captain was mortally wounded whilst fighting his ship with a lion

heart, and how the dreadful slaughter aboard his vessel showed a loss of seventy killed and a hundred wounded.

The story is seventy-one years old; * and who would think of reciting it if it were not that an old man still living took part in the glorious engagement, and, by the indication of his aged finger of that bright particular star of our naval history, compels the attention yet again to its splendour? It was an honourable, memorable sea-duel, and the death or disablement of one hundred and seventy of the American's crew is as expressive in its way as regards the swiftness of the result as was the seamanship of Captain Broke and the fine spirit of his ship's company. The *Chesapeake* was captured; but the manner in which she sailed down to meet her enemy, the intrepidity of her captain, the fearlessness with which her men fought till their bodies made a shambles of the proud frigate's decks, should atone in American memory for that great and signal defeat.

* Written in 1885.

LIGHTS AT SEA.

I CAN conceive of no sense of relief keener than that felt by the master of a ship when the thickness that has deepened by several shades the darkness of a stormy night thins out into a glow, and exposes in the distance the dim twinkle of the light whose beams for hours past, perhaps, have been looked for with straining eyes. It has been blowing a gale of wind for forty-eight hours; the sea by day has been just a surface of weltering greyness, with a near horizon melting into mist, and by night a black and roaring presence, barely determinable by the glimmering streaks of white which glare out, and fade, and reappear among the inky folds; no opportunity has occurred for an observation; the land is too close to render dead-reckoning much better than a deadly deceit if trusted to; and the drift and the leeway and the current are all uncertain. Figure, then, the eager yearning looks directed from the bridge or the quarter-deck in the direction in which it is believed, presuming the reckoning to be even approximately right, the light would be showing were the night clear; and the mental rest, the sudden soothing and ease of the anxious and harassed and overstrained mind which must come when the smother fines down for a minute or two, and shows the glittering spark away on the port bow there, just

where it ought to be, and where the eyes of those in charge of the vessel were fixed when the beam flashed joyously athwart the midnight gloom.

The dependence of the mariner upon the illuminated beacon, whether rooted in the rock or tossing upon the surges, the different feelings it will excite in the passenger who is homeward bound, the captain who is to windward and safe, or who is to leeward and in danger, gives a pathos, a romance to lights at sea which makes the subject, in my opinion, one of the most poetical of maritime things.

Take a man leaning over the side of an outward-bound ship with his gaze fastened upon the light that becomes fainter and fainter, as though beheld through tears, as it veers away on the quarter. He may be leaving Old England for good, and that light is the last he will ever see of her. He knows that yonder spark gleams on the summit of a lighthouse; and though the coast is hidden by the night, yet in imagination he beholds the white or brown cliffs upon which the fabric stands, and which daylight would disclose; the green fields on top, the white-faced cottages, the dark green of English foliage, and the pale blue of distant hills. That tiny yellow star, now scarce a hand's breadth above the horizon, is the last link that connects him with whatever associations his native land holds for him; and when it vanishes utterly at last, the sob that rises is the heart's farewell to all it loves, and its homage also to the mystery of the dark and mighty deep under the ship's bows, behind whose ebony girdle lies all that life designs to give to him of pleasure and sorrow, of hope and fear, with the grave at the end, through whose darkness shines the Light that is never extinguished.

But lights at sea have something more than the

fascination of figurativeness. They kindle the imagination by the realities they express. Imagine yourself at sea with me; we are on the wide ocean, a stout swift steamer under our feet, and the waters dark and wild around. The sparks swarm like fire-flies along the scarcely visible volumes of smoke, and the strong wind comes with a note of raving in its cry as it sweeps over the metal bows of the powerful structure whose stem cuts its very heart in twain. Suddenly there is a loud cry; it is the look-out's report of a ship's light three points on the port bow, and hardly has the shout been re-echoed when there looms up close to leeward the outline of a great four-masted ship heeling towards us under reefed topsails and a topgallant-sail or two, the water white as milk along the bends, and throwing out the long, deep, black length, the stormy noise of wind whistling through shrouds and backstays, and flying with a scream from under the foot of the swollen canvas. The red light gleams and vanishes almost in a breath; the great fabric swings past on the hurling slant of a sea with a sound all about her like the dulled roll of a peal of thunder. In a minute the night has swallowed her up astern, and where you look for her towering heights you see nothing but a star low down, glittering green in a narrow rift of indigo.

Or it may be the triangular lights of a steamer, the white flame above showing clear above the wan red and dimmer green of the side-lights. They grow clearer and keener as they come till a movement of the helm leaves the green and white visible only, and presently the whole ship shows with a kind of leap, as the impression conveyed is, out of the blackness, and her illuminated ports as she flies past seem like a band of fire streaming along her side, with a curl of white

wave to smother the golden tips of reflection in the dark and foamless water beyond.

Or take a night full of gusty moaning. The young morn shears like a scythe through the scud, and the ashen pouring of the grey and melancholy North Sea sinks into a sullen, white-laced, glooming expanse under the darkness of the large clouds which come full and black and snow-charged from the north. There is a white light ahead, small and faint enough; our helm is shifted, and we have it now on the bow, and we watch it swinging over the hollows as though it were some luminous insect on the wing darting to and fro, or some electric exhalation swayed at its mysterious moorings by the blast. It signifies no more than a homely little smack riding to her trawl-nets. She bobs and curtsies as we pass, and the creak of a boom or the jar of a sheave comes sharp to the ear on the gust that heels us as we pass her. There is no light on her deck that leans pallid and composed to us; if mortals there be in charge of her, they are snug in their bunks below, with one man, may be, half buried in the companion watching the weather over the glowing bowl of his pipe. Desolate and lonesome enough her masthead light makes her look; and she shows for a moment or two as the merest spectral detail of the deep when the faint white shine falls down on her from the edge of a cloud, and the water opens for the space of a league around her, under the thin and flickering sheen of the moon.

But of all the lights of the sea, the prettiest is the galaxy formed by the riding lights of vessels at anchor. One will often see a perfect picture of this kind in the Downs on a still, moonless night, when there is not air enough to wrinkle the water, when there is a haze over the sky through which the brightest only of the

stars glimmer faintly, and when the high foreland makes but a deeper darkness of the night in the place where its shadow rears. It is a picture that wants an accompaniment: the silver tinkling of bells striking the hour, the distant clanking rattle of a cable, the light splash of an anchor indicating that some vessel has glided unseen among the fifty specks of light and brought up. Sometimes there is a golden wake in the water under the lantern hanging in the forestay; but the deck intercepts the beams as a rule, and the anchor lights shine in the air like stars, with a vibration among those, perhaps, which belong to the smaller craft, whilst you must draw near to where they are to distinguish the phantom-like hulls and dim vanishing tracery of mast, yard, and rigging, whose presence the tiny flames denote.

One of the wild lights of the deep is the flare, the term sailors apply to a distress-signal resembling what would be called a bonfire ashore. It will be seen rising and falling, fitfully and stationary, through the thickness of the gale, or passing slowly along the horizon. It is either a ship ashore or in great danger, and driving, and perhaps in a sinking condition. One must go close to witness the terror and compass the tragical sublimity of the sight; for at a distance the flare is no more than a small blowing, leaping, and dying tongue of flame; whilst, when near, it is a ruddy and violent and roaring streaming of fire fed by oil and turpentine, and whatever will burn fiercely. There may be a couple or three flares blazing at one time on a ship's deck, each fire contained in a cask that belches its crimson and black matter up to the mastheads, as though they were small volcanoes. There could be no spectacle fuller of fear and wildness to come upon suddenly; you see the men

toiling at the fire like fiends, with failings of the terrific glow which leave the whole ship for the space of a breath or two in gloom, but then followed by a vast upward launching of red flames in the sun-like ardency of which you behold the gleaming eyes of the terrified seamen, the shadows cast by their bodies, the blood-like glare upon the sails, and the deep and awful sparkling of the midnight and unnatural lights in whatever is polished and reflects the radiance.

This is the flare of the shipwrecked crew, or it denotes urgent demand for help. But there is another kind of flare—such a light, for instance, as may be made on board a smack to emphasize the signal of her lamps to a steamer or other vessel that looks to be heading right for her as though to run her down. This is a portable contrivance of tin, filled with stuff soaked in turpentine, and when the coming danger is perceived, and when it is plain that the side-lights are not seen, then the fisherman will set fire to this flare-tin and hold it high, whilst his mates join him in roaring out, "Where are you coming to?" It is a great peril often that these flares avert, and one seems to see, without respect to the danger at hand, how much of jeopardy is indicated by these streamings and sparklings of fire when one thinks of the 30-ton dandy plunging at her trawl warps, diving into a hollow as if eager to hide from the big shadow that seems to steer straight for her, then rising upon a height of white water as though to take another look; whilst from the outstretched arm of the tall, booted, leaning figure on deck a long flame breaks away in smoke and sparks, and the whole picture of the little ship, with shapes of men at her rail staring at the coming thing, stands upon the tapestry of the night in a dull and flickering shining.

But, grandest and sternest of all ocean lights is the burning ship; the faint yellowish glare upon the horizon that deepens in colour and widens in circumference as you approach, till the sky is like a sunset picture with the incandescent fabric, and the sea beneath is clothed in a ruby-tinted magnificence. In the daytime a ship on fire is dreadful only: all that is prosaic of the sight comes out in horror merely; but darkness puts an element of majesty into the spectacle, and whilst the heart beats fiercely to the thought of the human suffering there, the eye is fascinated by many splendours of light and alternations of effect as spar after spar falls in a storm of sparks, and as the red tongues fling out the form and substance of the dense, slow, fat volumes of smoke.

The rocket, again, is one of those lights of the sea whose meaning may practically signify disaster nearer even than that indicated by the lurid tinge of the far-off burning ship, crimson like a bleeding wound upon the black breast of night. It is pitch dark, the breakers as they comb over upon the beach yield a snow that is no more than a pallid throbbing, there is no opening in the dense pall overhead under which the bitter wind flies screaming. Suddenly afar off and on high a little ball of yellow or blue or green fire shines and sails along on the wings of the wind. It expires, and there is an interval of waiting that the roaring of the surf and the thunder of the gale and the confused trampling sounds of distant colliding billows will make distracting to some minds; then, in the same quarter, a wire-like fiery line shoots aloft, and from the summit of it there breaks another flaming ball, and perhaps then the blast brings down to our ears the quick dull boom of a gun. And, indeed, it is the rocket that most often will call into

being another stormy, weird, and fantastic light of the sea; I mean the signal-fires made by a lifeboat. Figure such a craft full of men, habited in yellow and black sou'westers, and encased in the uncouth cork jacket; she is diving and leaping upon a wild sea, and as she nears the spray-shrouded vessel she has been launched to help, her coxswain explodes a port-fire. Oh, for the brush of an artist to depicture the reality, whilst the blue light, gushing out in flames from the cylinder, illuminates the boat, and the strange figures, and the rough-bearded faces in her, and the shred of sail that drives the fabric flashing through the seas! Is there an imagination that could coin from the midnight savage ocean a stranger vision than this object, familiar to scores of men around our coasts? Theatrical folks know the value of blue and green light effects; but think of a sea stretching black around, and nothing visible upon its weltering surface, if it be not a phosphorescent gleam in the curl of a near billow, but a boat full of wildly habited men green as grass, and their mast and sail green, in the glare of the port-fire, whose flame streams like a flag as it pours its sparks into the leeward sea!

One thinks of the lighthouse, too; but it should be the Eddystone, or any fabric whose foot is in the heart of a sea-beaten rock distant from the mainland, for in such a structure you get that element of isolation which must be had for reflecting the rich resounding poetry of the lights of the deep. The lantern whose radiance is oftenest observed by the upheaval of masses of spray, the edifice whose base most loudly re-echoes the thunder of the repelled billows best pleases the fancy that searches the ocean-night and the liquid leagues upon which the mighty shadow rests for evidence of human life and courage in the sparkling beacons raised by

mortal hands to shine even when the stars are quenched, and to know not extinction from the breath of the living hurricane itself, though it should blow with fury enough to uproot the oak and make a ruin of the stoutest masonry ashore. Throughout there is pathos. In all shining lights upon the sea, kindled by the hand of the seaman in distress or for safeguarding his ship, or by men appointed to pilot him by the lanterns they are in charge of, there is poetry, and there is tenderness and sentiment. But none holds more of these qualities than the one small spark that on many occasions has been encountered: I mean the light that is shown by a shipwrecked crew adrift in an open boat. It may be a little lamp at the masthead, or anything that will burn, set fire to and waved as the outline of a passing vessel is descried by eyes fevered and hollowed by long straining in search of help. Happy should be the shipmaster who is enabled by sighting such a light to steer for it and rescue from dreadful death those fellow-creatures of his whose last appeal to God for assistance might have gone up as they hoisted their lamp or waved their fiery, tremulous signal, had the tiny gleam not been seen. Of such are the lights of the sea; there are more, but let this list suffice as indicating the glorious wealth of the great ocean in suggestion, and of its power of putting the magic and the mystery of its own restless, inscrutable, and eternal life into even so small a matter as a little flame kindled in suffering, or, when all is well, in the midst of a darkness that blots out everything else.

CAPTAIN WEEVIL'S YARN.

"Good morning, sir. I hope I see you pretty middling? Why, thank ye, I can't say as that I'm first-class. The rheumatics comes into my leg worse than if I had got half a dozen of decayed teeth there, and I tell ye the faces the pain make me draw at times is, as Mrs. Weevil declares, quite enough to frighten a donkey off his breakfast. However, my philosophy is this: What ye can't help, you'd better tarn to at once and get resigned to. That's making a virtue of necessity, as the monkey said when, having had his tail shot off, he put on a pair of trousers and a hat, arguing that, since accident had convarted him into a man, he had better dress like one without further repinin', and make an end of his mishap. I hope I ain't intruding, I'm sure. It's a yarn of yours about an old whaler that's caused me to call. It brought up a recollection as I thought perhaps it might interest ye to hear. If ye mean to print it after hearing of it, and supposing ye consider of it good enough, why, then, I shall have to leave it to you to colour the fancy work; for language isn't my forty. Thank ye, not afore dinner. I'm obliged to be very careful.

"Well, it's a tidy long time ago now since I had command of a little barque named the *Julia*. It had been a regular round trading voyage, and I was away

down off the coast of New Zealand, making for the Cape of Good Hope, where I intended to touch, and thence straight home to Hull. On the morning of the day on which the incident happened that I'm agoing to tell ye about, the breeze that had been blowing us along all night slackened down into a light air, with a very smooth sea. There was scarce swell enough to stir the vessel, and you might have been sailing up a river for all you could have told. What wind there was, was right dead aft; stunsails were out on both sides, and the *Julia*, being middling light, crept along as though a current had got hold of her, though you would have known it was genuine sailing by seeing the water streaking out from her bows, and by watching, as I did, when I first came on deck, some shavings which the carpenter chucked over the side veering away aft like a flock of wild-fowl, paddling as hard as they could scuttle from out of the way of the vessel. But another sign of the *Julia's* progress was her manner of raising a sail that had been made out down away on the port bow at dawn, from the masthead.

"At breakfast-time we had risen her to her lower yards, and presently got her fair on to the sea, when, on examining her through a glass, I made out that she was a whaler by her boats and the try-works on her deck. There was nothing in her after the pattern of your whaler to make me stare. She had clearly been cruising some time, as was evident from the griminess and smokiness of her canvas and masts, due to a pretty good long stretch of blubber-boiling; and there was the neglect visible in her which is noticeable in whalers that have been long on the cruising-grounds, where the men have had other things to do than attend to the rigging and handle the slush or the paint-pots. She shifted her

course as if to close us, and shortly after noon we had sneaked up abreast of her. No very wonderful performance was this, considering, as I have said, that we had stunsails out on both sides; whereas she was taking it as easy as a lord mayor, who's got nothing to do but to give orders to his cook, and see how many chins he can fatten out of his throat in a year—having nothing set above a main-topgall'nt sail, and the courses hanging by the clews. As we came within hail, a chap very strangely dressed, in a coat that looked as if it was made of leather, and boots as big as a fisherman's, got into the mizzen-rigging, and, putting a speakin' trumpet to his mouth pretty much as he'd put a blunderbuss to his shoulder, he yells out to me to give him our latitood and longitood. This I did, and then I found out that she was the whaler *Ironsides*, of Nantucket, ten months out, with five hundred and sixty barrels of oil. The crew that looked over the side at us was a motley lot. Some of them was Mowrees, I suspect, and others Kanakas, with a sprinkling of white salts. We slowly drew ahead of her, and had got her about a mile astern, when the wind failed us altogether. The sea changed into the appearance of quicksilver. There wasn't a blurr upon it anywheres, and there being no clouds in the sky, there was not a shadow upon it either, so that in all my time I don't know that I ever remember seeing the ocean so exactly like the top of a burning-glass.

"Well, we got in our stunsails, ready to box the yards about 'case of any catspaws coming, and when in the midst of this business, getting the swinging booms alongside and the like, some fellow who was aloft suddenly bawls out through his nose, in imitation of the Yankee accent, and in the long drawl that used to be peculiar to American whalemen when they 'raised grease,' as

they called it, 'There she blows, three points off starboard bow! blows! blows! two miles off, and sparm whale!' I thought at first he was skylarking, and went to the side where I could see him, clear of the canvas, and where I could give him a bit of my mind; but, on looking, sure enough I saw a whole school of whales down in the direction he indicated. You could see their spouts glimmering up regularly with the raising of their heads five or six feet, as they sent their fountains aloft, all excepting one that was 'breaching,' as the term is, showing nothing but his tail above water, as if he was in the act of sounding, and sweeping his flukes about from right to left till the sea was like a boiling cauldron all around him; indeed, you'd have thought there was an earthquake going on down there, and that that black tail wagging amidst the white commotion was dry land, in the act of being hove up and created. In a few seconds he went down, but the others remained on the surface, spouting and going along very quietly, heading about sou'-west. The whaler, as you may suppose, wasn't long in catching sight of them. In a few moments down went four of his boats, each with a crew of six hands—steerer, a harpooner, and four oarsmen. They were beautiful boats, and you saw what practice had done for them Yankees, as their oars flashed and they went for the whales, everything being done quickly, quietly, with no more flurry than lighting a cigar or putting your hat on. It was just the weather and the day to witness one of these here ocean bull-fights, as I like to call them, and, impatient as I was for wind and to get done with our voyage, yet I couldn't help feeling a secret satisfaction at being obliged to stop and look on at what was going to happen; for it was leaving nothing for my conscience to worry over, whereas had

there been wind, and I'd hove to just to witness the sport, I might have reproached myself afterwards.

"The whales made a beautiful sight, for the sun sparkled in their spouts, and as the fountains fell it was like the showering of all sorts of precious stones into the sea; besides, there was their black bodies shining like satin, and nothing but golden ripples breaking away from their heads as they swam, so quietly did they shove through it. And then there were the boats, dead in their wake, and first approaching, scattering wide as they went, as indeed did the whales, each boat with a long furrow astern as if the chap that was steering had got a great length of silver ribbon attached to his oar. I say it was a beautiful sight, for though there may be bigger fish in the sea, there is nothing that we're acquainted with as yet that beats the whale; and when you contrasted the littleness of the boats and the figures in them with them there leviathans, only a small portion of which was visible—though for all that what you could see was like islands scattered about upon the still water—you felt that there was a deal of nobleness in the courage of sailors after all, and that a real whaler must have such stuff and spirit in him as fully entitles him to the tarm of man, spite of the sneers merchantmen in my day used to direct at him as a seaman.

"Well, by-and-by one of the boats fastens to the biggest of the fish. I happened to have my glass bearing on this particular boat when the harpooner struck. Twice he launched the iron, and then in a flash the whale bolted under water, taking out considerable line. He rose some distance away, and started at a pace that gave the crew no chance to 'haul line'—in other words, to bring their boat alongside. Ye should

have seen the splutter. 'Twas all foam and uproar in a jiffy, as though a tempest had come down out of the clear sky upon the calm ocean, and was driving the water where the whale and boat lay raving mad. Ye might expect such a sight from a whale wounded and newly started. Old spouters declare that a sparm fish with the iron in him will be off at twenty mile an hour, and keep at that pace for some time, when he'll slacken down to twelve mile, or bring to suddenly, and give the boat-header a chance to kill him, whilst in sounding they've run out over three hundred fathom of line in four minutes. My eye may have deceived me, but I'd have been willing to bet that when that there whale made sail with the boat in tow the speed couldn't have been less than a good twenty knots. 'Twas made to look more furious by the anger and suffering of the brute. You'd see his flukes whipping from side to side as though seeking to cut down the cause of the hurt in him, whilst the foam stood up at his broad head and went streaming aft in a way to remind me of a ship pelting before a hurricane, with the smother pouring on to the forecastle deck over the spritsail yard.

"Well, all hands aboard us were looking their hardest, when suddenly my chief officer says to me, 'By thunder, captain, the whale's 'bouted ship, and is heading direct for us!' and sure enough so he had. I didn't take the meaning of it in for a second or two, just standing and looking on with the eager interest in the spectacle I had before felt; but then I gave a jump as if a bullet had passed through my heart. 'Good God!' cried I, 'he's dead on end for the *Julia*, and if he strikes us at that pace——'

"There wasn't a breath of air. The barque lay as quiet as if she was moored. The only chance I saw was

that she offered her starboard-quarter to the coming brute; with her broadside on, the whole length of her would have been given. But of all the maddening moments I've ever read about, I believe them would have been ranked amongst the worst. 'Twas awful to feel like a target, to be shot at by a monster, weighing old Davy alone knows how many tons, goaded to madness, selecting us as an object to wreak his fury upon, and hurling at us with a velocity that was bound to give the mass of blubber, blood, and bone the striking and blasting powers of a thunderbolt. The men turned pale. They took in the situation, and understood that I was powerless. I saw one or two of them kick their shoes off, whilst the hands of some others went in a mechanical sort of way to their jackets as if they meant to strip.

"There was no time to talk of boats. When the whale had once turned and made fair for the *Julia*, the rest happened as if in a breath. Why, in mere fancy you could feel yourself chucked off your legs by the terrific blow, feel the vessel heeling over and over to the pressing and shoving of the monstrous weight, and the roaring sound of waters rushing into the hold through as many started butts and staved planking as the head of the giant was capable of covering. I see him now as I saw him then. The divided sea poured away from the huge black block of case and junk above the mouth like the two seas under the bows of a 5,000-ton steamship going at full speed. Again and again up would leap this head in consequence of the terrific blows of the flukes, and the sight was like a half-tide rock in a hurricane. Onwards he came, heading, as I could make out, dead for us, hiding the boat behind him by the mist of spray that was thrown up by his rushing.

'Twas like the approach of a continuous roll of thunder, the notes deepening and deepening with tremendous rapidity, caused by the crushing of the water and the raging of it, and the mighty striking of the tail sweeping over an arc of thirty feet from side to side, with dreadful rage and spite in its smitings. 'Twas a hairbreadth thing and a perfect miracle'; for when I could have sworn the beast was into us, and was standing, as I remember, gripping the rail till I dare say my veins stood up black upon the back of my hands, he shot past as under our stern, and in a second or two flash went by the boat that he was towing, the foam up to her gunwales, the harpooner crouching, the steerer like a figure of iron, and not a stir in the other four.

"I tell ye, it was a revelation of courage, of quiet, steel-like pluck, patience, alertness, and marvellous steadfastness as I can never think of to this day without feeling how such men as them ennoble the race they belong to. They were all whites. I see now their shining eyes, their rigid faces, the longish hair of one of 'em, and the ends of a shawl round the neck of another fluttering to the wind raised by their speed. The thing went by like a thunderstorm, and the *Julia* gave a long roll upon the swell that was left by the whale. Her sails flapped, and a shudder seemed to come down from aloft, with a thrill meeting it out of the heart of the startled little barkey.

"Three minutes after the gallied fish sounded, and then came up, stopping dead. They hauled line, and it was soon after 'fin out,' with the creature, as you would know must have been the case when you saw the fountain of red blood go up, and make a space of crimson light for whale and boat to lie in as though the

sun were setting, and a glare of him when he was ruddiest had touched the ocean where they lay.

"That's the yarn, sir, and I hope I haven't been intruding. No; I'm obliged to you, nothing afore dinner, thanking you kindly. It's the fashion to consider whisky as good for rheumatism, but I know better, and so I tell yer."

VANISHED TYPES.

It is not many months since that there were found upon a point of rock on the Natal side of St. John's River some relics of as notable a wreck as any that figures in marine annals. She was a British Indiaman,* and she was lost 103 years ago, and the relics found consisted chiefly of gold, silver, and copper coins. The impress upon some of the coins was curious, representing, for instance, two standing figures, one holding a staff surmounted by a crucifix; other coins bore the effigies of Indian gods. Among the things found were nine of the old Indiaman's cannon, quantities of iron ballast, piles of charcoal, presumably the ashes of wreckage burnt by the Kaffirs to obtain the metal bolts and nails.

Survivals of this kind are common enough. Sometimes there is fished up an old anchor that might have held one of Queen Anne's ships. Sometimes it is a musket that might have been levelled by one of Paul Jones's sailors. The men who go about with creeps or even trawls do very often extract queer secrets out of the heart of the deep; but what commonly are most striking in such unexpected revelations of the dark, unfathomed caves are the memories they arouse and the morals they point. I am speaking of sailors. No nautical man of imagination could look at or read about

* The *Grosvenor*.

the Indiaman's coins and guns without reconstructing her in fancy, and so realizing her complete extinction as a type, and the mighty revolution that has been wrought in all affairs maritime. There is nothing afloat, if it be not the hulks of old line-of-battle ships, that you can liken the East Indiaman to—the proud and towering and castellated fabric of the close of the last and the first quarter of the present century. She is dead, and she is gone. Blackwall liners you still have; the chequered sides, the long poop and topgallant forecastle, the great square yards lifting their gleaming pyramids to the trucks are yet familiar; but they are no more like the ships of old John Company—such ships as arise before the mind's vision when one thinks of that South African "find" of coin and cannon—than a racing yacht of to-day is like a revenue cutter of fifty years ago.

It may be the romance that time gives to memory as the years mellow and enrich the colours of the artist; but for my part I can never dwell upon what I have heard of and read about the old East Indiaman without there standing up before me the stateliest image the historic ocean page has bequeathed to imagination. We have to the full the same internal sumptuousness of furniture and decoration; it would be absurd to pretend that our sailing-ships are not a hundredfold more beautiful in form; we have refined upon the clumsiness of thick hemp by the delicate elegance of wire; our bowsprits are no longer "steeved" to an angle that made them look like fourth masts fallen over the bows. Yet with the thought of the East Indiaman of other days there arises an object of visionary and stately splendour —a structure of massive proportions full of the windy flashings of sunshine reflected in a hundred radiant surfaces; star-seeking altitudes of masts whitening a

great space of the heaven of the tropical waters, with a marvellous extension of lustrous cloths which, hollowing to the extremity of the studding-sail booms, tinge with a cloudy silver the long blue serge to which the great fabric lifts with a floating heave as majestical in its pendulum-like swing as is the roll of the giant, mid-ocean swell when the winds are hushed, and you watch the wondrous breathing by moonlight. Well, it is true that "heaven lies about us in our infancy," and the magical gleam we associate with childish fancy gives to recollection or imagination the glory we find missing when we gaze around us with mature eyes.

For the most part the vanished marine types will be out of the range of human sympathy, for what is dead has been for many years so; though not yet out of living memory are the beautiful creations of Sir William Symonds, and such frigates as the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon* and the *Imperieuse*. We shall never see their like again, and shall I pretend that I am not sorry? Why, knowing what the British sailor is; conceiving—as any Englishman can—what the chances of the stoutest adversary you could oppose to him must be when our Jack can ply cutlass and pike,—I sometimes think that nothing worse could have befallen us than the invention of the propeller, the ram, and the armour-clad. In the days of tacks and sheets, of weather-gauges, sharp manœuvrings, boardings, yard-arm and yard-arm hammerings, what combination of sailors under foreign colours was the equal of the brawny, bearded fellow whose cutlass flashed for his country under the blood-red cross? But the type, not of the man, but of the ship, has vanished, and it makes one feel a hundred years old to read, for instance, such a passage as this: "The press of canvas she was carrying laid her over until her copper sheath-

ing, clear as glass and glancing like gold, was seen high above the water, throughout her whole length, above which rose her jet-black bends, surmounted by a milk-white streak, broken at intervals into eleven goodly ports, from which the British cannon—ugly customers at the best—were grinning open-mouthed at us. Aloft a cloud of white sail swelled to the breeze, till the cloth seemed inclined to say good-bye to the bolt-ropes, bending her masts like willow wands, and tearing her sharp wedge-like bows out of the bowels of the long swell, until the cutwater and ten yards of the keel next to it were hove clean out of the sea, into which she would descend again with a roaring plunge, burying everything to the hawse holes and driving the brine into mist, over the foretop, like vapour from a waterfall, through which, as she rose again, the bright red copper on her bows flashed back the sunbeams in momentary radiance." *

I say it makes a man feel a hundred years old to read such a description as this, and be able to declare that he has witnessed the reality!

Among the vanished marine types is the "fruiter." These were schooners which traded to the Mediterranean and the Azores for fruit. They were little vessels, constructed on superb lines, and were clippers of the true pattern, built to go to windward like steam, to use weather that obliged vessels five or six times bigger to lie to, and to make the voyage out and home with a despatch often phenomenal. The passage to the Western Islands seldom exceeded six days, and it was common for these schooners to make the run to the Portugal coast, discharge, fill up, and return and be at London unloading within twenty days. I have been told they

* "Tom Cringle's Log."

would get as much as seven to eight pounds a ton for freight; and James Hannay, in "Singleton Fontenoy," speaks of prizes being given to them, for he says, "She was one of those slashing schooners that come home with fruit from Smyrna, and are always fast sailers. There is a prize given, I believe, to the one that reaches home earliest, and in good time for the market, which of course stimulates them to 'carry on.'"

For the like of their mode of "carrying on," one must go back to the days of the Yankee clipper. I have been running under double-reefed topsails and a main-top-gallantsail when a Yankee clipper has come up and passed us to windward, like a roll of smoke, under royal stunsails. This was the "fruiter's" fashion. When every cloth was clapped upon her, a "cloud of canvas" is about the expression that defined her appearance. Her canvas would include a flying and two jibs and stay foresail, a great long-headed gaff-topsail, and she would carry a lower stunsail outside the square-sail, a sort of jib-headed affair, that gave her a goose-winged look. The perishable nature of the fruiter's cargo kept her always hurrying, and I remember a seaman who had served in one of these craft telling me, "We was running in the Western Ocean; it was blowing fit to prize the vessel out of the water; I thought it would have been well to heave to, but the skipper he held on all till most of the port bulwarks was smashed up, the two boats washed overboard, square-sail blowed away, skylight stove, and the schooner lost sight of in the smother forrards. I then says to him, 'Ain't it about time to heave to?' and he answers, 'Well, p'raps it is, Harry.'" The life turned out a fine body of sailors, for at one time there were whole fleets of these beauties. They were indeed like yachts, built for stormy weather with good

beam, and excellently found. Masters and men took a wonderful pride in these boats, and the fabrics justified the affection their crews had for them and the care they lavished on them, as old sailors will, I am sure, admit, when they recall the charming, bland and elegant picture a fruiter submitted, leaning like a shaft of silver upon the Mediterranean blue. To quote the words of one who had seen them, "in calm they glided along the surface, sweetly and tranquilly as the nautilus, or in storm, dashing through the waters, they recalled the flight of the dove that bore the olive-leaf of old."

Among vanished types are some quaint models which, when seen in contemporary paintings or engravings, detain the eye by a particular charm of homeliness. The old "pink" was one of these; a vessel sharp at both ends, or, to be more accurate, a vessel with a stern rounded like the bow, with a straight stern-post. The Goole billyboy or the Dutch galliot might call itself first cousin to the old pink. But the pink was decorated with a contrivance like a balcony that projected from the quarter and some distance beyond the rudder. The old style was to build a vessel with a "good crop," as it was called; that is, with an arched deck, in which were sound assurance of our grandsires' judgment as regarded seagoing properties and a high warrant for strength. Indeed, in old times ships took a century to decay. If they outlived the perils of the sea, the timber and treenails guaranteed the rest. They were rude creations, as compared with the forms since adopted; but maritime miracles were wrought by them; the meteor flag never flew more triumphant than when it "burned terrific" at those old mastheads; they were the nurseries for such men as Cook and Nelson, too; and ugly,

ponderous, and clumsy as they may be considered, a man feels inclined to take off his hat when he thinks of them as the floating homes of the manliest race of fellows the billows of the ocean ever tossed.

And perhaps the quaint habits of the seafarers of that period might bear a brief reference in a paper dealing with vanished marine types. I was much amused in reading the life of Henry Taylor, of North Shields, not long since, to come across a singular example of the permanence of maritime prejudice. The old fellow's memoirs were written by himself, some years before 1811, the date of their publication, and he speaks of forty-two years before, when he first went to sea, making the period about 1763. What does he say of the sailors of his "day?" "Those who have used the sea and have attained the age of forty or fifty years must have observed a very great declension in all orders of seamen, both with respect to morals and discipline." Were not old sailors saying the same thing in 1763, just as they are making the exactly same complaint in 1885? But it must be admitted that a score of quaint old habits and usages have faded out of forecastle and quarterdeck life along with the extinct types. A veteran, who writes delightfully,* has printed some interesting memories of the sea as the vocation was in the beginning of the present century. He says that sixty years ago a three-cocked hat was only to be seen on the head of a Greenwich pensioner, but many men-of-warsmen preserved their pigtails. Up to 1818 knee-breeches were in common use among old seamen, and sometimes silver buckles were worn. Until 1820 only rope cables were used to anchor by, and up to the same year everything aloft was also rope, as ties, slings, trusses,

* In the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle.*

parrels, and the like. Anchors were got with handspikes and a jigger, with the cook and a boy stationed at the fall of the tackle to prevent the cable from slipping as the windlass was hove round. Such a primitive arrangement as this side by side with what is newest in the steam processes for heaving up the anchor would, as a contrast, form a striking illustration of how the past and the present generation of seafarers managed. The caboose or galley in the smaller ships seems to have been a very rough-and-ready machine for the making of Jack's meals. There were no cooking stoves, "the common apparatus being the open hearths, which were nearly the shape of an easy chair, with a grate instead of a seat, on which the fire was made. Suspended over the grate was a huge kettle with three feet, the same shape as a pitch-kettle, and with a wooden lid; it was suspended by a crane fixed to the hearth." Such was the sailor's kitchen sixty or seventy years ago. In these days we read of the crews of some of the great ocean passenger-ships getting Irish stew for breakfast, and plum-pudding and roast mutton for dinner. What would the mariner of even the stateliest of the East India Company's ships have thought of such meals at sea? But the men who get Irish stew and plum-pudding are not very numerous. It is a question whether inspection of the average food of the seamen of the long voyage sailing-ship of to-day would persuade the marine veterans to believe that sailors are better off in this respect than they were sixty years ago. They ought, no doubt, to be as much better off as regards food as they are in their vocational appliances; the biscuit should be good, the salt meat sweet, the fresh water wholesome; but this is not more often the case now than it was in the olden days, when there were no gigantic

American and foreign markets of flour and provisions to deal in for the materials of stores.

Another utterly vanished condition of the marine life is the hearty old ship-launch. The writer I have named preserves an amusing sketch of a launch in 1820. There is a round table under the bows, laden with a dozen of wine and a large basket of biscuits. An old fiddler is in attendance to strike up the tune, "A fair wind, and off she goes," and the owner's daughter stands ready with a bottle of wine to throw at the vessel's bows. Presently is heard a sharp driving of the wedges between the baulks of timber, and soon the fabric is held only by the "spur shores." These are knocked down, the vessel moves, everybody cries, "There she goes!" The fiddler saws with might and main, crash breaks the bottle, well aimed by the girl, and in a few moments the vessel smites the water and plunges almost stern under. Then follows the old hearty hospitality, first lunch, then a substantial dinner, then tea. After tea the fiddler is brought in, along with wine and punch, spirits and ale, and a jolly day is wound up with singing and dancing.

It is impossible to deny to the sea a distinct and genial romance of its own in those times. The birth of a ship was a thing to be celebrated as an addition to England's greatness. It was an extension of the national dignity and weal, another mast to fly the glorious colours at, another interior to communicate something to the general wealth, another forecastle to enable the hardy leather-fisted British mariner to sail round the world, to make fresh discoveries, and to create new commercial avenues for his own and succeeding times. Every ship was a child of these islands; she had her mother's spirit in her; she was staunch and solid, an honest piece of handiwork, like much more that English fingers dealt

with in times before the steam-engine and the electric telegraph imposed upon people the delusion—since become a conviction—that the work of a day may be crammed by violent energy into an hour; and how faithfully and how gloriously she discharged her duties, any man, looking back over the chapters of sixty years of maritime life, may know, and know with pride.

The hoy is another vanished type. She was a sloop-rigged vessel, and conveyed passengers and merchandise. I believe there are some hoys still afloat, but they are not as our grandsires knew them. The mere name of hoy awakens thoughts of Margate and Charles Lamb. It is no exaggeration to say that in these days you may get half-way across to America in about the same time as the hoy would often occupy in sailing from London to Margate and Ramsgate. There is nothing to liken that voyage to, for the stage-coach was swift even when thought of in reference to the locomotive, compared with the passages of the hoy when thought of in reference to the steamer. Charles Lamb dwells lovingly upon the old hoy; but it is difficult to read what he has to say about the sea and believe him sincere. I dare say he clung to her for the same reason that induced him to cling to some other things: not because she was good, but because she was old. And yet his apostrophe does not seem lacking in relish either; it sounds as if he smacked his lips when he thought of her. "Can I forget thee, thou old Margate Hoy, with thy weather-beaten, sun-burnt captain, and his rough accommodations—ill-exchanged for the foppery and fresh-water niceness of the modern steampacket? To the winds and waves thou committedst thy goodly freightage, and didst ask no aid of magic fumes and spells and boiling cauldrons. With the gales of heaven thou wentedst swimmingly·

or, when it was their pleasure, stoodest still with sailor-like patience. Thy course was natural, not forced, as in a hotbed; nor didst thou go poisoning the breath of ocean with sulphurous smoke—a great sea chimera, chimneying and furnacing the deep; or liker to that fire-god parching-up Scamander."

Such is the conservatism of the poet! Yet were one of these hoys, so dear and delightful to the essayist, to be placed on the Dover and Calais station, which would Lamb, where he in the flesh, choose—the sea-chimera, capable of speeding against the wind at the rate of eighteen knots an hour, or the old motherly, lubberly, round-bowed, splashing sloop that would take twenty-four hours of excessive sea-sickness and wet and cold to "ratch," as it is called, across the distance between the English and French ports? Indeed, when Lamb said, "To the winds and waves thou committedst thy goodly freightage," he spoke a truth that must have been understood by readers of his day to go a good deal deeper than poetry; for as bad a disaster as any to be found in the annals was the wreck of a hoy, named the *Margate*, off the village of Reculver, Feb. 7, 1802. The vessel, bound to London, had twenty-four passengers and four of a crew; the weather grew bad, the hoy struck upon Reculver Sand, and the situation of the people and the subsequent destruction of most of them is one of the most harrowing pictures of sea-disaster that I am acquainted with.

But Lamb, knowing the steamboat, may yet be forgiven for writing with tenderness and regretfulness of the old hoy. The memory of the vanished types is full of soft colour, and it gathers pathos from early recollection of what we ourselves saw when life was young and gay around us, or from what we can recall of stories told

to us by lips which have long been mute. And the vanished types are sea-marks, too—phantasms sometimes regal and splendid, sometimes homely, quaint, and uncouth—illustrating our progress as an ocean-born people; of great value and of deepest interest as exhibiting the character, energy, and dominating strides of Britannia's "march along the deep." For days and days I could go on talking about them, so pregnant are they with all most to be revered in the history of a kingdom whose greatness is owing to those old ships.

A SHIP'S WHEEL.

I was sauntering along a quiet stretch of coast upon the sand under the lee of a line of cliff that protected me from the keen wind. Keen it was and fresh. About a mile out, where the swing of it hit the water heavily, the head of every surge was white, and the smooth back of the billows as they ran with the wind was laced with snow, like torn veils flung over dark green glass. The surf made a stormy sound on the beach, where the breakers came rounding in to the shore like ravening beasts of prey harking for a new scent off the track the wind was sweeping the rest of them along; and so full of savage instinct did every comber seem, that for minutes at a time would I stand and watch the snarling play, the fierce joyousness of the leap and blow of a succession of them upon a lump or two of dark rock covered with masses of long black weed that lifted and fell with the wash of the water in gestures whose life-like movement gave to the wild hissing of the surge as it broke a note of mocking laughter.

On turning the corner of a point of cliff, whose honeycombed foot, lifted clear of the sand, was full of pools of bright water, some of them imprisoning shrimps transparent as amber and swift as light, whilst from others you'd see a crab stalking like a man climbing out of a bath, I came across a ship's wheel as upright as the

slope of its spindle would let it stand; a couple of the spokes it rested on were buried in the sand. It could not have been long arrived, for it was a piece of salvage the coastguards or the Customs people would have made short work of had they seen it. There it stood, an old ship's wheel, rolled up from Heaven knows where, and ironically fixed by the breakers in a position that as nearly resembled its posture on a ship's deck as the length of the spindle permitted. It needed nothing but the dusk of the night, with the gleam of the moon looking at it over the rim of a black cloud now and again, to change it from the shipwrecked reality that daylight made it into a phantasm provocative of curious fancies. The light of the foam was always near; the eye, therefore, in darkness could never miss the thing; and the spectral glare that comes off the froth of the sea could not be surpassed by moonshine or any other lustre as an aid to the imagination watching that wheel by night.

Ghosts! Heart alive, if the sea-shore close to where the breakers mark the liquid limits be not full of them, then surely never did a churchyard own a spectre. Why, so numerous are the drowned that there is never a wrinkle upon the summer sea, never a surge upon the winter deep, never a breaker upon the iron coast, but that, if the ocean choose to reveal her dead, would hold a corpse of its own. To be sure it is not with the material eye that such things are viewed. Suppose I had come across this ship's wheel when the night had drawn round, then, seated near and musing, should I expect to behold with fleshly sight the pale and visionary figures that for ghostly sport would gather round this portion of a vanished vessel's helm, and, lifting it clear of the sand, whirl the spokes in pathetic imitation of an old remembered duty? No; but it would not be hard to make a

vision of the thing, and, waking, witness a sight that should by its coherence prove more startling than the strangest dream. Think of the figures the magic of the mind, the wizard that makes our lives beautiful or dreadful as it may be willed, could summon from the ocean that goes dimming its foam into blackness at the horizon, to cluster in a peering, inquisitive, sportive crowd round that wheel—all fitly costumed, too, as they died; one in the garb of a seaman of Van Tromp, another in the sea-torn attire of a French privateersman of the last century, a third dressed as an Armada sailor, a fourth as one of Queen Bess's mariners, a fifth in the hammock that shrouded him when the plank was tilted and the ship swept onwards, passed the bubble he made, with a moaning for him in her rigging. What shadows for the moon to peer at! She would need a cloud to hide behind at moments, whether from fear at the wild gathering of marine shapes or from grief at their piteous and sorrowful sporting. For among the ghosts there would surely be one to simulate command; to walk the quarter-deck of the sands with dignity, and give orders to the spectre twirling the substantial wheel—whilst the rest looked on waiting for their turn—as though the wind were drawing ahead, or sliding abeam, or quartering, or thundering over the taffrail in a storm that keeps the staysail swagging in the calm of the distended foresail, and forces the helmsman to meet her as the sea sweeps her round with a force that threatens to broach her to.

But this ship's wheel, stranded, still, and idle, viewed by daylight suggests thoughts less fanciful, if more prosaic. As I stand surveying it from under the shelter of an overhanging mass of rock that protects me as a cave would, I see the surf boiling a little way beyond, then the regular set of the billows trending in eager

processions, whilst a little schooner struggling to windward staggers among the hollows, one moment hidden down to the reef-band in her mainsail, the next coming up with a yearning kind of soaring and a swift floating launch of her whole wet and gleaming length through the sea that shoots over her weather bow in a storm of snow; there are gulls, too, close at hand, poised steadily on vibrationless wings against the growing breeze, uttering their strange notes as they knowingly cock their heads now to port, now to starboard, with a sharp stare in their beautiful eyes and their arched necks with a polish of marble upon them; the fittest details in the world for the hard yet dingy sky that falls into an ashen atmosphere where the sea-line heaves in snake-like undulations. Yes! the world about it is as real as the wheel itself; but though no thought of ghosts comes to your imagination to make a ghastly moonlit idyl of this bit of wreck, you nevertheless feel how phantasmal is the reallest scene of life the eye can look upon—ay, even the eternal sea and the eternal heaven above it, when, gazing from this wheel to across the weltering waste of yeasty green and grey, you ask yourself, Where is the ship? The strange, hoarse shriek of yonder gull up there might well be the echo of your question. That wheel belonged to a vessel; where is she? Think, as Byron did, of a human tear falling into the sea; and the extinction of that single drop, through the absorption and dispersal of it by a power as bewildering to the thoughts with its material vastness as immaterial space is to the contemplation, illustrates the dissolution and annihilation of a ship—the biggest and the littlest—with an accuracy that shocks, because of the insignificance it indicates in our proudest achievements.

But there stands the wheel, its lower spokes buried,

leaning like one who is weary against its spindle, and staring with sullen defiance at the deep that has tossed it out of its heart, as though it had no appetite for a contrivance that for many a long year, may be, had enabled the ship to which it belonged to dominate, defy, and spurn its rudest surge. Pleasanter than fancies of the ghosts of drowned mariners of all times who might swarm upon the beach here at midnight to divert themselves with this worn and weather-broken toy are thoughts of the service it has rendered in its day, and the figures which have struggled with its spokes in storm, or stood beside it in the dead hush of the ocean calm, when the jar of the rudder to the faint, long, quiet swell was too light to make more than music of the small play of the wheel-chains.

It was not hard even in the wintry daylight, keen with a wind obnoxious to outdoor reverie, to fit this wheel to a phantom ship. I might guess her dimensions by the diameter of the circle, and in a trice, lo! I was on the deck of a barque of seven hundred tons, the old wheel near me and a seaman gripping it, casting his eye down upon the card that swung in the binnacle, then lifting it to the leech of the topgallant-sail, chewing the marine cud stowed high in his leathern cheek, whilst often he would smear the back of his hand along his mouth, or drop the wheel with one fist to turn and take a peep at the line of the wake and the set of the tiller, then bringing his other hand to the spoke again with a snuffle in his nose, a long look to windward, a brief squint aloft, a glance from aloft to leeward, and a fresh stare into the compass-bowl. That old wheel carried one through a deal of weather, through many voyages, under many different stars, under a sun that wooed the sextant to the north at noon, amid icebergs taller than Milton's

Satanic spear, amid tempests that strained the labouring ship till the water was washing half-way up her decks, amid breathless electric storms when the midnight water was so polished that it duplicated the fiery darts and multiplied the detonations from the clouds till the ship seemed floating midway betwixt a warfare as furious below her as it was hellish above her. And all in less time than it will take you to follow me to the end.

What a magical wheel! What was the spirit informing it that, under the spell of a plain, old, wooden motionless circle, fitted with spokes for the hands, the imagination should find the past present, the distant near, and phantoms—liker to living things than the most life-like spectre ever was—at hand, to act the many parts that old ship's wheel had demanded, in its time, of seamen? It was all a riddle to me; but there was the wheel, and I witnessed the visionary performance it created for the behoof of a solitary watcher.

Was the first phantom that seized it ever real? He looked a substantial object, with a fiery pimple of a nose glowing betwixt the thatch of his sou'wester and the stout wrap round his throat. It was pretty cold work with him, no doubt; but the job of steering was light. The water was smooth, the sails a rapful, and the lubber's mark held true to the course, even when the steersman dropped the spoke to hammer his mittened hand against his thigh to drive the hot blood to his finger-tips.

The next was a slenderer phantom. His white face made one grave. There was no burliness nor bronze of the salt in him. One knew it was still bitter cold by the shudder that ran through him when he took the wheel, and that the wind was full of wet by the shake he'd give his head to clear the drops out of his eyes.

He'd cough at times, and when he spat one saw a tinge of blood. How wretchedly clothed! Why, his wet, thin, patched dungaree trousers clung to his shanks like sticking-plaister; his thin wrist came naked out of the sleeve of the old worn pilot jacket; one spied his bare ankle above his shoes, and his cap was sodden ere he had stood at the wheel a minute. A fine sample of a sailor to ship! A "pier-head jumper," no doubt—dying fast, with one lung gone, and the execrations of master and mates to follow him forward and aft, above and below, for being such a "useless sojer," till the stitched hammock or canvas and the last toss should make all further oaths and bullying useless. God help such a sailor as this!

With relief I watch his lean and shivering figure melt whilst a short bow-legged phantom takes the wheel, and is presently joined by another who grasps the spoke to leeward. It is blowing now; two men are needed at the helm, and I laugh hiddenly, for they are both fine specimens of hearty forecastle "growlers." One has a broken nose; the other has eyes as hollow-set as a periwinkle withdrawn deep into its shell. Oh! they are real enough, these fellows, though unsubstantial as the air that comes like a razor against my cheek if I protrude my head too far. They are grumbling at the ship's behaviour; they follow the mate's peep at the compass, and his walk to the mizzen-rigging, where he stands, with growls; they wish the "blooming wessel" had sunk and drowned the owner, skipper, and mates afore they had ever set eyes on her. Nothing's right; and as they twirl the wheel, sometimes sulkily, sometimes savagely, as if they would wring off the rudderhead when the wild wash aft of a sea strains the wheel-chains into bars of iron, they mutter their

thoughts across the spindle about the badness of the beef, the coarseness of the flour, the flavour of the peas, the grittiness of the molasses, the worminess of the bread.

They pass away, and the next phantom is a negro, who seizes the spokes with a loud yawn and a sneeze. It is the middle watch, no doubt; he is barely awake; the whites of his eyes go and come as he shuts and opens the lids with a wild blinking; the binnacle lamp gleams upon his teeth as he yawns again with a shoving of his flat nose towards the compass to see the course. Hush! it is a breathless tropical night; the stars look blandly down through the tracery of rigging, and every swing of the canvas is followed by the pattering of dewdrops; the negro lets go the helm and feels for a chew of tobacco; he finds none, and yawns again, with a glance forward at the mate, who seems to be nodding in slumber, erect, with his back against the companion-hatch. The negro leans against the wheel and nods too—indeed, he snores; the phantom of the mate pricks up his ears, comes on tiptoe to the dusky slumberer, and with the end of a rope belabours him. I laugh at the spectral contortions of the black man, and may be it is this laugh that dissolves the vision; for instantly it is all reality again, the gulls are circling through and against the breeze half a mile out, the breakers are crashing in foam upon the sand, the distant seas are rolling steadily along in the wind's wake, and as at first so again I find that what I have been watching is nothing but an old ship's wheel rolled up by the billows and the tide to stand as it now stands, pregnant with wild significance to any thoughtful mind that may chance to pass it, till some coastguard or Customs officer comes to take it away and sell it, in the name of the Receiver of Wrecks, for the benefit of the persons who get what it will fetch.

SAILORS' FOOD.

THERE are few things more pathetic than the spectacle presented by an elderly seaman engaged in the occupation of eating a piece of ship's beef. The picture should be painted. The mariner's molars are few; the wear and tear of junks of tobacco, the salted remains of knackers' nags, of bones whose paternity might defy the scrutiny of an Owen to determine, have despoiled him of many a useful tooth; and, as he sits upon his chest or in his bunk mumbling with his gums and their slender remnant of grinders over a piece of meat that may have sailed round the world more often than Captain Cook did, and to whose wooden texture several hours of hard boiling have merely imparted a more mahogany-like tint and a more distinctly unmeat-like aspect, his face, wherein will be lodged most of the bitterness of his soul, should furnish a portrait calculated to make a deep impression upon a maritime people.

It is to be hoped that inquiry into the condition of the sailor will always include the subject of sailors' provisions; not only because frequent mutinies and refusals to work ship are traceable to the quality of the stores served out to the crews, but because both landsmen and sailors could not fail to find much to interest them in observing what progress, if any,

has been made in this direction since the old days of scurvy and grimy and noisome forecastles. It is as well, perhaps, that the public should not be suffered to remain under the impression that, because sailors in certain classes of ships have little or nothing to complain of in the shape of provisions, therefore the food supplied on board ship is generally good, and consequently much better than it was in former times. Many shore-going ideas of the sea are based upon opinions formed in steam passenger ships. People mainly travel by such vessels, and their ideas are derived from what they see of the routine and life of the crews. For example, the victualling of the crews of a well-known line of mail steamers suggests a *menu* that is absolutely confounding to old-established ocean ideas. For breakfast they get coffee, bread-and-butter, Irish stew, porridge, and dry hash; for dinner, fresh meat, soup, potatoes, plum-pudding, salt pork, pea-soup, and preserved meat; whilst for "tea," as they now call the old-fashioned "supper," they get tea, the cold meat left from dinner, and bread-and-butter. Here the sailor is furnished with a tolerably appetizing bill of fare. Of course, in eating, a very great deal more depends upon tenderness, cooking, and flavour than upon names; though names have done wonders for very unsophisticated dishes. In the case of these passenger steamers there is no reason to suppose that what is called Irish stew is not pretty much the same that it is ashore, and that the beef which is served out may not be found in our butchers' shops. As many of these vessels have compartments for freezing, they can easily carry plenty of fresh meat for the crew's use, both for the outward and the homeward passage. It would, however, be doing one of the worst of the grievances of the sailor a singular injury to assume,

because certain forecastles are supplied with Irish stew for breakfast, and beef and plum-pudding for dinner, that Jack everywhere sits down at sea to hearty and substantial meals, and that he is, in consequence, vastly better off than his predecessors.

To say that he is worse off would be absurd. Nothing in language can express what has been the quality and nature of the food given to seamen ever since the mercantile marine became a distinct national interest. There were the inevitable beef and pork, meat in name only, and leather or wood in quality, substance, and flavour. How mariners have managed to keep body and soul together on the provisions supplied to them must always remain among the standing and insoluble conundrums of life. Sailors themselves are wont to say that their stores would starve anything but a man. It is, however, not only the beef and pork; there is what is called at sea "pea-soup," but which on shore would be lexicographically defined as "warm water remarkable for a peculiar faint greasy smell, into which is thrown a quantity of petrified peas which resist the effects of boiling as completely as small pellets of lead would." Even this worthless, unspeakable stuff is served out with great attention to quantity, as though the blue salt billows over the side could not be converted into as choice and nutritious a drink by boiling potfuls of it with the peas they steep for sailors' soup. Nor must the biscuit be forgotten—that dingy, flint-like circle of "ship's bread," honeycombed by worms or weevils found dead from starvation in the cells they have hewn out in search of nutriment. As to the "duff," no sailor requires a description of a pudding composed of flour and water and the skimmings of grease from the cook's coppers;

and all mariners know that it is very heavy, dark, and clammy, tending to gloominess and cloudiness of mind by day, and alarming dreams and nervous apprehensions by night.

Let the reader, however, conceive the character of the cravings of the hungry and half-starved merchant sailor when we have it on the highest authority that "many a rascally captain has made up with his crew, for hard usage, by allowing them duff twice a week on the passage home." Thus we see how child-like the sailor is, and how he may be bribed to forgive a thousand brutalities and injuries of kicks, blows, and words by a lump of pudding of such a nature that were it sent to a chemist for analysis, he would probably recommend its preservation in the British Museum as some singular passing property of the air precipitated by a highly electrical condition of the atmosphere. There is also "tea," the name given to twigs, stalks, and leaves boiled down in the copper and in former times sweetened with molasses—about a pint of treacle to three gallons of water. When this drink, remote indeed from Cowper's "cheering cup," was served out, care was taken to stir the mess round and round with a stick, so that each man might get his share of treacle and leaves. In this way, or in ways extremely like this, has Jack been fed for generations. It is pleasant to read of Irish stew, because it must be so very rare.

No doubt the sailor, out of his wretched pork and beef, will strive to compound dishes that shall look like something fit to eat; and his nimble imagination may have so far triumphed over his artless instincts as to persuade him that compounds of powdered biscuit and slush, or biscuit and slush and pea-soup, or pork chopped up and mixed with biscuit and molasses, designated

as "dandy-funk," or "dog's body," or "lobscouse," and the like, are nice. Yet it is to be feared that if the mariner wants food that has any pretensions to being "nice," he must ship in great ocean steamers which carry pursers and freezing compartments. The grievance felt by sailors in respect of the provisioning of ships has been stated over and over again. The law provides the forecastle with a scale of provisions; but it is absurd to pretend that any regard is had to the quality of the food. Surveyors appointed by the Board of Trade are empowered to examine; but it is ridiculous to suppose that officials could, even were they willing, descend into a ship's hold or lazarette and examine the contents of the tierces of beef, the barrels of pork, the casks of flour and biscuit and peas, and so forth, stowed away there. As there is little or no official supervision, a new form of victualling has been adopted, tending, of course, to the increase of Jack's sorrows and the further depression of his lot. The owner has surrendered the task of provisioning to the master, who adopts the lowest rate, and buys in the cheapest market. The quality of the stuff bought in the "cheapest market" may be imagined from the quality of the stuff that is purchased for sailors in what would be reckoned a fair market. It would be interesting to learn how many seamen, on an average, are annually poisoned by canned meats or tins of soup and bouilli purchased by masters in the cheapest markets. There may be worse sea afflictions even than scurvy, and distempers may be produced by "fresh preserved meats" more terrible than the malady which they are popularly supposed to combat or to obviate.

The subject ought unquestionably to obtain more attention than it has yet received. There are many

thousands of sailors at sea under the red ensign. These men want food and drink as we do ashore; and the quality and nature of what they get ought to be as well known to people on land as it is to those who have to live upon it on the water. Economy must not be permitted to go to starving limits. The "tot of rum" has been taken from the sailor on temperance and other principles, which the ship-owner, of course, has accentuated with all possible unction. As Dana has truly remarked, however, "if every merchant when he struck grog from the expenses of his ship had been obliged to substitute as much coffee or chocolate as would give each man a potful when he came off the topsail-yard on a stormy night, I fear Jack might have gone to ruin on the old road." This is well understood among sailors, who are prone to rebel against teetotal theories which leave all the temperance forward and all the "lush" aft; but, if they have been robbed of their grog, let not the same principle of economy find its way into the bread-barge or the harness-cask.

DEAL PUNTMEN.

I AM often surprised by considering not so much the magnitude as the variety of human interests at sea. The more one examines into them the more they seem to extend, and new forms, new vocational conditions, continue to arise before the inquirer, as if to illustrate the bounteousness of old ocean and the ingenuity of man in the methods of his acceptance of her prodigality. The business done in great waters is by no means transacted alone by the mariner who mans big ships and sails to remote places. Our maritime industries are really not one jot more fully illustrated by the captain of the enormously long, glistening, 6000 passenger-liner than by the little, bowed, old shrimper in high rusty hat, up to his hips in water, thrusting his net before him with a background of crawling surf as a setting, and a great desolate bare plain of brown sand as a foreground. Familiarize yourself with the life of our English seaports and fishing villages, and study from some of our many headlands the processions of craft which are for ever thronging these busy home waters of ours, and the marine interests of the salt and breezy streets of the seaside town, and of the space of waters bounded by the ocean line that swims faint against the distant blue, shall astonish you with their fertility.

Almost every different type of vessel that passes illustrates a distinct condition of the nautical or 'longshore vocation; it indicates, so to speak, the life of a species, and marks an item in the marvellous variety that is contained within the uniformity of the sea. The boatman's calling is distinct from the fisherman's, and the wherry and the smack, as the latter with her brown canvas glides quietly past the other with its party of pleasure-seekers in the stern-sheets, are both interpretable into revealments of the seafaring life as widely sundered in features, obligations, hardships, and, of course, grievances, as the interior life of the Chinese junk is separated from that of a Mississippi steamer. Even a very little harbour may contain a score of very diverse maritime representations. You point to a small decked boat, and, asking what she is, are answered that she is what is called a "tosher;" and when you inquire the meaning of that word, you are informed that it signifies a little smack that fishes for very small fry, notably "slips," to the regrettable decay of the sole. You point to another boat lying alongside, and you are informed that she is a "hoveller," by which is signified a vessel that is a sort of free-lance, manned with a crew of men who sail away to seek for whatever they may encounter, and who sometimes, but rarely, find their account in helping a craft in distress or in supplying a ship with an anchor and chain. You point to still another craft, and you learn that she is what they term a "'longshore driver," a fishing-boat that, as her name implies, keeps the coast close aboard during her excursions. A fourth boat is a Shoreham lugger; a fifth, a queer, red-painted massive-looking fabric, with one, two, or three masts—is a lightship brought in for repairs; a sixth, is a rusty and crazy-looking old barge,

loaded with weedy, stained, and gritty produce, fished up, you are told, by divers from a wreck. A seventh is a smart "billyboy," well-stayed spars, hull bright with paint, plenty of brass about her decks, sparkling little skylight, with a glimpse below of a snug interior, and so on and so on.

Thus inside a short pier, and upon a narrow space of water, you may easily make out a score of types; every one indicating a distinct interest, and every interest being as brimful of life and movement as a bucket of water is full of animalculæ. But wander round the coast; take the ever-varying panorama; the processions of the Mersey, of the Clyde, of the Tyne, of the Thames; all that lies accumulated in docks, moored against walls, plying from bank to bank. It is thus the view extends. See yonder train of barges loaded with coal coming down in tow of the little puffing, noisy steamer; every barge has its man or two in charge of it, and any one of them you address will tell you that their calling as bargees is as different from the calling of other types of bargees in respect of pay, peril, exposure and hardships as the vocation of the locomotive driver is different from that of the engineer of a steamer.

These reflections occurred to me through watching, with the aid of a glass, the movements of a small open boat, impelled by a reefed lug-sail, and containing three men. It was blowing very strong at the time, and there was a high sea running. Deal beach was white with foam; the ships in the Downs strained hard at their anchors as they pitched and rolled; the breakers on the Goodwin Sands exposed a malignant line of flashing white against the masses of dark vapour that came scattering over the whole surface of the heavens from the north-east. It was startling, at times, to watch this

boat, for every brow of a sea she sunk behind concealed her, and when she emerged it was with half her keel out of water, and then for a breath or two it would be a wild, bird-like, skimming flight sheer through the seething smother on the peak of the liquid acclivity to which she had leapt. One hardly needed to know much about the management of boats to guess how superbly that little craft yonder was handled, what consummate skill lay in the careless powerful hand that grasped the tiller, what courage, hardened into high indifference, was expressed, in the coolness of those men amidst the yawning waters in which big vessels were plunging to their hawse-pipes. She was a Deal boat; she had been launched not very long before off the beach of that town through the thunderous surf that was making the land echo again from the South Foreland to far into the Bay; and there she was vanishing and emerging, flying from one melting head to another, more like a Mother Carey's chicken than a seagull, without definite motive, simply on the lookout for any job that might come along—a prospect infinitely poorer than any London beggar has who starts out to tune his petitions into the ears of nervous old ladies. This boat represented a distinct calling—a calling as well defined as that of the tug, of the pilot-boat, of the smack. You may suppose that she contrasted wonderfully with the one large steamer and the several large sailing ships lying in the Downs. It made one laugh almost to think of an object so small illustrating a marine vocation as against the expressions of maritime life one saw towering beyond her in high sides, lofty masts, massive funnels, and spars sweeping the dingy heavens with royal-yards across.

And yet we shall presently see that, although this little boat belonged to but a small seaside town, she

nevertheless represented the means by which some hundreds of seafaring men obtain, or, at least, endeavour to obtain, a livelihood. It chanced that before many hours had passed I was enabled to converse with the occupants of this self-same boat. The fact is, it was blowing too hard, there was nothing to be done, not a shilling to be picked up, and the men worn out, disgusted, starving for the want of a mouthful, which had not crossed their mouths since the previous day, sought refuge. I found them all lying in the bottom of their boat, apparently sound asleep. They were wet through, the boat still gleamed with the water she had shipped, and the circumstance of the wind coming with a very sharp edge, probably induced me to take particular notice of the scant clothing of the poor fellows, the costume of one consisting of a jersey, a pair of thin trousers, naked feet thrust into a pair of worn-out and well-soaked half Wellingtons, and a cap quite indescribable as to material and shape.

This fellow, lying with his face upwards-looking, I softly hailed. He opened his eyes, I beckoned to him, and he came quietly out of the boat.

"Well," said I, "any luck to-day?"

"Not a bloomin' halfpenny, sir."

"I've been watching you for a long time; you have had a fair spell of it."

"Ay, it's just sickening."

"Well," said I, "you shan't want for a meal to-day, anyhow."

He looked gratefully at me, and then it was he informed me that they had not had sup nor bite for many hours, and that they were without a farthing in their pockets to enable them to obtain a cup of coffee or a glass of beer. This matter being settled, and the others

having withdrawn again—since, in colloquies on marine topics I find that the fewer the men the better; for the disposition among nautical people to all talk at once, more especially when anything touching a grievance is touched upon, is almost impossible to restrain; and as a rule, unhappily, excitement deepens hoarseness and gives a wilder twist to provincial accents, often unintelligible when softly or even sweetly pronounced:—I say the matter of eating and drinking having been despatched, and being alone with my man in the half Wellington boots, we fell to talking. I should remark here that he and his mates were as fine examples of tough, alert, determined English sailors as ever I had seen in my life. My companion was a man of about six-and-twenty years of age; the others ranged between that age and forty. One was exceedingly tall—a man of all others you would say to send a royal yard down in a gale of wind, or to "frap" the remains of a sail upon a yard, or to perform to perfection any one of those numerous jobs at sea of which stormy times do come very often to making real exploits. Here were the long arms, the long legs, the iron muscle, the fingers like fishhooks, the hairs like rope-yarns, the blood like Stockholm tar, of the sailor who twenty, thirty, and forty years ago was carrying his bronzed face all over the world under the red shadow of the British merchantman's flag: but who now seems to have been put aside as a man in the way, and not comparable as a seaman and as a person of principle and integrity with the rice-fed foreigner.

I said to my man, "Those boats of yours, I think, are called 'knock-toes?'"

"That's a name," he answered, "given to us by one or two ports. The reason is, I expect, because our craft are so small that when we're in them we are altogether,

and so knock our toes one agin another. But at Deal the boats are called galley-punts."

"What's the name of your ship?"

"The *Little Willie*, sir."

"What are her dimensions?"

"Twenty-seven feet long, with a beam of five feet, and a depth of four."

"How many oars?"

"Four, sir."

"Is she reckoned a pretty big boat of the kind?"

"Well, she's of the average. The smallest galley-punt will run about twenty-one feet long, and carry two hands."

"I see you have a little kitchen in the boat."

"Well, 't ain't much, sir. A stove, a frying-pan, and a kettle; that allows us to boil and to broil—that's to say when there's anything to cook, which isn't often the case."

"What's your cruising-ground?"

"All about the Downs, off Dover and Folkestone, down away even as far as Beechy Head, and right away round to London Bridge."

"What takes you up the river?"

"Why, sir, the chance of finding a job. It's a common sight to see half a dozen of Deal boats hanging on to a ship for the tow down, hoping to earn a shilling or two by landing the pilot."

"And you are willing," said I, "to sail right away up to London on the mere chance of being able to come all the way down again in tow of a ship in order to land the pilot! On the mere chance, with a prospect of finding half a dozen of other boats before you?"

He answered, "Rather!"

"There must be plenty of peril in your work—hooking

on to and boarding ships in such a sea, for instance, as is now running."

"Well, sir, a man needs to know what he's about. It isn't for me to make a brag of our work; but I'm not going to tell you it's a pastime young ladies could indulge in. Take such a case as this. We're out in the Gulls, it's blowing fresh, there's a middling sea on. Presently we sight a barque running: she's light—that's to say, she's in ballast, and she's heading right on for us. We watch her coming, for we intend to hook on to that vessel, as she may signify a job. We notice she steers a bit wild, with a long yaw, and then a long come-to, owing to the sea following of her, and, as there's nothing to stop her, she'll be sliding through it at ten knots. Now, of course, it's nice work to hook on to a vessel like that. She'll not stop, there's no heavin' of her to, we're right in the road, and we've got to mind our eye, for, as I told you, the swing of her on them seas may hit us to port when we're thinkin' of starboard or t'other ways about, as the saying is. Well, what we do is this. Suppose there are four of us. The fourth man is in the road, and has got to keep out of the way of the others. One hand is at the helm, another attends the mast, and the third stands by to haul the lug down and to hook on. Everything's got to be done in a flash. At the signal the boat's sheared alongside, the sail's lowered away, the mast's unstepped, and the chap standing by with the boat-hook, to which a line's made fast, 'hooks on,' as we calls it, slacks away to drop us astern, and then lump! comes the drag, and we're towing in the foaming wake of the barque, with perhaps a chap on the taffrail grinning at us with a bottle of gin in his hand ready for slinging into the boat."

"You launch through the surf, I believe?"

"Yes. The system's this. The boat lies on her bilge on the beach upon flat pieces of timber thickly greased called 'woods.' She's held by a chain astern stopped by a ropeyarn, which one of the men will stand by ready to cut. If it's blowing fresh from the south'ard or east'ard there'll be plenty of surf on. We wait for a 'smooth,' as we call it, then hoist our sail, and slap! we slide into the smother. Why, I can tell you this morning when we launched our boat there was sea on enough on the beach to roll a 2000-ton ship down to her waterways. Of course when you have breakers rolling upon the shingle like cliffs, the job of getting away requires all the nerve you have, and all the knowledge of the management of boats that's to be got. Sometimes we'll be knocked right up again, and the boat will be filled. What do we then do, sir? Why, we heave her up and try to launch her afresh."

"You say there are many of you?"

"Scores and scores."

"How do you manage when there's nothing to be earned?"

"Why, we hunt about for jobs, and do anything we can put our hands to—paint, go fishing, and the like."

"You men are amongst the life-savers, I know."

"Well, sir, it's like this here. We'd be much more ready if it wasn't for the difficulty of being the first to get there. There's no risks as we'd mind. But put a vessel out to wind'ard, and you've got tugs, and lifeboats, and luggers belonging to neighbouring ports, and other craft which may be knocking about at the time, all around the stranded vessel before we can well manage to get our boats launched, and to find out the wreck's situation."

"Is there anything to be done nowadays in the way of hovelling?"

"Next to nothing, sir. In former times, if a vessel slipped or parted from her anchor, she'd employ us hovellers to bring off fresh ground-tackle. But now, vessels hire tugs which tow them into port."

"You pilot vessels also, don't you?"

"Yes; when we can get a chance; but we're not licensed, and that makes the hardships attendin' this part of our callin' very severe. Take a case. A coasting brig comes along, and hoists a Jack for a pilot. I board her, and when I'm on deck the capt'n hauls his Jack down. I bring her into a port safe and sound, but the licensed pilot, having taken notice of the Jack afore it was hauled down, steps aboard when the vessel's actually in the harbour, and claims the whole pilotage fee, which, of course, must be paid him, as the skipper's not likely to pay two pilots. I, who have done all the work, get nothing; and, what's more, I can't compel the captain to pay me anything."

"Well, I see the grievance from your point, but then you have to consider that you are usurping the licensed pilot's place. Here is a man who has had to serve so many years, pay fees, pass examinations, accept large responsibilities, and so forth, and here are you with plenty of local knowledge I don't doubt, but not held to be qualified as the licensed pilot is. A chemist might be able to prescribe and dispense as useful a dose of physic as a doctor, yet it would be hard that chemists should obtain patients when the doctors have qualified themselves for practising medicine at a great expense to their friends, and after months of constant study and practice."

My companion was a sensible fellow, and after considering a little he said, "Well, no doubt it's as you say, sir; them as study for a particular callin', who have to

pay for it and take their chance of being refused as unequal to the duties, ought to get the money when they are allowed to do the work. If I was a properly authorized pilot, there's no doubt but that's as I should feel."

"Any way," said I, "I understand that of all unauthorized pilots, you Dealmen give the licensed men the least trouble. But put it at the best, surely yours is a miserable, hardworked, terribly exposed, and starving life."

"What are we to do, sir?"

"You admit that you are out all night, often without food. I myself have repeatedly seen your boats dodging about amongst heavy seas, amidst storms of wind, dark with snow. You tell me that week after week passes by without very often your earning so much as a sixpenny bit, and yet you say, 'What are we to do?' I answer, Why don't you go to sea as a sailor? I know the life. It's bitter enough, in all conscience; but will you tell me that even an all-night reefing job is harder than exposure in an open boat for twenty-four hours in December, more particularly when you've got a foc'sle to go to when the work aloft is finished, with a pint of hot tea and such fare as they give you, and wages to take up at the end of the voyage?"

"Look here, sir," said the man, "I agree in all you say, and I know for certain that if we Deal boatmen believed that English seamen was wanted in the merchant service, and that they could get ships without having to hang about for weeks, and perhaps months, and that they could be accommodated in the way of a little bit of an outfit to start with, two-thirds of us men 'ud be off without delay to 'sign on.' But what's the truth? We are incessantly boarding ships, and we see

what the seafaring life has nowadays come to. Vessels are undermanned, the crews are nearly all of them furriners who take wages, accept treatment, and eat grub we Englishmen wouldn't have anything to do with. What's the inducement, then, sir, to go to sea? Why, I heard only yesterday that in a speech made at Sunderland by one as knew all about it respectin' sailors' wrongs and rights it was said that there are 210,000 seamen in the British merchant service, and out of that number there were only 22,000 British subjects; not ten Englishmen in every hundred sailors! I tell you, sir, Englishmen ain't wanted, because, in my 'pinion, if they were to man ships there would be difficulties; for who in his senses, unless he was a furriner, would make one of six sailors aboard a vessel of a carrying power of 2500 tons! Steam winches and steam windlasses are all very well in harbour, but they're not going to help a ship in a gale of wind. Owners know that Englishmen argue in this way. They don't want us, and they won't have us, and, consequently, when you advise a man like me to go to sea you're talkin' to one who's been made to think the matter over and over again by hunger and the want of warmth and shelter, but who tells you that starving as his life may be in knocking about in open boats, in all weathers, and in the English Channel on the lookout for jobs which may never come, he'd rather be half-clothed and keep all on as he is than sign articles for an English merchantman."

This terminated our chat. It was so far instructive that it enabled me to understand to a great extent why it is that the sea should be winning so few recruits from our 'longshore population. There may be exaggeration, there may also be the love of liberty and the hankering for home; still there is a large amount of truth in what

this man said, too. Let us suppose the numberless boatmen and others around this coast who cannot get work, and who, impelled by destitution, would be glad to find employment on board ship as sailors; let us imagine the finest of these active, hearty, and fearless fellows to offer their services to shipowners. Would they be accepted? No. There is and has been for some time an unnatural prejudice among the owning classes of this country against English seamen, a prejudice with most ignoble roots indeed, for it simply amounts to a determination to neglect the claims of the finest body of sailors in the whole world for the economical foreigner, who, as my boatman told me, is notoriously satisfied with little money, poor food, and inefficient ships' companies. Yet you feel the pity of it in looking at such a race as these Deal boatmen. What would some of our captains of a former date give for such a crew as I could blindfolded pick out of an assemblage of these men? Of course they have been famous for centuries, pre-eminent in all deeds of daring, of humanity, of skill; but our English seaboard is alive with men of a like kidney, and, let shipowners argue as they will, it is, as it ought to be, a matter of grave concern to the patriotic public to reflect that these stout-hearted and determined bodies of seafarers should be repelled from the colours they would serve—and serve, as no others could serve—whilst the red ensign floats over mongrel companies recruited from any other nation in the world than our own.

THE NAUTICAL DRAMA.

It is yet possible that the people of the greatest maritime nation on the face of the earth may one fine evening be astonished by a theatrical representation which shall be considered surprisingly novel, because it is entirely true. For why should it be held impossible that some mariner, gifted with taste and possessed of the power of expressing his mind in language, should arrive from the ocean armed with a play as true as the ship that carried him, the sea that cradled him, the wind that blew him along? And presuming that such a play should be written faithfully, and with profound forecastle and quarter-deck perception, portraying the true qualities, modes of expression, behaviour, principles, and seamanship of Jack, whether master or mate, whether man or boy; and supposing a manager, fired by the dreams of a pioneer, should undertake to produce such a drama, mounted under the inspirations and direction of its nautical author and a body of experienced seafarers, would not the revolution the representation marked very greatly astonish the British public? Would it not, possibly, by a single stroke, abolish for ever the extraordinary costumes, hairbreadth escapes, exclamations, scenic exhibitions, and a vast quantity of other things which have been offered to audiences for not far short of two hundred years as correct like-

nesses of the sailor's life at sea and his love-making and romances ashore?

When Charles Dickens was a little boy, and his nurse, to beguile the time, related to him the appalling story of Captain Murder, the effect produced upon him by it was such that if the nurse attempted to re-tell the tale he would plead in a faint voice that he was afraid he was not quite old enough and strong enough to hear it again just then. It is probable that the British public, though quite strong enough, is not yet old enough to see the truth about the sea put before the footlights, and prejudice might also incline it to hold tight to the inexpressible absurdities the theatre has forced it to accept in regard to marine affairs since the days, and indeed long prior to the days, when the nautical man of the comedy-writers of the Restoration was behaving himself in a manner that promised speedy destruction to any landsman who should venture his life at sea with him. But though the British public may not be quite old enough to endure, without great growling, the prodigious transformation that would be wrought in its marine ideas by a truthful nautical drama, it ought really to be strong enough to bear a few changes which would bring the sailor, the ship, and the sea a little nearer to the actual things the terms express without seriously violating the profound improbabilities of the nautical performance or endangering the astounding ignorance in which the framework of the maritime parts of the sea-plays are often, and indeed very constantly, conceived. Writing as one who has some knowledge of ships and the people who sail them, and, as I flatter myself, representing the views, in the main, of more than one mariner in this maritime nation, I may be permitted certain prejudices in favour of truth as respects

the profession I had for some years the honour to follow, and I trust no theatrical manager who has produced, and no actor who has borne a part in a nautical drama will resent my anxiety to know why, on the stage, a ship's main-hatch should seldom exceed in dimensions the fire-escape trap-door sometimes found in the roofs of houses. I freely admit that when only a part of a ship is shown, the proportion that the main-hatch would bear to the whole would cause a gap that must very nearly include the whole of the stage; but what is gained by the representation of a hatch of about the size of the top of a small writing-desk, seeing that, as a rule, it is down this narrow aperture that the virtuous mariner is squeezed when the crew believe the base lies told of him by the villain of the piece, and when all hands cry with superhuman unanimity, "Hoverboard with him!"

But to take a few objections in the order in which I have thought them out: First, as to the noise in nautical dramas.

I want to know why, when the skipper or the mate, or the hero or the villain, makes an observation on shipboard, *omnes* (for so this, I believe, is the dramatic name of a ship's company) should bawl out some answer in one voice, the reply being indistinguishable by reason of the complication of accents which go to swell it? And why, when this uncatchable shout has been raised, the mariners should straightway fall into convulsions of gestures one to another, and roll (all together and up in a corner of the stage) upon their legs as if they had been suddenly overtaken in liquor? I am also concerned to know why stage sailors aboard a portion of a ship should always be found lying and sprawling about under the bulwarks or around one of those dramatic fittings which sometimes by the audience are

considered to signify a pump and sometimes a capstan, until the cue has been given to them to jump up as one man and make the utmost noise their lungs are equal to? It is quite true that when merchant sailors lay hold of ropes for hauling and pulling they will break into songs; but it is not accurate to represent a whole ship's company as always answering and speaking together, nor is it consistent with the truth of the portraits which managers endeavour to submit, to hire actors with gruff voices to play the part of the crew, since, unless the mariner has a cold in his head, he is not commonly more hoarse than the leader of an orchestra or a box-office keeper in the enjoyment of good health.

Nor is there a striking fidelity in the grouping that represents sailors at sea as lounging and lolling till some observation or exclamation excites them into shouting, the fact being that a mariner when on deck is always employed on one of about two thousand jobs connected with the sails, masts, ropes, and hull; and when he is not so employed, then he is enjoying what is termed his watch below, in which case he will generally be found in his hammock or repairing his clothes in the forecastle; or if not there, then certainly not in the scuppers or alongside the pumps waiting for a sign to the watch on deck to bawl out with them.

Another matter is the costume of the theatrical tar. Might it not be worth the while of any dramatic author inspired to produce a nautical play to walk or drive as far as Tower-hill, to the Shipping Office there, where he will find in the unhappy men who are doomed to hang about that dirty and melancholy yard some excellent examples of the sort of costumes in which Mercantile Jack goes clad when he springs, half drunk, from the pier-head on to the deck of his ship? An old Scotch

cap, a ragged coat buttoned over a shirtless breast, and a pair of well-patched trousers, might indeed astonish the pit and the boxes as specimens of a sailor's dress; but the theatrical manager may depend upon it that the rags and hat snatched from the oldest scarecrow he can come across in suburban fields would much more faithfully depicture the aspect that the under-fed, under-paid, under-sheltered commercial sailor presents often when at sea, and more often still when waiting for a ship, than the blue shirt and enormous collar, the tarpaulin hat, white lanyard and spotless breeches into which every actor who has had occasion to talk about his bark, to speak with sobs of his Susan, and with knitted brows of the rogue his rival, whose presence in the ship is unsuspected until he has scuttled her, has thought fit from immemorial times to cram his more or less substantial figure.

I would also complain of the scenic confusion as to the exterior and interior of a ship on the stage. It is conceivable that if the burden of the usually ill-fated craft is, let us say, a thousand tons register, only a small portion of her can, by any possibility, be exhibited even on the largest stage. But it is *not* conceivable, at least to a nautical spectator, that everything that occurs on board that ship should happen upon the particular piece of deck upon which the curtain rises. If it is the fore-castle it is not likely that the handsome skipper will be making love there to the downcast and weeping sweetheart. If it be the quarter-deck it is not to be supposed that the crew would be sprawling all about it, drinking and talking and enjoying themselves till the captain or the mate comes up through the little hatch to order them to belay the mainbrace and see that the lifebuoys are all taut. In real ships the etiquette

of the several decks, such as the quarter-deck or poop, the maindeck, the forecastle or topgallant forecastle, is a very rigorous obligation, and a man coming aft to relieve the wheel would as soon think of stepping along the weather side, where the captain or officer of the watch is, as the skipper would think of carrying a fiddle on to the booms and playing a tune for the forecastle hands to cut capers to. Nor even are the small portions of ships usually displayed always rightly presented; for I have seen such a sight as a row of shrouds leading down considerably before the mast they belonged to, and I have also heard the order, "Haul in the spanker, ye lubbers!" manifestly applied to a sail cut like a jib, depending from the flies with its sheet belayed to a pump-handle.

And then, again, why should stage sailors always be addressed as "Ye lubbers?" No one, indeed, incapable of accepting the performance as a serious thing could question that the expression was correctly applied; but, the drama being a make-believe, the spectators are supposed to look upon the crew as a body of men who "signed on" in the most legitimate manner; and were it possible to lose the sense of absurdity these maritime performances excite in one, and to surrender one's judgment and imagination wholly to the play, one could not fail to be struck not more by the free use of the address "Ye lubbers!" than by the profound indifference opposed by the manly tars to this most aggressive and injurious form of address. Then as regards the interior of the stage ship, what notion of the inside of a vessel have those managers, painters, and carpenters who make all the people of the play come and go by way of a small square hole in the middle of the deck? Granted that the ship be in ballast, so that

the small square hole which stands for the main-hatch may be entered freely and without obstruction from cargo stowed flush to within a foot or two of the deck, it is, nevertheless, inconceivable that captain and mate, hero and villain, heroine and faithful attendant, together with all the sailors, should use this aperture as the only means of ingress and egress. Are there no bulkheads in these stage-vessels, and is the cabin that lies aft, and is the forecastle that lies forward, only to be entered by the main-hatch? I could forgive—indeed, I once heard—an order delivered by a merchant captain with a brass band round his cap, a frock coat with gilt buttons and white trousers: I could forgive such a man ordering through a speaking-trumpet pointed down the hatchway all his gallant fellows to come aloft on deck, and set the topsails and royals, and to bear a hand, ye lubbers, with the spiritsail yard; and I could also forgive the same individual a few moments afterwards taking the hero of the drama aside and informing him, to the accompaniment of several fiddles, that, as their rudder had been washed away two months previously, their only chance lay in putting up jury-masts and reefing the mainsail. But I could *not* forgive that same party (when the hero and heroine had retired up) cracking weak jokes with several of his seamen, who had come aft to light their pipes and sit under the lee of the bulwarks that their brass-bound commander might exchange with them certain specimens of humour whose points were much involved by the marine terms he and his men interpolated.

There is one feature of the nautical drama upon which I hesitate to express myself decisively. That feature is the marine hero who can at one moment talk the most beautiful poetry to his lady-love, who comes up out of the main-hatch to hear it, and the next moment slang

his seamen in language which would be as coarse in its way as anything to be heard about the docks if it were rendered intelligible by the omission of the sea terms in it. This hero has flourished through so many generations, he has exhibited himself in such a vast number of nautical dramas, that a misgiving has more than once seized me lest there might be something in it, a fear that this combination of elegant extracts and terrific curses, of bland and seductive poses, and horrifying contortions when dreadful threats are necessary, has been and is yet to be met. But where; in what sailors' home or crimps' lodging? Who would not explore the nautical slums of Liverpool or London for the original of that stage hero who, when alone with his mistress, or when taking leave of her, talks sweetly, and often to slow music, of lilies and roses and violets, of times coming when the outlawed chief mate of the hour shall return with gold picked up from barbaric strands, to build a home in which sweet love itself, though crowned with gems and haughty with the imperial inspirations of the castellated domes from which it has freshly come, might take delight and who in the next scene, when alone with his crew, uses, without visible provocation, a manner of speech which may find appreciation in the gallery, but of which the uniform effect is to persuade the stalls and dress-circle that sailors, whether drunk or sober, can't help being ruffians?

Then I also want to know where the heroine of the nautical drama lives when on board ship, and am conscious that she always enters the interior by means of the main-hatch, is borne down there when she faints, or is violently dragged down into it by the ruffianly hands of the crew who tear her from the embrace of her lover, leaving him the picture of impotent rage near a tolerable

likeness of a scuttle-butt. But where does she live when she has disappeared down the main-hatch? Has she a special cabin among the cargo or ballast? Does she creep into the forepeak when she goes to bed, or crawl, weeping, into the lazarette to find a rude couch upon a tierce of beef or in the hollow of a coil of hawser? Again, I am at a loss to understand why the nautical hero of the stage should be always a man of severe principles and of almost forbiding virtue, yet invariably when ashore falling into some terrible difficulty, whether through the knavery of a rival, or through his faith in his own moral character, which if it do not speedily introduce a prison scene and a wonderful escape, is sure to terminate in his flight to sea, pursued by the heroine and one or more confidential friends and admirers, without regard to nausea. Why should not the nautical dramatist, for the sake of novelty, take a middle line in his marine heroes? Why should the audience be made to see that these fellows are the very soul of integrity, and that at the same time all their actions, until they get to sea, where they are immediately shipwrecked, are so extremely suspicious as to keep the whole country-side in a chronic condition of anxiety and alarm, and to maintain the vigilance of the village constable at the highest pressure which that corpulent and asthmatical person is capable of supporting? Would it not be rather an original idea to submit the stage-sailor as less sinister in his virtues than he is usually portrayed, and by an art not, I think, undiscoverable, to convey to the audience that the curiously rigged-out individual who murmurs poetical sentences to slow music to his sweetheart with the view of a churchyard in the distance in one scene, and who is deafening the orchestra in another scene whilst he bawls for jury-masts, life-buoys, and captains' gigs to avert

impending disaster, possesses a knowledge of the ocean not wholly limited to a view of the angry billows from the end of the Margate jetty?

But great radical changes in this respect in the direction of truth the British public—our noble maritime selves, in short—though strong enough, as I have said, may not yet be old enough to bear. There is in this world a deal of nonsense which we should part with reluctantly and with much grumbling were it suddenly taken away from us and good sense put in its place. A cheesemonger once assured me that if genuine dairy butter were to be offered to the public instead of the doctored compound that goes by that name, scores of his customers would refuse to buy it as being flavourless, and without the fine old "something" in it they were accustomed to. Possibly the theatre manager could, if he choose, find out quite enough about what concerned Jack to enable him to put a truthful nautical drama upon the stage; and that he does not do so, may be, we suppose, because he knows his public better than his marine critics do. But be this as it may, it is perfectly certain that there is nothing in mimetic art more utterly unlike the real thing imitated, more crowded with a quite exquisite sort of imbecility in fancy, in talk, in detail from beginning to end, than the British nautical drama; and since the remarkable wrong-headedness in this matter conspicuously flourished throughout our naval wars, and during periods, therefore, when ships and sailors were supposed to be known and understood, and were always being sung about and talked about, what hope for even a short step in the direction of reality can the reformer entertain in an age when the sea-life has been converted into a dull mystery by years of inactivity and by the curiosities of metal fabrics in which our sailors are shut up and driven to their ports by propellers?

"*COOPERING.*"

"COOPERS" are vessels fitted out for the sale of tobacco and spirits. Their place of business is the North Sea, and smacks are their customers. The smacksmen, in order to obtain what they require from these coopers, will barter their masters' property, such as fish, stores, and so forth, for drink of the vilest quality and for tobacco whose character is only to be expressed by the term mundungus. The committee that was some time ago appointed to inquire into the sea-fishing trade called attention in strong terms to the evils of coopering. They represented that these floating public-houses directly encouraged theft and dishonesty, that they demoralized the men employed in the smacks, and so were the means of leading to risk and loss of life. They further asserted that the coopers were grog-shops of the worst description, and that they were under no control whatever. Most of them hail from some Dutch, German, or Belgian port, but a few fly the English colours. The trafficking craft is frequently an old vessel that has been condemned in England and sold to some foreigner, who fills her with cigars, tobacco, spirits, and other articles, bought from agents in the different ports at a very low price. The drink consists chiefly of rum and gin, but of a character not describable in words. Some of the prices given

might fairly express the quality of the goods, though their effect upon the purchaser could only be ascertained by experiment. For shag tobacco, 1*s.* 6*d.* per pound is charged; Cavendish tobacco, 2*s.* per pound; cigars from 6*s.* to 12*s.* per box; gin and rum, 1*s.* 6*d.* per bottle; brandy, 2*s.* It was stated by a Grimsby skipper of a smack who gave evidence before the Fishing Trade Committee, that the wish of most of his class was that there should be an international law to check the business. But he also indicated an important point—one that smacksmen have for long been urging—*i.e.*, that, as regards the supply of tobacco, a fishing-vessel should enjoy the privilege of a foreign-going ship; in other words, that smacks' crews should be allowed to take tobacco out of bond on going to sea.* Here alone we have a reason why the fishermen should find it to their interest to support the coopers. A man who can save four shillings on a pound of tobacco will be glad to purchase where he can do so, whether he be as rich as a City alderman or as poor as a North Sea smacksman.

It might not, perhaps, be correct to call coopering illegal. The business formerly done by bumboats, and what the negroes call "Sore boat wid fruit and wegetib," was pretty much the same sort of business that is now done by coopers; and where the sale of spirits was forbidden the easy remedy of sucking the monkey was substituted. Wherever ships congregated in numbers there always would be found several vessels stored with spirits, wines, tea, sugar, and a hundred other such matters for sale. But the difference between this system of "cooperage" and that of the North Sea was this: in the first case, the captains of the vessels dealt in the name of the owners and made the ships responsible for

* This privilege has I believe been accorded since the above was written.

the articles wanted; in the other case, a number of illiterate men, from the skipper down to the cook, row aboard the "cooper," and buy—not stores, for the vessel does not want them, but tobacco and drink, that they may have a jollification, and roll dead drunk either down the companion or overboard. Besides this, the money they take to sea with them is usually a trifling sum per man. A box of cigars will empty their pockets, and sooner than sail away without the rum and gin, they will traffic with the primest fish in their hold, or, failing that, with the stores belonging to the smack, in any case robbing the owner.

The Fisheries Exhibition provoked much eloquence in speech and writing on the subject of the British fisherman, and the highest regard and esteem was everywhere expressed for him as a hearty, simple sailor, who worked hard in a dangerous calling, and who was repeatedly saving life under circumstances of terrible peril to himself. The same interest in him is certain still to exist, for it would be absurd to suppose that it died out when the model smacks and nets and water-proof clothes were carted away from South Kensington. Hence the public are sure to peruse with interest the revelations made from time to time respecting the effects of the coopering system upon the behaviour and character of the hardy North Sea smacksman, and how, indeed, these Dutch and Belgian boats not only imperil the lives of their customers, but threaten to ruin those smack-owners whose men have dealings with them. A sample of such revelations appears in the evidence adduced in an inquiry respecting the misconduct of certain smacksmen belonging to some fishing vessels, one of them named the *Holmesdale*. She was fishing off Terschelling, in company with a fleet of smacks, and at about nine

o'clock in the morning the skipper, accompanied by two hands, shoved off in the boat to put the fish he had taken aboard the steamer. They had a letter to convey to another smack on the road, and this and the subsequent pull to the steamer probably made them feel thirsty. There was a Dutch "cooper" close by, and to her they forthwith repaired, and after a while returned to their vessel, armed with three bottles of aniseed, the very last cordial in the world one might suppose an English sailor would be willing to swallow. Arrived on board the smack, they began a drinking bout; but as three bottles did not contain nearly enough of aniseed for these thirsty salts to get drunk on, the boat was despatched for a further supply. In addition to the crew of the *Holmesdale* there were two men belonging to another smack that lay lashed alongside, and whose mate enlarged the common stock of "drinks" by three bottles of rum and some beer. This North Sea jollification did not take long to end in intoxication; but not, it seems, before they managed to get a tune or two out of a concertina, along, perhaps, with a fisherman's shuffle. One man, giving evidence, said that the first trip of the boat to the cooper resulted in three bottles of aniseed, one of which was given to the cabin-boy, another to the "deck chap," and the third to the witness, who was indeed the mate. The cabin-boy broached his bottle first; whether the other two were consumed immediately after is not stated; but it looks like it when we find the boat going away to the cooper for more, and the skipper singing out to the men not to forget to bring him a bottle. Then follows, according to this witness, a complication. Several smacks are named; the *Edith and Mary*, the *Robert and John*, the *Sea Mew*, and they all seemed to have formed theatres

for this coopering revelry. The concertina was carried from smack to smack, and seems to have kept time to a large consumption of aniseed. After a little a cabin-boy got drunk, and was found lying on deck swearing. "He lay in the cabin some time, and I went down and put him into his bunk. He had been sick about the cabin, and I took a bucket and cleaned it out." One would wish to know the age of this cabin-boy. A little breeze sprang up, and the two smacks which had been lashed side by side were liberated, and went clear of each other. Meanwhile, the skipper of the *Holmesdale* was apparently aboard the *Sea Mew*, which was approached that the skipper might return to his own vessel. He did so in the little boat of the *Sea Mew*, and throwing his leg over the rail, he exclaimed with an oath, "I am master of this boat." After this, said the witness, he (the skipper) ran to the tiller and swore at him, "calling me all the humptyback old things he could think of." Then began some drunken and vicious doings. The mate, it appears, was a humpback. The skipper abused him, the mate replied, on which the skipper rushed at him, and struck him in the eye; whilst the fourth hand fell upon him and knocked him down. "I said," continued the witness, "'You have broken my shoulder,' and the fourth hand said, 'I will break your neck.' The master said, 'I did not do it; I only knocked your wideawake off.' I said, 'You did this,' pointing to my eye." This appears to have frightened the skipper, who carried the witness into the cabin, and then charged the other with being drunk. Another squabble followed, after which "I told them my shoulder was out, and the master and the third and fourth hands pulled it in. The fourth hand and master then lay down and went to sleep."

Another man, who had been charged with getting drunk, declared in his evidence that he was as sober "as I am now." He said that he had asked the master of his vessel if he might board the "cooper," and leave was given. He bought three bottles of rum, but, on tasting it, found it "very queer stuff," and exclaimed, 'If this be Dutchman's rum, over the side it goes." He took the bottles on board the *Robert and John*, and the skipper, on taking a draught, cried out, "This is rum stuff, this is!" and so saying he took the bottles on deck and clapped them together, so as to break them, over the side. "I told him," continued this man, "that it was not fit for any Englishman to drink. I gave two shillings a bottle for it." Several other smacksmen gave evidence, and eventually the court found the charges against three men, two of whom were mates and one a skipper, proven. 'The present case," said the assessors, "was another example of the great evils done to the fishing by the system of coopering, and they thought some immediate remedies were imperatively demanded."

This reiterated and emphatic assertion, backed, as it is, not alone by the evidence given in respect of the *Holmesdale* and the other smacks, but by the declaration of the committee that investigated the fishing industry, and by the urgent demands of smack-owners and every respectable smacksman afloat, ought indeed to obtain by this time something more than mere attention. Among the ocean mortality figures quoted against ship-owners, with more or less of accuracy, are included those relating to loss of life among smacksmen. We know very well that gales of wind occasionally arise which destroy numbers of smacks and drown their crews. We also know that very frequently smacks are missing during weather whch, though turbulent, is not suffi-

ciently so to account for their disappearance. Many conjectures as to why so many smacks should be lost every year, and so many men drowned, have been hazarded; some point to the imperfect character and stowage of the ballast carried, others to the weakness of hatch coverings, others to the absence of good seamanship amongst the skippers; but, after the revelations which have been made touching the temptations offered to the men by the floating poison-shops, rather than grog-shops, of the North Sea, it might prove useful to consider these coopers as serving as large and formidable factors in the various causes which send smacks to the bottom of the ocean, and thin the ranks of a valuable community of men. As regards the fisherman, it will not do to deal with the subject in a pharasaical spirit. We have first to understand that the temptation is there before him, and then reflect how that temptation is accentuated by the conditions of his life. It need not be said that it is the hardest calling in the world, but it certainly comes very near being so. He has to encounter all sorts of weather in vessels considerably smaller than many yachts which are only found afloat in summer time, when the breeze is full of sunshine and the water smooth. When he goes "fleeting" he is many long weeks away from his home, and though he is much less worse off in this respect than a sailor on board a sailing-ship bound to distant places, yet his absence is sufficiently prolonged and his life sufficiently hard to render his feeling the need of a glass of grog from time to time no great sin in him. He will get it if he can, and the "coopers" are at hand to enable him to get it. Unhappily, scores of the men who go to the making of the crews of a fleet of smacks have but little self-control; many are apprentices, and many more but one remove

from these so-called "boys;" and when a chance offers for obtaining spirits they will drink until they are intoxicated. This is not all; the kind of liquor sold by these "coopers" is of the vilest; it is a fiery poison well calculated to madden the brains of the foolish fishermen who drink it. Very little of it will set a whole crew fighting, and render them supremely indifferent to any disasters which may overtake their little ship through no one having charge of her. Evidence has been given of horrible scenes having been witnessed in consequence of the drink sold by these "coopers;" of men flinging themselves overboard in delirium; of brutal fights resulting in death or maiming for life. It is time that "coopering" were suppressed. We have not in these vessels respectable licensed craft selling articles of even an average quality to responsible persons, such as ship-masters would be, but we have a number of boats loaded with articles rendered deadly by adulteration, and poisonous by the extreme vileness of their quality, trafficking amongst a mass of uneducated, irresponsible men, who will drink as often as they can get something to drink, who know nothing about moderation, and who, to gratify the desires excited by temptation, will first spend all the money they have with them, and then rob their employers. The life of the smacksmen is quite perilous enough. It should not be rendered tenfold more dangerous than old Ocean herself makes it by the presence of a number of rascally foreign traders—creatures whose sole object is to lure the English fisherman to destruction by the exhibition of the sort of ware he likes, that they may sail back to their German, or Belgian, or Dutch ports with their pockets full of the thoughtless fellow's shillings, and their holds full of the thoughtless fellow's employer's fish.

A TWISTER.

THE narrator is worthy a line of description. He was a little over five feet high, with a back as round as an apple, immensely square shoulders, long arms whereof the fingers, like a bunch of carrots, came as low as the knee; a head covered with the glossiest profusion of ringlets it was ever my fortune to see, even amongst nautical men—a class with a traditional disposition towards curls; stout rings in his ears, and a very little face with a wide margin of countenance outside it, like a picture-frame, as though the compacted features of a little elderly man had been neatly let into the face of a person of much larger growth. It was the singularity of this man's appearance that heightened the strangeness of the yarn he related to me. He had also a peculiar voice, of a parrot-like harshness, with twists when he grew warm or emphatic, which raised it into a kind of squeak, or even scream; so that possibly any one sitting in the next room and hearing him converse might have supposed he was a cockatoo in charge of a sailor who was trying to teach him to talk.

"We was bound from Callao to an English port, but when abreast of Valparaiso we got blowed away by a heasterly gale, very near half-way to the islands. We was a large barque, and a pretty smart vessel, skysail yards, proper clipper bow, courses big enough to hold a

gale of wind, and a fine craft for going. We had a good ship's company, for in them days the boys that 'signed on' was men—an ordinary seaman being about equal to three Spaniards, or four Greeks, or two Frenchmen, or one Norwegian and three-quarters. That was the calculation. They reckoned it up by the food that was eat. What would keep four Greeks was just enough to keep an English ordinary seaman middling capable. It was discovered that two Frenchmen 'ud grow fat, anear to bustin', on wittals which an Englishman would find about enough to keep body and soul together. Consequently such a ship's company as we had was equal to about four times the same number of men as now goes to sea.

"Our captain come of a Quaker stock, and was a mild-spoken man with a feeling heart. I mean to say he was mild spoken, and his heart was feeling so long as everything went right. If things went wrong he forgot the sex he belonged to, and would let fly like a dumb lighterman under the bows of a steamer. There was two mates, both sober, 'spectable men. I was in the chief mate's watch, port watch it's called at sea, and that's how it was I happened to see what I am going to tell ye about. Mr. Miller, the chief mate's name was; he was half a Scotchman, but didn't talk like one, but he had the Scotchman's trick of repeating words and reflecting, and he had a kind of doggedness without bad temper, so that in arguments between the skipper and him the captain was always beat, though the steward said it wasn't because the mate was always right.

"Well, we was blowed away, as I said, and was as fur west'ard as the longitude of Heaster Island. We had been able to show nothing but the lee clew of the lower topsail, and had driven away to leeward like a line-of-battle ship. The gale broke, leaving a tremendous swell. It came on

to blow no'therly. We set topsails, and foresail, and spanker, braced the yards forward, and shaped a course for the Horn, about south-east. Well, the swell subsided, and the breeze being steady, we sheeted home the top-gallant sails, and set the outer jib."

I interrupted him: "But your story, my friend?" said I; "this setting of sails isn't helping us."

"Ain't it?" said he, putting his peculiar squeak into the "it;" "you bet. How are we to drive along, and overhaul what I'm a-going to tell ye about if we don't make sail? Besides, if I'm to spin this here yarn I would rather not be interrupted. And set the outer jib, I says. The gale, as it might be, broke at four o'clock on a Tuesday morning, and at four o'clock on that same afternoon we was under royals and flying-jib, wind gone into the no'th and west, our yards sharp up, and wessel on a bowline, bit of a swell left, but nothing to take notice of, and th' ole barkey sliding through it at about six knots, curtseyin' as she went as if she was a-bowing to the weather for having the perliteness to allow her to resume her course for home.

"Talk of steamers," he suddenly burst out, "how's the country a-going to get sailors out of 'em? Why, when I think of that there barque, and that there crew, I onderstand how it is that in the olden days English seamen was unapproachable in their own calling. Look at the manœuvring which was wanted, the making and shortening of sail, the accidents that happened, and the clever remedies men was forced into. If a ship was to be dismasted now, I wonder how many seamen her captain could find amongst his crew who would know anything about rigging fresh spars up and putting the sheer hulk into a condition fit to reach port. I don't say it's altogether the fault of the sailors of to-day; they have been

so eddicated in the use of machinery that when a patent contrivance goes wrong with them they are only capable of standing and looking on. In my time it was all manual work—winches, capstans, windlasses; and as it was a crew's fingers and arms as did it, why, then, fingers and arms was always at hand to make good anything that went wrong by accident. The werry butts and wooden-ends was sensible things for all they was under water, and if fothering a sail wouldn't do, sailors was so accustomed to pumping or sinking that it needed to be a werry bad leak indeed to force a crew into abandoning their craft.

"Well, as I was a-saying, we were under royals at four o'clock in the afternoon, and the night came on fine, full o' stars, and we continued shoving along at about seven knots. It came on dawn at about six. I was at the head-pump, when, right ahead, a little to the port of the line of the jib-booms, that being to wind'ard, I made out the canvas of a vessel, and reported her. We were picking her up quick; at breakfast-time we had raised her to her courses, but there was nothing surprising in that, for though the breeze had slackened down a bit, and our own pace was not much above five knots, yet I had heard the mate say, as he stood looking at the stranger through the glass, that she was under hextraordinary easy sail considering the weather; reefs in her topsails, and a main-topgallant sail set only. Even this sail she reduced when she made us out, clewing-up the topgallant sail, and hauling up her mainsail and foresail. The news got about that she was a "spouter," and the watch below came up to have a look, for it had come forward from the quarter-deck somehow or other that she was as curious a craft as was ever seen afloat, and you may suppose it ain't hard to tickle Jack's curiosity when he has been some time knocking about at sea. So there in the forenoon watch was all

hands a-looking at this ship, the watch on deck knocking off the jobs they was upon, and the captain and mate taking no notice, being too much interested in the stranger.

"She lay upon the sea, pretty nigh dead ahead of us, the most lumpingest tub of a wessel as hever you could dream of. She had got plenty of boats hanging at the cranes or davits on either side of her, and they filled her out to the eye, and made her look as round as a billycock-hat floating overboard. Of course she was starn on. As we drew near we noticed that she had got an immensely square counter, and that her sides was extraordinarily round. We was about a mile away from her, she being then to wind'ard on the bow, when we saw a perfect rag of an English ensign hauled up half-way to the peak, and then hauled down again, and then hauled up again, and down again another time; and one of our men sings out, 'There looks to be a melhee a-progressing on that wessel's quarter-deck.'

"Our captain, who was standing near the main rigging watching the whaler through a telescope, says to the mate, who was standing some distance away from him, in a voice we could hear forrards, 'It seems to me as if there was a fight going on. Some are for hoisting the flag, and some are for hauling of it down agin. There's a deal of excitement anyhow, for one old chap, with white hair, is revolving his arms about as if he were a windmill pump.' As he speaks these words up goes the flag once more, and this time them as wanted it hoisted had their way, for it remained half-mast high, jack down, full of holes, with the end of the fly of it all rag. You would have thought it was a British merchant ensign that had been carried through about fourteen actions at sea, and in every one been made a special mark for the small-arms men.

"'That's a call to us,' sings out the skipper; 'case of distress, and something must be wrong. Aft to the braces, men, and lay the main topsail aback. What can be the matter, I wonder?' says he to the mate. 'They ain't pumping; spars look all right; they ain't short of boats, anyhow,' says he, with a grin.

"'Perhaps they wants water,' says Mr. Miller, the mate, thinking hard; 'or maybe it's wittals they need.'

"We was a bit too fur off for hailing, and it looked as if the people aboard the 'spouter' didn't want to speak to us in that fashion, by holding on with their flag till we was well to leeward of them. We waited a bit to see if she meant to send a boat, but nothing was done in that way. We could see her crew waving their hands and signing to us to come; and as they kept the flag flying jack down, the skipper says to Mr. Miller, 'Their proceedings ain't quite ontelligible, and they don't possess that shipshape and nautical air which a man has a right to look for in the behaviour of the crew of a whaler; but as it's hevident that they don't mean to come to us, either because they won't or because they can't, ye'd better row aboard of her, Mr. Miller, and find out what's wanted.'

"Accordingly a boat was lowered, and I formed one of her crew. I happened to be stroke, and, consequently, sat close to Mr. Miller, who was steering. I took notice as we approached the 'spouter' that his face worked as if something in him was overcoming of him. He muttered to himself, opened his eyes till I thought he meant to start them out of their sockets, and seemed so oncomfortable that I tell ye it was perfectly disturbing to watch him. I knew it was the whaler he was staring at that was affecting him, and I was mad to have a look, but couldn't get my head round fur enough, and, of course, dare'snt 'vast rowing to do it. However,

our curiosity made the boat fly, and in ten minutes we had hooked on.

"I says hooked on, and hooked on it was; but I should have said, afore we came close to this ship, that nothing but a nightmare could have produced the like of her. Her timbers were as full of holes as the inside of a crumpet. She'd been sheathed once upon a time, and you could see jagged strips of grass-green metal hanging down below her water-line. She was covered with barnacles, and whenever she rolled she brought up long masses of weed. Her chain-plates were rusty, and as thin as if they had been two hundreds years under the sea. The boats that dangled over our heads had the same decayed and aged appearance. There was scarcely any paint left; everything was dim and faint, as if with incessant washing of seas and blowing of winds. The rigging was grey, and all the tar was out of the shrouds and backstays. The running gear was knotted and spliced in all directions, the sails were patched and worn as thin as a sailor's only shirt; there were signs of decay and indifference everywhere; stirrups on the yards broken, a backstay held by a tackle, the chafing gear dropping off.

"But the singulariest sight of all was the crew. They was all crowded at the rail near the gangway to see us come, and most of them was quite old men, with long white beards, and white hair; whilst the youngest face I could see amongst them seemed to be all fifty-five year old, ay, and ye might say sixty and not be out. You could see their hands a-trembling, and hear them coughing; and you also noticed that their clothes was made out of anything, canvas, bits of different coloured cloths stitched together, and the like. Mr. Miller took a long sniff, and threw a thoughtful eye upwards, and then saying to us men in the boat, 'A couple of

you had better follow me,' he scrambles into the chains, I and another man behind him, and so we gains the deck. And what a deck it was! It was covered with moss and grass, and made me think of a churchyard. I took notice that lengths of rope were bent on to the running gear, and the ends brought to the capstan and winch. A flavour of oil rose up that hit the smell of decay, but I reckon that that must have been as strong as if the ship was a vault, judging from the general rottenness—everything having a crumbling look, and the capstan, winch, windlass, scuttle-butts, harness-cask, pumps, and the whaling apparatus for the boiling of oil looking as if nothing but the ironwork about them stopped 'em from crumbling into powder. You got a queer feeling, I can tell you, when that old, feeble, and tottering crew of men came around you; some of them pulling off their headgear out of respect, and showing themselves startling bald. They looked like pensioners, barring the costumes, and it was wonderful that they managed to get about without sticks.

"Mr. Miller says, 'Which is the captain?' on which one of the old men pointed to a very old covey leaning against the bulwarks with his arms folded, a scowl upon his forehead, his eyes shining like lightning under their white tufts. He looked too disdainful to speak, and though he heard Mr. Miller ask for the captain he never moved.

"'Then,' says Mr. Miller, 'where's the mate?' on which they pointed to another very old covey, likewise a-leaning against the bulwarks not fur off from the captain, with his arms folded also, scowling too. He didn't move either, though he heard himself asked for plain. Mr. Miller looked at them both, one after the other, expecting to be addressed. Nothing being said

by either of them, an old man with his knees a-knocking together like as from weakness, and with scarce a tooth in his gums, staggers a step or two towards Mr. Miller, and says in a feeble old pipe, 'Sir, our condition is like this. I'm bo'sun of this vessel, and speaks for the crew. We're a whaler, as you may perceive, and we've got a hundred and seven barrel of oil in our hold, which we took from one whale that we captured seven-and-twenty year ago.'

"'Seven-and-twenty year ago!' cries Mr. Miller.

"'Ay, true as I'm a standing here,' answered the aged bo'sun, whilst all the other old men turned their eyes upon the captain and mate, who, keeping their arms folded, contented theirselves with scowling back. 'It's seven-and-twenty year ago since we harpooned our first and only whale. He was a big un, eighty foot long, and the case alone made nineteen barrels, whilst we got fourteen out of the junk. That's all we've cotched in thirty-four year.'

"'Thirty-four years?' shouted Mr. Miller.

"'Ay,' exclaimed the old man, lifting of his trembling hands, 'it's thirty-four year since we left England, and men as shipped as young fellows then are now as you see,' says he with a wave of his hand round the old chaps as stood near listening. 'We're sick of it, and we wants to give up. But the captain swore a fearful hoath that he'll never sail home till he's full up with oil. That there hoath has put us under a sort of spell. We're constantly raising whales, but we can never catch 'em. It's come to our being so old and feeble that we can scarcely pull an oar. We have to brace the yards up, shorten and make sail by machinery, and if we're kept much longer cruising about it will come to our needing the watch-tackle to dress and undress ourselves with.'

"'But,' said Mr. Miller, looking with astonishment

at these old men, and with a sort of dismay along the decks, more especially at an old, feeble, ragged dog that came limping up out of the companion on three legs, groaning with asthma, 'What object,' says he, with a glance at the skipper, 'can your captain have in keeping you at sea all these years, if luck's agin ye, if there's nothing to be cotched, and if all hands has become so old as to be fit for nothing but the Union?'

"The old fellows raised a feeble growling noise, and one said, 'It's his fearful hoath. He keeps us in hignorance of his navigation, and he takes care to run us in sight of nothing but cannibal islands, where we fills our water-casks at the risk of our lives.' Another piped out, 'Thirty-four year ago I left a wife and three children ashore; they must have guv me up by this time, and I doubt if I shall hever see 'em again.' Another says, 'When I signed on for this here woyage I had the beautifullest head of hair that ever a man saw out of a barber's window, and now look here,' says he, and he pulls off a sort of canvas contrivance like a printer's cap, and showed a head as clean as a marble.

"Mr. Miller, on this, steps over to the captain and say, 'Beg your parding, sir; 'course it ain't for me to interfere, but as your men evidently seem to think that this here cruise has extended long enough, and as they've hoisted a distress signal as a request for interference, may I make so bold as to recommend that ye couldn't do better than head to some port where ye could discharge these ancient sailors, repair your ship—and she needs a little overhauling,' says he, with an inwoluntary grin on his face as he looked aloft—'and ship a fresh crew of younger men, sailors as will be capable by their being hearty and willing to fill your barrels, and help ye to keep your hoath?'

"He delivered this here speech in a manner as might make any one see he was werry well satisfied with the language of it. The aged captain never stirred a inch whilst Mr. Miller talked to him; but the moment the mate had done he drew himself up, whereby we could see that when his back was straight he must have stood over six feet high. A blaze come out of each eye, he pointed to the side with a long arm and dried-up fingers, which swayed about like the bough of a tree in a gale of wind, and sung out in a sort of screaming woice which was full of passion, 'Leave my ship, sir?'

"Mr. Miller hung a bit in the wind as if he would reason with him, whereupon the mate of the whaler getting up with a blaze coming into each eye likewise, and pointing to the side with a long arm also like the bough of a tree in a gale of wind, sung out in a sort of screech just as the other did, 'Leave this ship, sir!' and there stood these two old men, with their white beards a-covering their bosoms, their eyes flaming, their thick eyebrows huddled up over the tops of their noses in a diabolical frown, their arms a-pointing, and their nostrils a-quivering.

"I tell ye it was a sight fit to scare even such an old warrior as Boney. Mr. Miller backs away, saying as he passed, to the old crew, some of whom was a-talking to theirselves, whilst the underlips of others moved about as if they was trying to chew something hard with their naked gums, Mr. Miller, I say, says: 'My lads,' he says, 'I'm afraid it's out of my power to help ye. Your captain,' he says, says he, 'and your mate are gents as evidently arn't to be brought to listen to reason, and as there's nothing in your case as would justify me for interfering to relieve ye, all that I can do is to wish ye good-bye, and that your cruise will soon be finished.'

So saying we tumbled over the side and rowed aboard our own wessel, and before sundown the old spouter was out of sight astern.

"That's the yarn, true as I'm sitting here; and as a proof that it's genuine I can tell ye that five year afterwards I met a man who said that he had spoken that same whaler off the coast of Japan, in 145° E. long., and that on boarding him the crew had made the same complaint of being tired of their voyage, but that the captain refused to head the ship for home until she was full up."

A CHAT WITH A COXSWAIN.

It was blowing a strong breeze of wind, and I stood under the lee of a high and dry boat watching the fine alternation of colours upon the ridged seas as the white sunshine that streamed in the space of a breath from narrow rifts of blue flashed the green summits into glass-like transparencies, and made a dazzle, too strong for the eye, of the foam which came tumbling in surf upon the beach, and went roaring back into the glooming base of the next oncoming breaker.

A man in a suit of pilot cloth came to the shelter of the boat to light his pipe. I looked at him with some interest as he struck a match and caught and protected the flame in the hollow of his hands with a dexterity that is peculiar, I think, to seafaring men whose principal business of existence is to outweather the wind. He was a broad, dark-faced, black-bearded fellow, a mass of salt and toughened muscle from his short, powerful neck to his heels, with a small eye that shot keen and far-searching glances from under brows composed of perfect heaps of hair. I saw that he meant to linger for a smoke under the shelter I had myself chosen, and I entered into conversation with him, in the old original way, by speaking about the weather. He had something to tell me about it, and when he had finished I pointed to a

large lifeboat that stood a short distance off, and asked him if he knew whether she behaved as well afloat as the promise of her appearance might make one imagine. Yes, she was a good boat, he said; there might be bigger ones round the coast, but none better. He ought to know, for he happened to be coxswain of her; and in that capacity, as well as when he was only one of the men who formed her crew, he had been out in her scores of times, when it was as calm as the water in a hand-basin, also when the seas were as tall as gentlemen's houses, and it was blowing fit to burst the moon from her moorings.

"What's the boat's length?" I asked.

"A trifle this side of forty feet."

"I've sometimes wondered," said I, "what provisions you men take along with you when you start away on some duty."

"Speaking for ourselves," he replied, "what we take consists of biscuit, water, and rum."

"No tinned foods? Nothing more to eat than biscuit?"

"That's all, sir."

"How long are your supplies calculated to last?"

"About a couple of days. Of course we don't broach 'em at once. It may be six or eight hours after starting before we take a nip or a bite."

"But, suppose you should be blown away? Such a thing is possible. Suppose a gale of wind, lasting for days, should drive you leagues away out to sea, how are you going to manage with your two days' provisions of ship's bread and water?"

"Well, sir, we don't calculate upon such a thing happening. It's possible, as you say. If it was to occur, why, then, if we couldn't get help from passing ships, we'd have to starve."

"Also, in the event of your being blown away, you'd have to trust to chance in the matter of making a port, or knowing where you are?"

"We have a compass."

"Ay, but no sextant nor chart."

"No, sir; nor would the sexatnt be of use; we shouldn't know what to do with it."

Perceiving that I was questioning him with some small knowledge of his business, he was now looking at me attentively and answering with earnestness in his manner. "You have sometimes," said I, "to bring up and lay till dawn in wild, cold weather. Couldn't some genius at your head-quarters invent a contrivance for sheltering the crew that should supply all that a deck yields without being a deck?"

"We use the sail as an awning. I can't imagine that anything likelier could be invented. I don't know. We'd welcome such a shelter certainly; but I couldn't guess what it would be like."

"To return to the subject of the provisions for a moment—what quantity of fresh water do you carry?"

"A breaker containing two gallons, sir."

"How many of a crew?"

"Fifteen men."

"With the chance of shipwrecked people aboard you, whom you might be knocking about with for hours and hours!"

He nodded meditatively, struck another match, caught the flame cleverly, and relighted his pipe. I looked at him, then at the lifeboat, then at the sea. "Your first duty is life-saving."

"Yes, sir."

"Afterwards?"

"Property. Put it in this way—a ship signals for

help; her crew think themselves in extreme danger; we, seeing more than they, feel that she may be saved; but we first take care that her people shall be all ready for the boat before they and ourselves turn to together to save the ship."

"I quite understand. Lives are often lost, I suppose, out of the boats?"

"Taking them all round the coast, yes, sir. But since I've been coxswain of this boat I've only lost one hand. I'll tell you how it happened. It's quite a little yarn of itself. It was a dark night, blowing hard, and a strong sea running. We had gone off to a ship that had been burning flares, and had brought up near her, and were riding to a scope of sixty fathom. The seas hereabouts were confused, and often they'd curl over amidships on either side, so that in a very short time we'd lost all the light things, such as cork fenders, buckets, and boathooks. Well, before long a sea broke aboard on either side, and floated a small, light man that was one of the crew right out of her. It was very dark; we cut our cable to let the boat drift with the man, trusting to see him or hear him. Of course he had his cork jacket on. Well, we couldn't see him; so we brought up with our spare anchor, hailing another life-boat that we passed to go to the vessel and stand by her, as we had lost a man and meant to wait till dawn, when the change of tide might bring him back. Dawn came, but no man. We spoke a lightship that was near, and asked if they had seen our man, and the answer was that an object had passed that they took to be the dead body of a woman. We saw how it was. Our man wore a yellow oil-frock and lifebelt, and this, in the uncertain light, the lightsmen took to be a female's dress."

"And you lost him."

"Yes, sir, he was never heard of again."

"What is the process hereabouts," said I, "when a wreck is reported or her signal of distress seen?"

"Why, first of all a bell is rung, and when they hear it the men come running along as fast as they can pelt, holding their clothes in their hands and dressing themselves as they run. It's the coxswain's duty to see that all that's wanted is in the boat, and the men tumble into her and are launched. I've known the off-rope to part and the boat to be beaten back, rolling over and over broadside on. The surf here is heavy and dangerous, and the breakers rise up tall. The first taste is perhaps the worst part of the whole. Well, you may imagine it on a black night, the water freezing in lumps as it comes, and a man going to it fresh from a warm bed. The earliest sea that hits the boat and buries her'll bring out a groaning and coughing from the strongest. It's then that a nip of rum does good."

"With fifteen men aboard, all of them heavily clad, your boat, I suppose, will float fairly deep."

"Yes, sir."

"Suppose, now, a ship is breaking up with two hundred souls aboard of her; what are you going to do?"

"Take as many as we can get into the boat——"

"How many?"

"Why, sixty, I dare say."

"Sixty beside the crew?"

"Yes, sir."

I could scarcely credit him when I glanced at the boat, yet he assured me that it was true, and that a lifeboat stationed twenty miles further to the northward had on one occasion come ashore with ninety shipwrecked people in her besides a crew of fourteen men. "And how about the others?" I inquired.

"Why," he replied, "all we can do is to bring off as many as we can and then return for more. If they've only us to depend upon and the ship goes to pieces they must be drowned."

I confess that I was oppressed by the thought of so many as seventy-five persons in a boat of the size of the fabric I was looking at. What a vision to behold by the wild glare of the boiling foam on a pitch-black night! The crowd of white faces and half-naked figures in the bottom of the boat, the rush of her as she flies upwards on the send of an ebony hill of sea, the helmsman leaning from the tiller ropes, the crew motionless on the thwarts, the whole picture glimmering out for a moment with the faintness of light you get off human flesh and white raiment, and passing in a breath into darkness, followed by a long wailing coming from the direction of the distant red blaze that marks where the vessel lies!

"In case," said I, "of a ship being full of people of both sexes, would you make any efforts to secure the safety of the women and children first?"

"It would be a good job if it could be done," he replied, "but it would be useless trying. The moment the boat's near there'll be a jump, and if no distinction is insisted upon on board we can do nothing in the lifeboat but receive those who make the leap. I've seen some fearful sights in that way; the vessel on her beam ends, and we to wind'ard of her, not being able to get to leeward; the people jumping, and many of them missing us; others holding on over the side, screaming and not daring to let go; bodies in the rigging, perhaps alive, but too numbed to cast themselves adrift; and drowning faces drifting away astern whilst we in the lifeboat are doing all we know to save the boat from being dashed to pieces as the seas swing us up past the bends of the

wrecked craft, and let us down again into a hollow where you might hear a man whisper for the depth of it if it wasn't for the yelling in the rigging and the thundering of the water and the cries of the shipwrecked people."

"Persons in such misery will be selfish enough," said I, "and those who have the courage to leap will come off best."

"That's about it," he answered. "I remember running down to a sinking ship in that boat there, and the first to jump aboard of us was a dog—a fine Newfoundland. A part of such work that's very dreadful is seeing people close, capable even of being spoke to, yet not being able to help them. Think of a deck like the roof of a house, men and women and children drowning in the lee scuppers, then spying a head or two looking over the weather-rail and suddenly vanishing as if the persons had been too weak to hold on."

"There must be plenty of danger to the occupants of a boat in shallow water when the wind is furious?"

"Plenty indeed, sir. I've known that boat to keep on bumping, and every bump to chuck us up off our seats, letting us drop again with a bang, till the work seemed proper to shake the bones in our bodies clean through our cork jackets. But if the service all round wasn't dangerous there'd be no usefulness nor merit in it. A man when he jumps into a lifeboat never knows what's going to happen to him, and he doesn't think. It's full of wildness, and death and suffering, and a single trip may fill a man's mind with as much terrible experience as he might get out of twenty years of seafaring of the ordinary sort. One kind of wildness is finding a ship by lightning. I recollect a case—a flare was shown, and we started in the direction of it. It was a furious night, with a flash of lightning every now and again. After a bit the flare

disappeared; we thought the vessel had gone down, but we held on till a flash showed her to wind'ard of us. We had then to ratch. There were two strokes of lightning afterwards, and by their help we aimed as best we could for her. She was plain enough in the flashes. Some thought her a brig, some a barque; but then there was no more lightning, and we lost her, though we ratched and drove about the neighbourhood for long afterwards. Had there been more lightning we might have saved her people; as it was, I allow she went down, for she looked to be very deep in the glare."

"A few such sights as you see should last a man a lifetime," said I.

"One I can never forget," he answered. "It was night-time, blowing hard; there was a wreck we had fallen to leeward of in our efforts to fetch her, and there were three or four flares burning all at once on her. They lighted her up as if she was on fire. The water under her was as red as a soldier's jacket. When a sea shot over her 'twas like a volume of glittering blood falling aboard. You'd see the dusky figures of the crew running about, feeding the flames with turpentine, oil, and so forth, with the sails in rags streaming from the yards. At last came a sea that completely smothered her. It beat all the lights and all the life out of her, and the blackness of the night was the blacker for the vanishing of the fearful redness. It's at such times a boat's crew feel their lonesomeness. At one moment there is the vessel, a real thing, with live people to help, and our hearts are out with them and our eyeballs are straining; the next there's nothing but blackness and the noise of the sea all around."

"And the cold, coxswain, that will sometimes take the pluck out of the bravest."

"Ay, indeed. I've known that boat and us men in her to be glazed with the ice as if melted glass had been poured over us and left to harden. I'm sure the sight we offer must sometimes alarm the folks we strive to rescue, what with the icicles on us and our dress and the salt in our eyes, which might make a man pass for a wild and terrifying sort of fish, rather than a human being."

"How do you keep yourselves warm?"

"We don't. We can't stamp our toes in the boat, for she'll be full, and somebody's eye might be knocked out. We can't swing our arms to warm them upon our breasts, because there's no room."

"And what do you get for all this fearful work?"

"Ten shillings if you go out in daylight and return by daylight, and a pound in night-time."

"And would you consider that this pay tempts the men?"

"Why, yes, to an extent; for times are always more or less hard among the watermen, the boatmen, the persons who form our crews, and when there are children to be fed and the cupboard's empty a man will face a good deal to earn what would give him and his bread for a week or so. But at the same time I'm not going to say the pay's good enough for the work done. If a man only received five shillings for risking his life and chancing to leave his wife and children to starve, there could be no grumbling if the money placed at the disposal of the institution by the public's charity were equally apportioned. But us men don't like to feel that we're doing all the real work and enabling the institution by our conduct to make its appeals, whilst a large lump of the money that's meant for us finds its way in salaries to men whose places might be easily filled by competent persons who have served in the

merchant service for one-third of the amounts paid. That's what we feel, sir," he continued, speaking deliberately, but without temper.

"Then," said I, "in your opinion the pound and the ten shillings paid to the men form the sole inducement——"

"No," he interrupted. "It's not more the money than the desire to save life and property. The inducement's a mixed one; but the money goes a long way."

"The weather and the perils are often formidable enough in your service," said I; "but there must be a deal of mental suffering, too—the memory of the misery witnessed."

"It is so, sir," he responded, perfectly understanding me; "I could give you several cases of boatmen so upset and affected by what they've had to see that they've gone about for weeks afterwards like persons with a heavy weight upon them. I've known men to declare that they couldn't sleep for nights and nights after a job that's included some dreadful sights. I recollect going alongside a wreck once, and helping to unlash a man who had secured himself to the head-rail. He was dead and frozen, knees up to his chin, his arms stretched out as stiff as capstan-bars. We hid him in the boat under a tarpaulin, but I couldn't get that body out of my head for weeks—it was before me day and night."

"It is a difficult thing," said I, "to realize shipwreck, the horrors, the sufferings, the fearful pictures it comprises. Does it not seem a pity that no determined effort should be made to establish electrical communication with the shore from all floating or standing fabrics, such as lightships and lighthouses, where men are, and where the dangers indicated are fateful?" *

* Since this was written the effort has been made; but, I fear, half-heartedly.

"It *is* a pity," he answered emphatically, "But why isn't it done? The Board of Trade say that it doesn't lie in their department; and the Trinity people say that their business is to protect life not to save it. What sailor in any part of this country who can recollect the circumstance forgets the indignation he felt at that cruellest of all wrecks, the loss of the *Deutchland?* There was the lightship close by firing rockets, and there was the ship going to pieces. It was fearful weather. No one ashore knew that scores of souls were perishing; the rockets couldn't be seen, so no lifeboat went to her; whereas three or four would have been there taking off her people had the lightship been able to telegraph to the nearest station that a great ocean steamer had stranded in such and such a place."

"Yes," said I, "life is short and red tape is long. How many more terrible shipwrecks must happen to make the public see that this demand for electric communication is a solid and imperative need, the duty of the fulfilment of which must, by necessity, fall under the head of the work carried out by some department or other, and therefore to be straightway done by it?"

"Ay, for it *is* to be done," said the coxswain. "They may pretend it's difficult, because they don't want to spend money in experiments, and because there's a prejudice in favour of pigeons, which," he added contemptuously, "are reckoned, no doubt, to fly faster than lightning, and to be able to head straighter into the eye of a storm than wire could carry a spark. Why don't the public speak? But," said he, with a smile, and putting his pipe into his waistcoat pocket, "we're both Englishmen, sir, and we know what our fellow-countrymen are. They're full of warm feelings, and their wish is that the right thing should be done, and

they object to official impudence and neglect. But they're a long-suffering community, and they'll bear an extraordinary quantity of education without appearing more full than usual; and it is not till knowledge and understanding have swelled 'em out till it's unnatural that there comes the bust-up which produces reform. One of them explosions 'll come by-and-by, and then lightships will be connected with the shore; but many ships must yet go to pieces and hundreds of lives must yet be lost afore the education of the public arrives at that degree of inflation which is beyond our natural capacity to bear, and then there'll be a sudden agitation in the department that's got to do with lightships, and the job'll be put in hand. Well, good day, sir. Why, I'm blest if that isn't one o'clock striking! and here have I been talking and thinking that half-past twelve hadn't yet gone."

ALARMS AT SEA.

THE sort of alarms I have in my mind, and desire briefly to treat of, cannot be better illustrated than by a story that used to be related by Richard Dana, the author of that famous nautical book, "Two Years before the Mast." The vessel was going along at a fair pace, dead before the wind, with studding sails out on both sides. The night was dark; it was just after midnight, and everything still save the washing of the water along the bends of the ship. One watch, of course, was below; and the other watch, excepting Dana and the man at the wheel, were asleep under the lee of the boat. The second mate had gone forward to see all was right that way, and had stepped aft again, leaving Dana trudging in the waist from the windlass-end; when suddenly a loud scream was heard, coming from ahead, apparently directly from under the bows. An almost supernatural effect was communicated to the sound by the darkness and stillness of the night, and the solitude of the ocean. Dana stood perfectly still, his heart beating quickly. The sleepers jumped up from under the boat, and stood stupidly staring at one another. The second mate, coming slowly forward, asked in a frightened voice, "What in the name of Heaven is that?" The first impression was they had run down a boat with the crew of some wrecked vessel, or

perhaps the boat of some whaler, out overnight. There was another scream. This started the men, and they rushed to the bows and looked over, but nothing was to be seen or heard. What was to be done? Should the ship be hove to and the captain called? Just then one of the men in crossing the forecastle spied a light below, and, looking down the scuttle, he saw the watch tumbling about, dragging at a sailor to wake him out of his nightmare. The first cry had aroused them from their sleep, and not knowing what had caused it nor whence it proceeded, they were as much terrified as the hands above, and had made up their minds to run up on deck when the second sound, proceeding from a berth in which lay a hairy, leather-faced man in the agonies of nightmare, revealed the reason of the alarm. "The fellow," says Dana, "got a good shaking for the trouble he had given. We made a joke of the matter; and we could well laugh, for our minds were not a little relieved by its ridiculous termination."

Alarms of the kind I am dealing with are not very common, more especially in this age of steamers, where bustle and movement are perpetual day and night; but, when they happen, they are sure to gather more significance from the sea than a like matter would take from surroundings ashore. Ashore the emotions excited by any alarming cause cannot be and are not the same as are felt at sea. A countryman passing near a churchyard thinks he sees a ghost; his knees knock together, he slinks away with his hair stirring, and the perspiration crawling upon his face. But he can run—there is plenty of room for a breathless scamper, and, as a rule, the countryman, unless he faints away, will break into flight the moment he thinks the ghost has lost sight of him, or when he imagines he has a good chance now of reaching

the village—or, at all events, the nearest wayside inn—before the ghost could overtake him. But let a ghost appear to a sailor at sea, and what can he do? Jumping aloft is of no use; jumping overboard would be absurd; and it would be better to keep on deck, and be talked to and menaced and annoyed by the spirit than fly to the forepeak or the lazarette, where the blackness, and the rats, and the creaking, and choking, and straining noises would heighten the companionship of a ghost into a dismalness beyond human expression.

Then, again, alarms at sea, as Dana implies in his anecdote, whether occasioned by ghosts or any other cause, take a peculiar character from the isolation of the ship and the desolate immensity of the deep in which she floats. For instance, I have seen a "composant," as the electric exhalations which shine in the atmosphere in calms and storms are called, glowing on the metal vane of a flagpost ashore, and I have seen it burning at the yardarm of a ship at sea. The exhibition of the mysterious light was the same in both cases; yet how different! Ashore there were people walking about; the earth was solid and motionless under the feet; the hum of traffic and movement came to the ear from the town; at sea the heavens were overcast by a dense shroud of blackness; the swell heaved invisible to the ship, and beat a dim thunder out of her canvas and a sound of moaning out of her rigging; in the liquid darkness over the side you saw the fretful flashing of phosphorescent fire; and on high hung that atmospheric lantern, burning faintly, as though some spirit of the air had fastened a greenish jewel, self-luminous, to the yardarm. It is thus with the causes of alarm at sea. It is the surroundings which make the difference; the fragment of red moon rising and driving a blood-like

light into the sea, as though the radiant scar she made were a wound on the breast of the night: the countless stars stretching in an unbroken brilliance of mighty expanse on all sides down to the silent distant girdle; the audible breathing of the deep at rest, the blowing of some leviathan, the wash of some great fish rising and falling; the spectral glare of foam, the voices of the wind, the wild singing in the rigging.

As an example of a sea alarm raised by a ghost, and of the hopelessness of sailors when thus perturbed and visited, let me cite an anecdote related in a capital little book I lately read with great pleasure, called "Two Years Abaft the Mast," written by a gentleman who, as a sea apprentice, "went through the mill" and came out "ground"; in other words, fit to write about the ocean and sailors. The captain had died and been buried ashore. The ship was at sea—it was the first watch; one of the mates walked the deck, and an ordinary seaman named Edgren Andrews was at the wheel. The relater of the story had lain down on deck for an hour's sleep, when he was startled by hearing the bell struck three times. He jumped up and met Andrews running from the wheel. "He said he had come over very unwell, and entreated me to take the wheel for a short time whilst he went into the forecastle to get a 'swig' of cold tea." The fellow returned, but had not been at the wheel a quarter of an hour when the bell was struck again. Once more he complained of illness; indeed, he said he was so bad that he could not go on steering, and begged the apprentice to stand the rest of his "trick" for him. Next day he explained: He said that when the evening arrived the captain's ghost appeared on the weather side of the poop, and after casting his eyes inquiringly upon the sails, suddenly turned upon Andrews

with such a dreadful expression of countenance as caused the poor fellow nearly to drop from fright. Andrews was a Swede, and it is a superstition of his country that a man may protect himself against spirits by carrying a knife and a Bible; so he struck the bell that he might be able to go forward and obtain these articles. Knives he was able to procure in abundance, but unhappily there was no Bible; so, calculating upon the captain's ignorance of the Swedish tongue, he put an old novel written in that language into his pocket, and went aft again to the wheel. The spell did not avail. The captain's ghost reappeared, and the Swede, in affright, rushed from the helm.

Here we see how difficult it is for a sailor to get clear of a ghost. Ashore, as I have said, the Swede could have taken to his heels with every reasonable prospect of dodging and eluding the spectre for good and all. But what could he do at sea? He was held by duty to the wheel, so that the ghost could step up close to the affrighted man and have a good look at him. Then again you have all those incidents of colouring and shadow which would make a goblin of the mildest spirit: the stillness, the sense of all hands slumbering, the officer of the watch nodding some distance off in the deeper gloom cast by a mast or the rigging, the dim and dismal gleams in the water, the spacious desolation all round, and the feeling that the spirit being immaterial and self-concealing must inevitably have the best of it, come what may.

To revert a moment to Dana's story, I recollect a man telling me of the alarm that seized a whole ship's company on one occasion through hearing a voice that seemed to be calling from the sky. Some hands jumped aloft to overhaul the yards and rigging (it was a dark,

quiet night) and make sure that no one was up there "skylarking." The vessel was abreast of the Start, outward bound. There was sheet lightning to the northward, and the glare of it fell upon the water at times with a touch of brilliancy. The calling was thin and clear, a distinct but minute human note; and whenever it was raised plainly it seemed to come from somewhere above the trucks so surely that all hands went staggering about the decks with their eyes upturned, expecting to see they knew not what wonderful sight heave slowly in view out of the darkness. Now, what was all this consternation about? As the ship slipped slowly along the smooth water the voice grew plainer, and then the marine wiseacres noticed that it sounded as though it came from ahead, and sure enough it did—from a poor fellow in a buoy. They were heading directly for him, the lightning revealed him, and, before long, they had him aboard. He had been in the water five hours, having fallen from the yardarm of a brig; they had thrown a buoy to him, and he had got into it, and then (he supposed) fainted, so that the boat that was lowered, neither hearing nor seeing him, gave up and returned to the brig, which at once braced her yards up, concluding, of course, that the man had gone down. Alarms of this kind are real enough whilst they last, but are very fit for ridicule when the cause is learnt.

But the ludicrous by no means enters into all sea-frights. Take such a case as this:—A Liverpool vessel, being in 51° S. lat., 80° W. long., there suddenly fell close to her an immense meteor of startling brilliancy. It crossed the masthead, and the vessel was lighted up as though the sun had risen. Its contact with the water was followed by an explosion as loud and violent as a crash of thunder. "Naturally enough," says the account,

"the sailors were for a time in considerable alarm." Here, indeed, you have something even more terrifying than a ghost. In fancy one sees the amazed faces of the Jacks as the glowing thing falls flashing from the midnight heavens; the jump they give as the tremendous explosion comes slinging past their ears; the profound bewilderment following the consequent darkness, and the low, hoarse mutterings passing from mouth to mouth.

There is a story told of a young fellow who, having gone aloft to amuse himself in the dusk of the evening, was sitting in the crosstrees when he heard the order given to clew the royal up. He sprung aloft, furled the sail, and hid himself away out at the end of the topsail yard before the two boys, who were sent to roll up the canvas, reached the yard. The consternation said to have been felt by the terrified boys, who ran down to report that the sail had been stowed by ghosts, might be accepted as something not a little diverting. But as it is not added that the royal, after the halliards had been let go and the sail clewed up, was left to blow about for some time, the yarn must be dismissed as fit only for the marines.

In olden times sailors must have been harassed by many groundless alarms. Superstitions were abundant, and crews believed in all sorts of absurdities. The early Spanish poetic chroniclers of Columbus crowd the plain narrative of his voyage with miracles and wonders. The true spirit of the primitive sea-fancies is marvellously expressed in "The Ancient Mariner," with its delicate, beautiful, spiritual machinery, and its amazingly real oceanic atmosphere. In those days Jack looking over the side was prepared to see anything; and to his willing disposition in that way may be attributed the whole tribes of mermaids, sea-serpents, grinning or winking monsters, and leviathans big enough to bear the globe on

their backs. There was the squid, for instance, which, as the sepia octopus, we know in these days to be an extremely large and most diabolically unpleasant monstrous beast; but, in the olden times, they reckoned this horror to be of the size of a cathedral, in proof whereof the following story is recited: A big ship was on the West African coast; the men were getting the anchor, when a squid arose, and wreathed its fearful snake-like limbs around the vessel's spars. The tips of these limbs soared quivering, high above the mastheads, and the weight of the cuttle hove the ship down on to her beam ends. Here now was a lively situation! The crew plied axes and knives, but in vain, whereupon they invoked the aid of their patron saint Thomas. Eventually the wounded monster grew alarmed and sank; and the crew afterwards, to commemorate their deliverance, marched in a body to the church of St. Thomas, where subsequently there was hung up a painting representing the unparalleled conflict.

One may assume it would not need many such squids to keep Jack in a constant state of anxiety, and to breed all sorts of alarms. This particular monster is evidently no longer feared; but are not its traditions preserved by the imperishable sea-serpent that appears about every ten years to send a company of sailors home with faces upon them as long as wet hammocks, and their heads stuffed full of notions about length without limits, breadth without dimensions, and jaws gaping moonwards as though hungering for that dainty morsel of orb?

To my fancy I can conceive of no alarm ever excited through groundless or substantial reasons at sea to equal the terror one finds in the singular narrative of Peter Serrano. This man escaped from shipwreck by swimming to a desert island, where there was neither wood, nor

grass, nor water—nothing, in short, for the support of human life. Nevertheless, he made shift to keep body and soul together for no less than three years, at the end of which period, to quote the quaint language of the old chronicler, "Serrano was strangely surprised by the appearance of a man in his island, whose ship had, the night before, been cast away upon those sands. As soon as they saw each other it is hard to say which was the more amazed. Serrano imagined that it was the devil who came in the shape of a man to tempt him to despair. The new-comer believed Serrano to be the devil in his own proper shape and figure, being covered over with hair and beard; in fine, they were both afraid, flying one from the other. Peter Serrano cried out as he ran, 'Jesus, Jesus, deliver me from the devil.' The other, hearing this, took courage; and returning again to him called out, 'Brother, brother, don't fly from me, for I am a Christian, as thou art.' And because he saw that Serrano still ran from him, he repeated the Credo, or Apostle's Creed, in words aloud, which, when Serrano heard, he knew it was no devil that would recite those words, and thereupon gave a stop to his flight, and returning with great kindness they embraced each other with sighs and tears, lamenting their sad state, without any hopes of deliverance." It is the superstitious element in this story that gives it its humour. Yet that quality, perfectly consistent in the mariner of the days of Peter Serrano, must have been long perpetuated, otherwise the nautical annals would be lacking in a good many scares or alarms which could not possibly have been excited had not Jack participated in something of those emotions which made Serrano plainly perceive the hoofs and horns of the foul fiend under the rags and distress of a fellow-castaway.

Other alarms than those referable to superstition have been due to practical jokes. As an example, there is a well-known forecastle story of certain members of a watch taking delight in rousing up a sleeper by a method both rough and astonishing to the victim. A man, belonging to the watch, would sneak down into the forecastle for a ten minutes' smoke. Seated on his chest, and solemnly sucking at his pipe, he would presently be oppressed by the drowsy influences about him. His head would drop, his pipe fall, and in a few minutes he would be sound asleep. Then it was that his shipmates, spying him, would go aloft with a block, reeve a whip, make one end fast to the sleeper's leg, and haul upon the other with such a will as to bring the slumberer flying through the scuttle. Now, the scare given to one of these practical jokers was managed in the following manner: One of the seamen lying in his bunk spied the rough humourist securing the end of the whip to the sleeper's leg. The moment he was gone, the fellow sprang out of his bunk, whipped the rope from the sleeper's ankle, and fastened it to a chest, the property of the man who had just disappeared. Scarcely had this been done when up went the chest dragged by the fellows on the deck; it banged from side to side, was instantly split, a mass of singular things rained down out of it, and the joker aghast looked with very natural alarm at the melancholy spectacle of all that he owned in the world scattered partly overboard, partly on the deck, whilst the lid and side of his chest dangled aloft in ironical mockery of his disappointed expectations.

One final alarm of a very curious kind attributable to the sea I must not omit; need I say it?—I mean the scare raised by the sailor supposed to be drowned, who comes home to find his wife out of mourning, and his

children calling another man father. This does not indeed happen very often, yet it occurs frequently enough to make this form of sea-alarm a very distinctive one. Who under these circumstances deserves the most pity—the wife that has cast aside her weeds and has settled down comfortably with her new spouse, or poor Jack, knocking at the door of his house and finding out that he has come home a few months too late? There are very few Enoch Ardens at sea, and it is not uncommon for little unpleasantnesses of this kind to be adjusted and made shipshape by the sailor with his fists. Yet the alarm is nearly always very real and very agitating, and I dare say, if the mariner were asked the question, he would much rather choose to be worried by another man's ghost at sea than find himself accepted by his wife as merely his own ghost at home.

A CLOSE SHAVE.

THE following was related to me by a little dried-up old sailor of seventy-five years, as we sat together upon a bench under the shadow of a spacious tree, with a glimpse of the Thames winding here and there in a coil that did veritably look silver, though it was impossible to understand that it was the river Thames, and not know better.

"It was in the year 1844, which ain't so far back as a younger man than me might think. There was in those days a considerable number of small vessels trading to the Western Islands and to the Mediterranean and to Spanish ports for the season's fruits, raisins, currants, oranges, whatever it might happen to be. These vessels were called fruiters, and they were schooners of a very beautiful pattern, hailing from London, Whitstable, and other ports that way. You hear a good deal of the yachts of the present time, but I'm sure I don't know whether there's e'er a craft of that kind afloat in these days to match the loveliness of the lines of some of them fruiters. Being an old man, it may be that I'm prejudiced; but where am I to turn to find the like of them fruiters when I recalls some of them as I could give the names of, sailing along with all that belonged to them set, leaning down to it, and sweeping forwards like white clouds rolling along the sea-line? They was built, not for the

eye only, but so as to be able to look at the biggest gale of wind that could blow down upon 'em; all the fineness was under water, atop of it was beam, with bows rounding out into roominess, and a beautiful tapering in aft for the quarters; in fact, where them there builders got their models from was always a puzzle to me—not from the Baltimore clippers, for fine as them boats were the fruiter was their superior in speed, shapeliness, and seaworthiness. I reckon it's a lost art. Speed was imperative for the sake of the fruit, and so I suppose the builders were put to it to produce craft as nothing could beat. They are past and gone. They belong to an age of seafaring as this country's long ago said good-bye to. Steamers have took up the trade, and, instead of lovely little vessels crowding on canvas white as duck, thrashing across the Atlantic, or sweeping like beautiful birds from another part of the world over the swells and seas of the Bay of Biscay, ye've got steamboats looking like gasworks knocked to pieces and put together again so as to float, with straight stems, a helevation forward and a helevation aft, a chimney stuck hup in the middle where the hollow is, a sort of sailor standing in front of it holding a wheel, and a compass slung aloft with a ladder to go up to look at it by. I'm not saying that steam ain't necessary and proper, but I tell ye, sir, them fruiters was beauties.

"Well, I was able-seamen aboard a fruiter called the *Susan*. She was ninety-five ton, and stood amongst the first of the sea-going craft of her kind. Our crew consisted of old Bill Muffin (skipper), John Cheese (mate), me, and two more men and a boy. We was homeward bound to the port of London from the Hazores, and was two days out. Muffin was a rare'un to carry on, nothing could stop him. I've seen him drive the *Susan* clean through it, when us, standing right aft, could see nothing

of the vessel forrads, everything being a smother of white, foremast standing up out of the foam, rigging looking as if the ends was set up under water. He wanted to get the reputation of being the smartest hand at fruitering, and if he didn't fully earn it, I can tell ye he thoroughly deserved it. He made nothing of stunsail booms. I've seen him bust two "dukeys," as we called the gaff-foresail, into smithereens in one week.

"Well, we was two days out. It was coldish weather, though, considering the time of the year, it hadn't ought to it. There was a stormy appearance about the heavens, steady masses of grey, with openings through which the sky looked down with a sort of greenish appearance, as if nature had turned to and given it a coat of paint, but with a half heart, as though, on the whole, she couldn't make up her mind that blue wasn't best. The sun was more a mere ooziness of light than the regular horb we're accustomed to, and the swell came down from the nor'rads long and strong, with a wrinkling of small waves that turned over with a kind of savageness in their splashing; and the breeze, that had no particular weight as yet, blew along with a hollow echo in it, as if it had caught deeper notes from afar, and was carrying of 'em as it went. This was in the morning. After eight bells the wind freshened. I can't give you its exact direction, but it allowed us to sail along at about one point free. If it hadn't gathered weight it would have made fine running for the *Susan*, for till two bells in the afternoon watch we held on all, and under flying jib and topgallant sail and gaff-topsail—and I tell ye the head of our gaff-topsail was something worth looking at for the length of it—the little *Susan* slipped, foaming along the sides of the swell—snoring through it as they used to say—with the spray breaking aft as far as abreast of the mainmast, and the

lee wash-streak buried in the boiling there. But it was now coming on to blow, so we took in the topgallant sail and flying-jib, and gaff-topsail, and presently tied a reef in the mainsail. Then we followed by a reef in the gaff-foresail, and so on, slowly shortening to it till at five-o'clock we were under a treble-reefed mainsail, and reefed topsail, by which you may suppose it was blowing pretty fresh. We were bowling and splashing along, the air being grey with the coming dusk, though there was a promise of a windy sunset astern of us, when we made out a sail on the weather bow. I was at the tiller at the time, and I heard the captain say to the mate, after he had been looking at her a little while through the glass, that she was a large brig under single-reefed topsails. Of course, we as a schooner was looking up into the weather better than a square rig could, and by sundown we'd drawed her on to pretty nigh abeam, where she showed out against the dark flying stuff over the horizon as clear as ever I see a vessel in fine weather—hull plunging heavily, water flying over her bow, and topsails, foresail, and spanker staring out with a dingy whiteness, confusing enough in their way to be mistook for the heads of tall seas.

"The sun sank, and made the ocean as wild as ever I remember seeing of it, by his manner of going. It was like a flare, burnt as a signal of distress, a ruddy leaping gleaming among the clouds, with sparks in the water for a reflection like glowing cinders falling, and floating a bit before sinking; and a sort of boiling reddish haze coming up to over our mastheads, and lines of scarlet fire that moved like the spokes of a slowly rewolved wheel; the green sea stood up sharp and black as the ridge of hills seen against a pink sky, and looked as if they was trying to wash the sun out. Our wake ran white as milk to him. There was a grey bird or two a-following, and the wind

came over the rail in a shriek, as if it had lost the old mutterings of tempest, and was catching up a new cry of drowning people.

"It was in the second dog-watch, quite dark. I was below in the foc'sle, cutting up some tobacco for a smoke, when one of the men standing on deck near the hatch sung out, 'Blessed if I don't think that there brig to wind'ard's on fire!' I didn't reckon at the moment that there was much in this cry, for at sea at night you will often find appearances that seems to have a sheen upon them, and they're very deceiving; and I went on cutting up my tobacco till I fills my pipe, and then I lit it, and then I stept on deck. There was a lot of roaring in the weather, and the sound under our bows would have been proof to any landsman that our skipper was not sparing the little hooker. I looked over the weather rail, and hinstantly my eye was caught by a spark, out where the brig was likely to be. At the same moment I heard 'em talking aft, and going that way I found the captain, mate, and one of our men looking at the light, and jabbering about it.

"'It's onmistakable, Cheese,' says old Muffin, 'that she's afire. The question now is, what's our duty? Does she expect us to ratch to her, or ain't it more likely that, knowing we're here, she'll put her helm up?'

"'Why, yes,' says Chese, 'no doubt it's more likely that she'll put her helm up, but we ought to make her know where we are.'

"'Why, certainly,' says old Muffin; and on that he orders us to make a flare which we kept a-burning for near upon a quarter of an hour; the *Susan* meantime being luffed so close that all the way was shook out of her.

"But though the spark grew bigger, it was evidently because the fire was taking more hold, and not because

the brig was a-coming down to us; and seeing this, our old man made up his mind to ratch for the vessel, and see what he could do in the way of saving life. Well, ye may say what ye like about schooners; but if ever you want to appreciate the qualities of this sort of rig ye should be to leeward of a ship on fire, and feel your heart pumping in your bosom with a madness to come at her quickly, With her sheets flattened in till every cloth stood like a board, the *Susan* went at the seas as a hunter goes at a hedge. It was all snap, worry, and thrust, but with a detarmination in it that a hurricane couldn't have blowed out of her. Maybe, she felt it was an onusual proceeding—this here deviation from her straight course home, for, as I told ye, them fruiters was always in a hurry, and the feeling that nothing but something extraordinary would send her ratching like that away to wind'ard just made the *Susan* behave as if she was skipping mad. We never thought of showing side-lights in those days, and, so as it was necessary to keep up the hearts of the poor devils out in the burning vessel there, who on seeing our flare disappear might imagine we'd sailed away and left 'em to their fate, we turned to and slung a big white globular lamp aloft, where it could be plainly seen, no matter on which tack we was. A bit of a moon came up out of the east, as red as blood, as if the light she showed was caught off the sun's reflection when he went down. But afore long she turned white and gave a dim sort of light, just enough maybe to allow the people on the brig to see us ratching for them, or for us to see them, if so be they had taken to their boats, and was knocking about on the look-out for us. I can't tell ye how many boards it took us. The fire was too good a sign for old Muffin's keen eye to go wrong.

"He says to Cheese, 'I shall ratch,' says he, 'close

under her starn, and find out what they means to do. If they have boats, we'll round and heave-to to leeward, and pick them up as they come. If they've got no boats, we shall have to manœuvre in another fashion; but, anyways, let's first hear what they have to say.'

"We was now fast nearing the blazing ship on our last board. It was easy to be seen why she hadn't run down to us, for she so lay as to show that she was unmanageable. She had come up in the wind and was all on fire forwards, the rigging catching the flames, and everything crackling and sparkling and hissing that way as high as the foretop. The blaze drove aft, and the smoke blew along in a smother full of fiery stars. The water all round was lighted up, and so was the sky for the matter of that, but I dunno that I should have found her the awful picture my recollection makes of her if it wasn't for the crowd of heads we see a-watching us over the taffrail. The fire showed them up plain as daylight, and one of our crew sings out to me quickly, 'Good God!' says he, "there's two women amongst them.'

"Old Muffin sprang on to the rail. He wanted no trumpet. His lungs was cast-iron, and, as he used to say, trumpets only weakened his voice. He waited till the time came; then yells he, 'Brig ahoy!' There was a waving of hands and shrieks and cries.

"'Great thunder!' roars Muffin, 'they're foreigners! Any one speak English aboard?' he sings out.

"There was more yells and brandishing of hands, but no furder time was allowed. The *Susan* had slipped by out of ear-shot.

"'Anybody see anything like a boat aboard of her? bawls Cheese.

"We all said no; for if there had been anything of that kind hanging at the davits we should have seen it; and

as for a longboat, why the burning vessel rolled so as to show her decks plain, and where the chocks ought to have stood there was nothing to be seen. It was clear her decks had been swept, and that through bad weather and other causes she'd lost all boats.

"Well, Muffin turns to old Cheese, and he says, 'What's to be done now is this: we must get our big boat over, and you and two hands must jump into her. We'll tow ye as close to the burning vessel as we can, and then I'll heave the *Susan* to to leeward whilst ye bring off them wretched people.'

"'Right, sir,' says Cheese; and we turned to and got a tackle up and got the boat over—the big one, I mean; for them fruiters mostly carried two boats, a little'un stowed inside a big one. But I tell ye that launching was a job. It's easy to talk about, but to understand the care that was needed you required to behold with your own eyes the seas which was running, and the manner in which our schooner tumbled about in them. Me and another man and Mr. Cheese got into the boat, and dropped astern. The schooner's helm was then shifted, and under very easy sail she ran down to the burning brig, luffing up hard as she came under her stern; whilst we, slipping, rowed as hard as ever our arms could try to the brig's quarter, where we hooked on, taking care to keep clear of the squattering of her square counter. We sung out to the men to hand the women over first, and they seemed to understand what we said; but it was awful work. Such hanging back, such crying out, such screaming, such shoving! I was afeard they would swamp the boat. As it was two of them made a jump, and tumbled into the water, and one was drowned, getting under the vessel somehow.

"Well, we shoved off with one load, and then came

back for the other. We got all the rest of the people safe, and such was their excitement that they came very near to capsizing of the boat and drowning of us all by some of them striving to take us in their arms and kiss us. We men belonging to the schooner remained in the boat till all the rest of the people, who turned out to be Frenchmen, was aboard, but scarce had the last of them climbed over the side when Muffin roars out, 'Quick, Mr. Cheese, up with ye, up with ye all, for dear life! Bear a hand afore we're blowed into rags! Quick with ye! never mind about the boat. Leave her to tow; leave her to tow!' The fright in his voice took the breath out of our bodies, and we hopped aboard like monkeys. The decks looked crowded with people huddled together. The glare came strong off the brig, and lighted us all up. It wasn't five minutes after our helm had been put over, and the schooner was beginning to slide through it, feeling the weight of the wind after the gripe of her helm that had kept her hove-to, when the brig blew up with such an enormous bursting sound that I swear no clap of thunder as ever I heard in tropical regions came near to it in its power of stunning. I never see such a sight as followed. The air seemed to be full of lightning, caused by burning spars and masts, and pieces of timber being hurled aloft into the darkness scores and scores of feet high. Such was the concussion in the water that it shook the *Susan* till we all reeled again. Considering where some of those burning things fell, there ain't a doubt that had the schooner been in the same position where she had lain hove-to she must have been set afire, or destroyed by the weight that would have fallen upon her. It turned out that one-third of her cargo consisted of gunpowder, but I suppose, even if the poor wretches had been able to speak English, they durstn't have told us the nature of

their freight, for fear of our declining to have anything to do with them.

"I've seen some peril in my time," said the old man, in conclusion, "but when I come to reflect how soon that brig blew up after we had shoved off with our second load, and after we had just managed to get the schooner out of the range of the explosion, I am bound to think that saving job was the very closest shave as ever happened to me."

FIGURE-HEADS.

THERE used to be three ways of ornamenting the head of a ship, and by "head" of course I mean the knee of the head or top of the cutwater; first, by a simple carving in the form of a scroll that turned outwards, and that was called "billet-head" or "scroll-head;" second, by a similar carving, but with the scroll rounding inwards like the handle of a violin, and for that reason termed "fiddle-head;" and third by a carved image, known the wide world over as "figure-head." There may be more ways than these for all I know, for we are perpetually progressing, and it is at least certain that none of these terms is applicable to those light flourishings of gilt which from time to time one sees on top of straight stems writhing their dull gleams over the yawning hawse-pipes as though the builder sought to neutralize in the best fashion he could the unavoidable quality of horror those distended nostrils give to the iron beast. But whatever the new fashions may be termed, the old ones are yielding to them, and the figure-head proper survives chiefly, I will not say only, in ships of a type not likely to be replaced when they go to the bottom, or are sold for ice or coal hulks.

The figure-head belonged to an enormously large family. It comprised personages innumerable, from

the crowned monarch, radiant in stars and gilt, down to poor Jack in white inexpressibles and sky-blue jacket, surveying every hollow into which the ship plunged with an undismayed and grinning stare. This extensive family must have had a beginning, an Adam of its own; and one would like to know the name of the first English ship ever decorated with a wooden effigy under her bowsprit, and also the name of the genius who first lighted upon the idea of expressing by effigy the spirituality of his fabric. It may have come from the ancient Greeks or the ancient Romans; it may have been borrowed from the ferocious fancies of man-eating savages; or its British paternity may have been absolutely tender; love may have inspired it; the first figure-head may have been a crude representation of a shipwright's sweetheart, some modest and gentle maid of a countenance much too refined and pensive to be hit off by the hammer of the carpenter, though, the tribute of affection would be accepted with pride, whilst the blues, greens, and yellows of the paint-pot satisfied the lingering hankerings of art.

A very old writer on shipbuilding, in speaking of the head of a ship, discourses with much judgment as follows: "The beauty of this part," says he, "is more admired, or Deformities discover'd sooner, than in any other. For the Heads of all Creatures are most observ'd by all Competent judges; and the symmetry of the whole depends much on the proportion or disproportion it bears to the Head. For to see a Head with all its parts well and neatly form'd, and a due Proportion and Harmony between them, strikes with Admiration the eye of the Beholder."

The ancient shipbuilder is right. The part of a handsome vessel always most admired and that detains the gaze longest is the head. It is the portion of the

structure that soonest recurs when the memory recalls the fairylike models of Sir William Symonds, of some later frigates, of many powerful clippers belonging to the United States, and of several scores of famous fabrics sailing from the Clyde, the Mersey, and the Thames. Where elegance in this age is not sacrificed to utility, as in yachts, it may be witnessed in great perfection in the heads of vessels with cutwaters. But the steamer needs no bowsprit; the straight stem is convenient for docking and manœuvring purposes: but few iron sailing-ships satisfy the eye in this way; and so one sees why it is that the figure-head must decay. My old shipbuilder, being most animated and emphatic in his insistance upon the necessity of the utmost care being bestowed upon the design of a ship's head, is equally eloquent and forcible in respect of its crowning decoration, the figure. I gather from what he says that in his time—two hundred years ago—the figure-head was restricted to ships of the State, and consisted either, to use his language, of "the Lyon or the Figure of a Horse." Such effigies would illustrate a patriotic rather than a vigorous imagination. Neither animal has anything to do with the sea; and though it is true the lion might fitly symbolize the thunder and the terrors of the old battle-ships, nothing but irony could be found in the design of the horse as suggestive of speed. Down to the beginning of the present century the bows or heads of the East India and Naval ships presented such an astonishing conglomeration of timber, that it is difficult to look at pictures of them and believe they ever managed to shove along unless helped by a gale of wind over the taffrail.

And yet, though the old fashion seems ridiculous to us believers in clean, clear, keen heads and stems, our

grandsires' ponderosity of ship's bow—like their full-bottomed wigs and general Hanoverian squareness—marked a very large amount of loving labour bestowed with what they thought exquisite taste. I have before me the engraving of a full-rigged ship of about the year 1780. She has no bows. Her "head" is literally a well, with rails arching like horns to the cutwater, where for a figure-head she has an effigy of Britannia holding a spear, and her right arm upon a shield. The lower part of the figure-head touches the water; the top of the helmet is close against the bowsprit, which, being "steeved" at an angle of forty-five degrees, will, to a nautical man, pretty fairly convey the dimensions of this enormous ornament. If this likeness of an old ship is at all faithful, the need of figure-heads in those days may be appreciated without reference to their serviceableness as finishing touches. In fact, though there was a cutwater behind them, they apparently bore the brunt of the affray with the surges, and when Britannia appeared in person, as in this representation of an old ship it is certain she could only have ruled the waves in calm weather, for in a sea-way she must have been much more under than over them.

Figure-heads are no longer the common object they formerly were, and perhaps it is as well it should be so, for when met, saving in old vessels, or here and there in a modern wooden coaster, they are so artistic, so free from the old guileless plastering and fancy patching, as to quite confound the venerable and respectable traditions. When we imagine a figure-head we do not think of a shape as well modelled and prettily contrived as the white plaster figures of an Italian image-seller; but—and let us take the first that comes to mind—a wooden lady with pitch-black hair, yellow skin,

a patch or dab of deep red on each cheekbone, black eyes, ruby lips, a smile not to be expressed in any known tongue, a blue mantle, bare extended arms decorated with bracelets, and a quantity of rippling and flowing drapery, disappearing somewhere close to where the bobstays set up. This perhaps is the sort of figure round which the forecastle affections enwreathe themselves; for it is not only that Jack likes his Venuses coloured, the very rudeness of glaring hues and chisellings coarse to harmless absurdity, hold for him the salt-water homeliness, the marine domesticity, he would miss in carvings of art and elegance. And there is another sentiment,—that which makes the old doll with half its hair gone, without a nose, with but one eye and one leg, and exhausted by loss of sawdust, the favourite of the nursery, in the teeth of dolls of charming workmanship and lovely costumes. It was the old wooden figure-head with its blank stare and dogged posture that showed the ship the way into battle, that pointed out the road to distant discovery, that was in the van of Britannia's stately march over her mountain waves; and it might denote no lack of appreciation of a good thing in an old sailor if he should turn away with a half-sigh from some graceful shape of white crowning a modern cutwater and gratify his aged prejudices by a long, sentimental, and admiring look at the rough, well-bedaubed, ship-yard idea of a nymph, with eyes like a cod's, and arms like a boatswain's, nailed securely under the bowsprit "gammoning" of a deep, worm-eaten Shields "Geordie" eighty years old. The Chinese paint eyes on their junks that they may see where they are going; and sailors, not less literal in their interpretation of the active principle of life in ships, might not unreasonably argue that, whatever a ship's figure-head may be designed to represent, it ought to

look as real as Jack's paint-brush, backed by a romantic imagination, can make it. There is a well-known story of the seamen on board one of the ships under Howe in the action of the 1st of June coming aft to the captain to tell him that a ball had knocked off their figure-head's cocked hat, and to beg the loan of one of his own cocked hats to replace it. A hat was found, it fitted the figure-head, and the men, satisfied by the effigy's recovery of its native dignity, went to work with their powder and shot with quickened spirit. This anxiety did not arise from the fear that if the old gentleman under the bowsprit remained bare-headed he would take cold, for the sailors knew him to be too thoroughly seasoned to all sorts of weathers to suffer from any disorder of that kind. The fact was, whilst this figure-head exposed a bald "nut," it presented an imperfect and mutilated portrait of the person after whose likeness it had been graven; it defeated Jack's notion of completeness, and with the loss of the cocked hat there had gone from the whole ship something that nothing but another cocked hat could return to her.

It is to this pleasing love of strongly-accentuated exactness in sailors in the forms and colourings of figure-heads that we owe the many wonders in that way with which ships have gone to sea decorated for ages past. There never has been apparently any particular leaning. Perhaps, on the whole, the ladies have preponderated; but this might arise from the great numbers of ships to which female names have been given, and for the need therefore of furnishing them with appropriate symbols. Not that the sense of appropriateness is uniformly strict. I have seen and heard of some queer combinations of ship-names and figure-head interpretations, a few of them not wanting in sarcasm. There was a foreigner

called the *Fetish*, and for a figure-head she had a priest in full canonicals, rosary, cross, and the like, all painted with a determined brush that had not omitted a rosy tint in the nose. If this were intended as satire, it is a stroke in which an English Jack would not see much to relish. In old days the mere idea of always sailing along with a parson over the bows would have been insupportable to the forecastle; for all foul weather and everything amiss on board there would have been a standing and irrefutable reason in the indignant effigy sullenly striving to peer down into Davy Jones's locker from the top of the cutwater; besides, the idea that the builder or owner had intended a joke, and that he had hit upon something solemn, would have created much uneasiness. In all probability the mate or captain would have been informed, some fine morning, by the carpenter with a long face, that during the night the priest had dropped his sombre raiment overboard, and clothed himself in the airy seaweed costume of a merman, or in the light bathing costume and crown of Old Neptune.

I remember a very pathetic inspiration being turned into a malignant sneer by a lively sailor. There was a ship called *The Brothers;* she was named after two brothers who owned her, twins, and, like most twins, extremely affectionate. In commemoration of their affection, and in sanctification of their venture, they gave orders for their correct portraits to be done in wood, to serve as a double figure-head. Habited in pea-green coats and brass buttons, white pants and high shirt-collars, these two effigies gracefully leaning forwards under the bowsprit were the admiration of all beholders, who scarcely knew which most to praise—the tenderness of the fraternal fancy or the skill of the artist. It might have been that the food was bad, or the ship not

quite so comfortable as so much affection in the ownership should have promised. Be this as it may, when the vessel returned to port she was received with looks of astonishment, followed by shouts of laughter from the people who witnessed her entry. The twins stepped on board furious; and on the captain and mates protesting that they did not know what was the matter, they ordered them on to the quay, whence they could see the head of the vessel. They then observed that the two effigies, which had sailed away with loving smiles, had returned home fired with hatred, malice, and distrust of each other. They had been so "touched up" by the brush of the marine artist that each face wore a horrid scowl, and they glared defiance out of the extreme corners of their eyes. Added to this, their arms had been knocked off, and refixed so as to represent them as about to strike.

One very characteristic figure-head that I remember was that of a sailor of the purely conventional pattern, drill-trousers, blue jacket, tarpaulin hat on nine hairs, standing with a leg thrown forward, holding a coil of line in one hand, and a hand-lead in the other. His face was upturned to the sky as if taking measurement of some celestial object whereat to heave the piece of metal he grasped. There was a rapt eagerness in his posture that communicated a feeling of excitement; his fixed smile and protruding eyes were very life-like. His complexion was of the ruddy glow shed by the blood-red rum of the West Indies. It seemed a thousand pities that the poor fellow should never be able to get further than the first impulse of the act of taking a cast of the lead. There was none of the patience of the reposeful effigy in him. He pleaded to the skies beyond the flying-jibboom end. His hand seemed to tremble to the movement of heaving. The suggestion of perpetual

self-restraint was quite afflicting. It would have been a positive relief if, after the style of the disaster that befel the singular sailor in Dibdin's ballad, "a spray" had washed this unhappy effigy away. He could not have been more unhappy at the bottom of the sea than on the top of a cutwater tantalized by depths he was never permitted to sound. It was the paint and the coarse verisimilitude of attitude, raiment, outline, and so forth that gave to the figure-head the realism it had in Jack's eyes.

The rougher and salter the work, the livelier the spell seems to have been. One can understand this by examining objects made by sailors—I mean work outside their professional duties. The workbox, the full-rigged ship, whatever "curios," in short, the sailor puts his hand to, are always most unmistakably sailor's labour. It could not be mistaken for any other man's. The spirit of the sea is in the article, whatever it may be, just as it is in a mariner's tattooing, which is as unlike anybody else's gunpowder-prickings in fancy, and in general effect, as the parlour of an ale-house is unlike a ship's foc'sle. It is this animated, rude, highly bedaubed accuracy that appeals to Jack from his ship's figure-head; and indeed, absurd as his love of brilliant colours and rude outlines may seem to the landsman, it is astonishing how close the sailor's inspiration sometimes comes to nature when it gets a little bit of help, not in the way of polish, but in the direction of lively realism.

I remember an instance of a figure-head having been fished up out of the sea some twenty or thirty miles distant from the coast. It was the effigy of a woman, and when brought up it was found to be covered from head to foot with barnacles and seaweed, which yet left exposed the face and the bust. This extraordinary

apparition popping out of the water so startled and astonished those who fished it up that for some moments they were persuaded that it was a mermaid who had risen to address them. When brought ashore it was accepted as a wonder, and crowds came to view it. Here was a sample of Jack's imagination artistically completed by Old Neptune, and the newspaper reporter who recounted the circumstance probably came near the truth when he suggested that the sailor's notion of mermaids and other curious submarine creatures might have originated in some such combined production of the mariner and Old Ocean.

"Ah," said an old salt once to me, when I was telling him about this barnacle-covered effigy, "I tell yer there's more in figure-heads than people fancies. I knew a young sailor chap who was called Dandy Jim. He shipped aboard a vessel as had the loveliest female for a figure-head as ever you could imagine. What does this here Dandy Jim go and do but fall in love with the carvin'. He'd sneak over the head of a-night when there was light enough to see by, and slipping down the dolphin-striker, or coming in nearer by the bobstay, he'd turn to and watch and look at that there young woman till ye'd ha' supposed that nothing would ha' satisfied him but layin' hold of her and carryin' of her off overboard. Well, one night he was a-watchin' of her in his customary fashion, when all on a sudden she sneedged. This give such a start to Dandy Jim that he trembled his hat off, an' lost it. Then, recovering hisself a bit, he says to her, mildly, 'I beg your pardon, miss,' he says, 'but did you speak?' 'No, sir,' she answered, sternly, 'I merely sneedged to call your attention to me. Your name's Dandy Jim, ain't it?' He says it wur. 'And you're a married man, ain't you?' says she, 'with a wife,'

says she, 'as has to take in washin', both when you're at home and when you're away,' says she, ''cause she never can get no money out of yer. Now,' says she, 'you confine yourself to what's lawful, and don't give yourself no trouble about me.' So saying she sneedged once more, and began to nod her head at Dandy Jim in such a way that he climbed aboard again as fast as ever his arms 'ud let him; and I tell yer," said the old mariner to me, "that from that night Dandy Jim was a convarted man, and behaved so well to his wife when he came ashore, that after he was drownded she refused to be married under six months to a ship's cook as I knew, her argument bein' that she was bound to remain a widder for that time out of respect for Dandy Jim."

SLAVING IN 1884.

THE Queensland schooner *Stanley*, with a large number of "recruits" on board kidnapped from the South Sea Islands, was in about 6° S. lat., and about 153° E. long. There were sick men in her who were still very ill, and the problem how to cure them was a good deal complicated by the inability of Mr. M'Murdo, Government agent, to understand their language. The little vessel was rolling heavily; owing to baffling winds and calms, she had made no way for some time, and the unhappy kidnapped blacks seeing their condition sought to bribe Captain Davies (the master) and Mr. M'Murdo to take them back to their islands by the gift of a shell-armlet. "It was most pitiful," says the Government agent, commenting upon this; and he adds that had he had the power to return them to their homes, he would have done so. This renders it very clear that the "recruits" were actually thought of as slaves, belonging to the consignees who had obtained licences to procure them; for, had they been free men, and the Government agent willing to restore them to their islands, there was really nothing to hinder the *Stanley* from heading again for New Ireland and the other groups.

But be this as it may; on July 1 a strong breeze from the south-east came on to blow; the schooner "cracked"

on in regular slaver style, till in the afternoon her square-sail blew away; and then at about a quarter to seven, when the crew were shortening sail preparatory to wearing ship, breakers ahead were reported, and the vessel drove crashing upon a reef. "The shocks," says Mr. M'Murdo, "were terrific;" the vessel rolled her gunwales under, her booms were without guys, and swung wildly, portions of the deck furniture were smashed to atoms, the "recruits" swarmed over the decks and clambered for life into the rigging, and "to my unutterable horror," says Mr. M'Murdo, "some five or six jumped over on the weather side. I yelled to them to come back, to stop, and pulled all back that I could get at." But none of them understood English; yet they were wonderful swimmers, and by dint of great exertions were hauled on board again.

The night had come down dark, but the water boiled around the schooner, and the glare of the white froth was a sort of illumination. Every one was aft, white and black, all calling upon Mr. M'Murdo to save them; and from this point the agent's character in one dominating aspect stands out in fine heroical colours, whilst Davies shrinks into the most contemptible sham imaginable of a sailor. This man refused to make any suggestion or to agree to any proposition. He seemed to have no opinions, and declined to give an order till daybreak. There were a hundred and sixteen souls on board, and the *Stanley* carried two wretched boats, of which one had been knocked to pieces when the vessel struck. A terrible night was passed, the *Stanley* bumping incessantly. When the sun rose the shipwrecked men found themselves upon the northern part of the south-east spur of Indispensable Reef, with shallow water inside of them, but not a foot of dry land or reef to be seen! The skipper refused

to turn out before six o'clock, and then declined to tell the agent his plans, which, however, subsequently proved to be the construction of a raft. They all went to work, and by 4.30 p.m. the raft was formed, but not finished; afterwards there was a consultation, and it was agreed that the whites should go away in the boat for help, and Mr. M'Murdo and the natives remain in the schooner or upon the raft till assistance could be obtained. Captain Davies, who had to be sought in his cabin for his views, was for manning the boat with blacks and making for Makira; whether Mr. M'Murdo changed the man's mind by suggesting something about cannibalism is not certain; "his face fell," says he, "(why, I am afraid to imagine), but he agreed with me."

Next day by one o'clock the raft was ready, and a breakwater composed of loose coral was put together by the natives (all hands working in the water, which was very cold) in order to shelter the fabric. By dinner-time the breakwater was 70 ft. long by 3 ft. wide, and 3 ft. high. The captain wanted to start away in the boat at once, and told the cook to kill a pig; but Mr. M'Murdo prohibited this, saying that he should not go till the raft was completed, and asking him if he expected the crowds of men who were to remain on the reef to sleep without shelter. On the 5th the breakwater carried away, and the raft broke loose and drove a hundred yards distant. She had to be recaptured and the breakwater re-formed, which must have proved cruel work to all concerned, since, says Mr. M'Murdo, "the track was never below the knees, and often above the waist, and current strong, and, with an addition of the coral boulders smashing your shins and toes, and the cold wind on your clothes, it is most unpleasant." A ship was sighted seven miles off, and the agent, who was at work in the water, sent

a messenger to Captain Davies on board the schooner to make a smoke; but he neglected to do this till it was too late, and when he complied at last his notion was to make a fire on top of the galley, the certain issue of which would have been to destroy the vessel by burning.

July 6 was rendered memorable by the discovery that one of the fresh-water tanks was empty, and, knowing that he had but two hundred gallons on the raft, the agent declares his heart failed him, "for I saw a dreadful massacre close ahead;" but happily there was more fresh water in the vessel than he had dared to hope. All hands were on an allowance of one pint a day; nevertheless, when a shower of rain had filled a stretched sail, the captain put his head out of his house, took a long drink, and carried a quart jug full to his room. On the 7th the schooner's boat was stocked with biscuits, water, pork, and cocoanuts, tobacco, some ale, rifles, and "a quantity of swags," and away she went with the schooner's white crew; but she came very near to being stove several times before she cleared the reef and hoisted her sail in deep water.

And now you have to realize the condition of the people left. The schooner lay on the reef, threatened by every breeze that blew to be ground to pieces; the raft was a fragile contrivance that was to hold over a hundred persons, nearly all of them ignorant, helpless natives, should the schooner break up; there was no land near them for leagues and leagues, and the water was up to a man's waist when he quitted the schooner or the raft to feel the ground under him with his feet. Such a shipwreck as this, such a situation, having regard to the persons who were involved in the distress, must, I think, count among the strangest curiosities of the marine life.

When the boat had vanished, Mr. M'Murdo, standing on the schooner, called all the people aft, and explained, by means of interpreters and by signs and the like, their position, the work that had to be done, why the boat had left, and why the men in her were all white, and then, addressing himself to a body of natives whom he terms the boat's crew—probably the crew of the boat employed when landing for kidnapping purposes—he told them that he should regard them as white men (they no doubt appreciated the compliment!), and that, if they acted honestly, he would see that the Government properly rewarded their fidelity. And now follows an extraordinary narrative compounded of floggings, physicking, hard labour, privation, and a sort of savage and ferocious heroism on the part of Mr. M'Murdo such as I know not how to parallel by any instances I can call to mind. The first thing that happened after the boat had gone was the New Ireland natives refused to work. Thereupon, Mr. M'Murdo fell to beating them; and he exclaims, "As it absolutely must be done, I do beat them." The company consisted of Mr. M'Murdo, Moussue the mate, and Connell the cook—these men white—then eight darkies termed the "boat's crew," and ninety kidnapped savages called "recruits." Of the latter four were sick when the boat left. That same night the schooner was so terribly shaken that the agent resolved that all hands should take to the raft next day, "although we should swamp her;" but a deal of flogging was necessary to induce the unhappy, cold, shuddering, shipwrecked natives to work. Apparently the object was to secure the raft, erect stanchions on her so as to spread a sail for cover, stock her with food and water, and so keep her in readiness should the schooner go to pieces. The wonder is that the natives should have been able

to form a breakwater, seeing, from the evidence of Mr. M'Murdo, that the water was as high as the breast, and that the men would therefore have to feel and grope for the broken coral rocks; whilst it was also certain that any sea calculated to shatter the schooner would make short work of a breakwater three feet high and the raft that lay behind it.

On July 12 we find all hands sleeping upon the structure fixed upon the reef, when a sudden alarm was raised that the Kanakas were off to the vessel that, being still intact, obviously offered a warmer shelter than the contrivances on the reef. But the real object of the men was to plunder the food; whereupon the eight men who composed the boat's crew were sent to right and left to catch the fellows who, when they were caught—and escape was impossible unless they chose to drown themselves—were all thrashed. "Two men had two dozen each, two younger six lashes, and youths one lash each; one man in undoing his bonds got an ugly mauling from me." Discipline was, of course, needful, and it would be necessary to make examples; but, as I read the story, it seems to me that the chief employment of the Government agent was to be caning and rope's-ending the majority of the wretched ninety recruits from morning till night. By-and-by a boy dies, the agent does not know from what; possibly "due to stench of rotten coral;" he was "thin and yellow." A little later on he is disposed to view the disease as "general decline." On July 23 fifty-five men are found to be suffering from what Mr. M'Murdo thinks to be thrush, due, he fancies, to the decaying coral under them. Meanwhile the weather keeps fine, the schooner remains whole, work goes on on the reef in the shape of construction of shelters, with floors, I take it, above high-water mark; some of the natives go

a-fishing, rain-water enables the tanks to be replenished, and right and left the recruits are being thrashed for stealing, idleness, and other offences. They must have been very sick, indeed, poor wretches, very heart-broken and hopeless, to have stood these incessant beatings. Allowing for the boat's crew—as the eight men are termed—to remain staunch, they were ninety blacks against eleven men, had they determined upon the massacre the agent once feared. I do not mean to say that the utmost possible credit is not due to Mr. M'Murdo for the heroic and determined attitude he adopted in sticking to the recruits, and showing them how to manage upon a rock that was awash at low water; but I cannot help thinking that if it had not been for a sickness that put fifty of the kidnapped slaves on the list in one day, the entries about the floggings would have been much fewer.

July 28 made it three weeks since the boat had gone away to seek assistance. On that morning a cutter was seen hovering beyond the reef; but she disappeared, and the unhappy shipwrecked men went on with their pitiful labours on the rocks. On August 1 the schooner is still holding together, but, says the diarist, "Every one of the New Ireland men ill with thrush (not incapacitated from work all of them) and two L. (Laughlans) men; eighty-one out of eighty-seven! I found last night that I also had it. . . . If I succumb, management will utterly fail, and disaster follow." He goes on doctoring the men, but, to his annoyance, "The brutes carry their natural perverseness so far as spitting out gargle and lotion as soon as given!" So he thrashed two to make the rest understand they must hold the nauseous stuff in their mouths, but there might have been a hope springing up among the miserable savages that castigation for incapacity to

swallow physic could not last much longer, since I see under date of August 4, "My stock of C. oil, rhubarb, black-draughts, nit. silver, and bluestone is nearly gone." Unhappy natives! was it necessary to kidnap you from your palms and cocoanut trees, your little homes of boughs and grass, and the sunshine sparkling in silver on the sands of your green islands to teach you the flavour of black-draught, and beat you for recoiling from castor-oil? Then, on the 5th of the same month, a terrible fancy possesses the mind of the agent: "Five weeks since wreck, and we have food for some time to come. What a merciful thing! There would be dreadful doings if these wretches were starving; they would try to eat *us*, and most certainly one another." Wretches the unfortunate men were, and Mr. M'Murdo is right to term them so. But who had rendered them wretches? The degradation of the harmless and innocent humanity of the ocean islands by a colonial Government that forces misery, cruelty, and distress upon them till its own agent, looking at their cowed and broken bearing, almost involuntarily writes of them as "wretches," is a terrible moral responsibility for any legislative assembly to accept, and for any kind of public from Cape Leeuwin to Cape York, or from Cape Horn to Cape Farewell, to sanction. If all Government labour agents risk the devolvment of such duties as fell upon the shoulders of Mr. M'Murdo, the nearer they come to being prize-fighters the better will be their chances. "Had to thrash only one man who was in water and dared me." Only one in one day? But no; a little further on, under the same date: "In five minutes there were three robberies of food from one another; I pummelled two and thrashed a third. These men are really heart-breaking devils!" This being so, how are they treated after delivery to the people who want them?

Are they beaten and pummelled by their masters? One knows how a "heart-breaking devil," with a black face on him, would have been dealt with in South Carolina or Virginia in bygone times. Are the blacks who are kidnapped into Australia better off than the negroes who were brought to America by way of the Middle Passage? Some of these days we shall learn the truth; as yet, on high evidence, it is assuredly but most imperfectly guessed at; for, in speaking of this particular case Sir William des Vœux says, "It has thrown a light on various features of the labour-trade which, though previously within the cognizance of the High Commission, has never been before so clearly revealed."

The weary and harrowing record goes on. There is a shocking confession under date of August 10. The agent had previously written that he "Ran amuck among the recruits to a proper tune." He had found some of the Kanakas stealing biscuits, so as six of them were enough for an example, he had them seized and taken outside, and "then thrashed the whole six, one after another, and laid it on well this time, not as before, as things are too serious. They can stand pain wonderfully, and their skins are thick, only breaking a little." Then what follows? He is horrified, next day, to find Matta-vout, one of the men who was punished, dying. "He went off in about ten minutes." And the agent makes this confession: "I must have greatly overrated their powers of endurance, and it is a grave error, and one for which I blame myself seriously; but I watched them narrowly during infliction, stopping now and again to see how they were, and saw no danger; God help me—none . . . They are all crying, and very quiet."

It was time that a sufferer should die, that Mr. M'Murdo might receive the hint he wanted; for, by

way of apology, he declares so little did he believe the punishment he administered too great, that he had asked Connell (the cook) to make a "proper cat, as there was no hold upon the other—three tails of spun yarn. He made one of five, done up hard, and with strips of lead let into strands, and had just finished it when the man died! Horror!" These are Mr. M'Murdo's own words.

But I break away, without reluctance, from these piteous and dreadful details, of which there is enough to make out many such pages as I am now filling, and come to the rescue of the agent and his people. It was now August 23, and the people had been on the reef since July 1. There was still a good deal of sickness among the natives; some were delirious, one was raving mad. There was a growing scarcity of water for lack of rain, and two days previously the agent had written that the "horrors of this wreck are beginning now." At eight o'clock in the morning a sail was seen to the northward; instantly the ensign was hoisted jack down, and a fire lighted. But it was not until four o'clock in the afternoon that Mr. M'Murdo positively knew that the vessel was the Sydney trader, *Venture,* with Davies, the master of the *Stanley,* aboard. The news was brought by Mr. Queen, the mate. There were yams and water in plenty for the natives, and when the boat came to the reef she was received with a discharge of rifles and cheers again and again repeated by the poor islanders. The heroic conduct of the Government agent is still conspicuous in this passage of his narrative, for we find him staying behind on the reef whilst the natives are taken off to the *Venture* in batches. At last, on August 25, all hands, as it was believed, were safe on board the Sydney trader; but suddenly it was discovered that a man named Johnny

was left behind. They tried to get him, but failed. Two days passed. Then "strong easterly blow; unable to attempt to take anything to take Johnny off. Captain Walsh, of the *Venture*, told me his water would not allow him to wait about, and that he must square away, etc. I told him that if he found it necessary to clear off, I should have to take a boat's crew and boat, and go back to the reef and wait with Johnny for further relief." Nobly proposed! He feared that the man would go out of his mind if left alone, and he said that there was plenty of food for the two of them. Fortunately, the captain would not allow that, for next day, the weather having moderated, the mate of the *Venture* got to the reef, and brought poor Johnny off. Clearly Mr. M'Murdo was right as to the effect of loneliness upon the simple savage's mind, for said Johnny when he came aboard, "I heard the dead Kanakas talking in our house!' There was nothing now to delay the *Venture*, which forthwith squared away for home, having eighty of the original number of the *Stanley* recruits in her.

Thus terminates one of the strangest tales of the sea I ever heard of. It ended in the apprehension of M'Murdo and Davies, in their trial, imprisonment, and swift release. "The case," writes Sir Wm. des Vœux, "has for the first time made known to the ill-doers of the Pacific that none of the Australasian colonies are now a safe refuge for them; and (he adds) it has elicited incidentally the hearty co-operation with the High Commission of the Governments of Victoria and South Australia, and even more directly and signally that of Queensland also." This may be; but are not licences still issued, and kidnapping as it is here written about, with men like Davies for shipmasters, and men like M'Murdo for agents, still sanctioned? What further time must elapse before the

colonials perceive that their so-called immigration authorities—whose sanctioned importation of oceanic islanders absurdly traverses their designation: for what manner of emigrant is a Kanaka, pray, who tries to jump overboard to regain his own shore?—simply exist for the purpose of legalizing a species of traffic that fifty years ago, and for half a century earlier, was being hunted down by British frigates in every water where the slaver's flag flew?

SHARKS AND SHADOWS.

Among many things which puzzle the sailor are, first, how does the shark contrive to digest what it swallows, such as metal tobacco-boxes, hand-saws, and concertinas? second, when a ship that is in sight utterly disappears five minutes after she was last seen, what becomes of her?

In former times in old ships' forecastles a favourite topic of discussion and argument among crews was, whether the fish that swallowed Jonah was a whale or a shark? The sailors having nothing to go upon but the words "a great fish," were divided in their opinions, some holding that, though it was perfectly true that a man's body would make a tight fit for a whale's swallow, which is small, yet the prophet might have been considerably attenuated by the storm which ended in his being thrown overboard, while the whale that seized him might have had an unusually capacious maw. Others, however, and usually the most experienced salts, would agree in concluding that it was a shark. This opinion was not only based upon their knowledge of the fish's wonderful voracity, and the amazing variety of articles it is prepared to swallow at a moment's notice, from an open umbrella down to a bottle of mixed pickles, but was influenced by the many surprising and startling anecdotes told of the fish and its habits. One may be given as an example.

The carpenter of a brig died off the West African

coast. The crew stitched him up in his hammock, to the clews of which they made fast a grindstone he had used when in life. When the grating was tilted to let the body go, the carpenter's son, who was weeping at the gangway, slipped overboard. At the same moment a great white shark was seen to sweep past, and there could be no doubt that he had "bolted" the boy. The captain wanted to harpoon the beast, but the mate said it might hurt the lad, who was inside; so, instead, a hook was baited, the monster captured, dragged over the rail, and despatched. While, however, they were killing him, the crew were astonished by hearing a sound, as of cutting, inside the fish, and then the dead carpenter was heard to exclaim, "Now, push ahead, my lad, and hail the first craft you see." Thereupon the boy emerged, followed by the grindstone and the carpenter, who informed the seamen that after the shark had swallowed him he discovered that he was not dead; but, observing that he was being digested, and not knowing how to stop the uncomfortable process, he placed the grindstone in such a posture that it served as a counter-irritant. Scarcely had this been done when his son arrived; so the carpenter told the boy to hold the cutting edges of the grindstone to the shark's digestion, whilst he hacked a hole through the fish to enable him to get out.

So simple and yet so striking a tale as this would naturally in olden times, when Jack had but little "book-larning," cause him to vote strongly in favour of the shark as being the "great fish" that swallowed Jonah between Joppa and Tarshish. According to him, it might have been what is called at sea a bone-shark, a creature apparently unknown to naturalists, and declared by sailors to have a mouth furnished with bone like the right whale. The length of this kind of shark is about thirty

feet, so that its inside, like the old inns, should be amply large enough for the accommodation of both man and beast.

How much at a time a shark can "bolt" was illustrated by the case of the lamented Mr. Brown. A large fish was caught off the Australian coast. Having been cut open, its stomach was explored, and there were found portions of a coat, a waistcoat, and a pair of trousers, a gold watch and a silver chain, the sum of ten shillings and sixpence in silver, two keys, a pipe, a human arm, and a portion of a human skull. "The articles," it was stated, "were handed over to Constable Moore, and the clothing and watch were identified by Mr. Brown as belonging to his brother, who was drowned in the yacht *Iolanthe*, which foundered recently near Frankston."

Ever since mankind and sharks have been acquainted, the latter have been known as ardent admirers and eager devourers of the former; but it needs some such story as this to make one realize what a shark's appetite and digestion are really capable of. The black fin glistening wet to the sun upon the oil-smooth surface of a stretch of tropical water is a familiar sight; there is the languishing uplifted eye hanging steadily in the wake; the long, slatish, fluctuating shape creeps sneakingly along the still or slowly moving ship, and the gleaming fin comes and goes in the hollows and brows of the swells. Or at night the configuration is fiery; it is a ghastly thing of phosphorescent flame, and the spectator, watching the flashing and fading outline, knows that the accidental falling overboard of a man would set an acre of sea on fire with the fierce rushings and wild tearings and thrashings of twenty of these beasts as they dragged and hauled upon their prey. In the case of Mr. Brown, it is evident that the shark swallowed the whole man, as is

testified by the wearing-apparel found in the brute. What a discovery for a relative to make! In its way there has been nothing more horrible recorded for years. No shark could heave in sight to a person who had heard this story without seducing his imagination into many dismal and uncomfortable speculations. What may it not contain? The dynamitard flying southwards from a late awful explosion may be in that fish who finds his flavour so agreeable that it has risen to look for more. There may be a mail-bag in it, and the black fin is nothing but a marine tombstone over passionate epistolary love-vows which have foundered; over photographs from which the lineaments are fast disappearing; over Fenian instructions in cypher, which warm the shark as a tonic after its own heart; over newspapers containing speeches by honourable gentlemen whose eloquence might, by the exercise of a little fancy, induce one to think that the shark would be very willing to exchange the fruits of their genius for their honourable persons. It is certain that a large musical-box was once found inside a shark; and, though it was not actually playing when the fish was hauled up over the taffrail, it was in good condition, and was soon after set going. Was it playing when the shark gorged it? Who knows? It would be interesting to conjecture a shark's speculations respecting the music in his stomach, and to think of it as sweeping through the deep with the air of "Down amongst the dead men" tinkling melodiously out through its barbed tail.

Much has been written about the shark, and the next best thing to catching it are the stories told of it. Mr. George Cupples, in his delightful sea-story, has an extraordinary illustration of the effects of the fear occasioned in an animal swallowed by a shark. A man had jumped overboard after a parrot in a calm, not

knowing that there was a shark cruising about in the vicinity. Others leap overboard after him, and the risk of one of them being seized is so great that the hero of the story, in his extremity, seizes hold of an old lady's fat pug dog, secures it to a shark-hook, and flings it squeaking into the water. It is instantly bolted by the shark, which is forthwith dragged on deck and opened. Many strange things are discovered—a baccy-box, a large silver watch, and the like, but, strangest of all, three little blind pups, upon which a North Country sailor cries out, "An' here's t'oud un, see, as deed's mutton! Dang him, but someun's got an' baited t'hook wi't!"

This is as good as the memorable story of the shark that, when explored, was found to contain a brig under all plain sail with the captain and chief mate in the cabin quarrelling over the reckoning. Hence it is clear that sailors have a high opinion of this fish's power of receptivity. Cheery Tom Cringle has preserved some good "yarns" about sharks, and there is a deal of broad humour in his description of how the shark was caught aboard the little *Midge*, first by Mr. Weevil, the purser, whom the fish pulls nearly overboard, but who is saved by two men catching hold each of them of a leg; but such is the power of the shark that he whips a foot out of the hands of one of the fellows holding, leaving the other clinging, who in his turn is dragged over the rail. They try a boat-hook, but the cloth gives way, and, "as for speaking," says the writer, "it was out of the question, for the shark and purser and cook, like a string of Brobdingnag sausages, were floundering in the calm water, close under our counter, all linked together—not quite 'ladies' chain,' by the way, although, from the half-suffocated exclamations of two of the links, it might not inaptly have been called, 'chaine des dames.'"

There is no fun, however, in these old anecdotes to disguise the murderous tragedies of which the most hated and cruel of fish have been guilty. It is conceivable that the sailor should show this detested enemy no mercy when once he captured him; and when we come to consider how seamen have been maimed, tortured, and devoured by sharks, we can forgive the grim practical joke that Jack will sometimes play upon them by what is called "spritsail-yarding," that is, sending the beast adrift with a spar secured athwart its jaws; or by thrusting an old iron pole down its throat, with one end projecting, for the creature to sharpen his teeth upon, and so forcing it to keep a straight wake on the surface.

And now, as to another marine conundrum.

It is not long since that the master of a smack reported that, whilst on his way to the fishing-ground, he sighted a vessel apparently in distress a long way down to leeward. At the time it was blowing fresh, and the sea was rather high, in addition to which there was a constant pouring of dusky, wing-like vapour out of the windward horizon which was neither rain nor fog, though its atmospheric influence will presently be noticed. The smack, on approaching the vessel, found her to be a foreign barque of about seven hundred tons; she had lost her fore and mizen topgallant masts, and her main-yard and main-topmast were "fished." She was under small canvas, and she was manageable; but her crew were evidently in want of help, and as the smack passed under her stern, she was hailed and addressed by a man in high boots and a fur cap, but in language which might have been ancient Greek for all the smack-master knew. It was then about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the darkness of an early night was drawing on. The smack luffed in order to approach the barque, that had hauled

her wind for some purpose not intelligible; but the breeze and the sea were increasing, and, whilst the fisherman was manœuvring to close the foreigner, that he might ascertain if possible the nature of his requirements, the darkness gathered in a sort of thickness which nevertheless left the sea visible to some distance with the barque upon it, pitching and rolling, and standing close-hauled to the north and east, glooming up into a shadow that might have made her pass for an old line-of-battle ship. The smack was looking up well for her, when suddenly the foreigner fired a rocket, then a second, then a third—all of them quickly, one after another; but when the smacksmen withdrew their eyes from the ball of light sailing away to leeward, they found the barque gone. They stared, peering eagerly to right and left for any vestige of the vessel, but nothing was discernible. They shifted their helm, and went rolling and lurching about in the neighbourhood of the spot where she had vanished, but to no purpose. Yet they could not satisfy themselves that she had foundered. Her hull had shown well out of water; they had only required to glance along her sides to know that the pumps aboard her were not manned; in addition to which she was a timber-built craft, and therefore unlikely to sink with the out-of-hand rapidity with which iron ships go down. After a long hunt, the smacksmen gave up, and trimmed sail to continue their voyage; but their amazement may be conceived when, three hours later, they passed this identical barque in tow of a couple of smacks! They hailed one of the smacks, but, though an answer was returned, it was indistinguishable, owing to the violence of the wind, the distance, and the loud creaking and washing noises all about.

I think there can be no doubt that this mysterious marine disappearance of an elderly foreign barque was

due to a cause which mariners would do well to observe and make notes of—that is, an atmospheric deception caused by a roll of vapour, thin at the point of contact, so as to dim without concealing an object, but gradually thickening until a vessel disappears in it, though the horizon shadowed by night seems to express its normal circle, because the eye fails to mark through the tumbling of the sea, through the gloom, and through other causes which become more defined in proportion as the vessel on which the spectator stands is small, the disunion of the sea-line occasioned by the breadth and length of vapour upon the water. These tendril-like arms or feelers of fogs may, by their localization, be likened to the small whirlwind which will sweep past a vessel's stern within biscuit's throw, and present in miniature the rage and character of a cyclone. What the little whirlwind is to the revolving tempest, the measurable extension of fog that leaves visible the greater portion of the ocean circle is to the vapour which obscures heaven and earth, concealing all things. The tradition of the "Phantom Ship" may have had its origin in one of these mysterious disappearances and reappearances, though Captain Marryat would attribute the legend to the Dutch. Be this as it may, the theory is reasonable that, when a ship which one moment is seen gliding under full sail over the ocean, and in the next has vanished so utterly as to lead every one who saw her to suppose that she was foundering, is met again next day, or perhaps a week after, still under full sail, and all hands apparently in the best of health, the superstitious minds and imaginations of the old race of seamen, be they Dutch or be they English, would not take long to invent a story for such a very odd coming and going of a substantial ship. And what could be

more probable than that the craft should be a phantom vessel, perpetually struggling to windward and dissolving or taking shape at will, in strict correspondence with the time-honoured practice of spectres?

Yet, whatever may be the natural laws governing these fog-created perplexities, the law of humanity should certainly be annexed to them as a condition of their existence. It is not always wise for a shipmaster to suppose because a vessel suddenly disappears that she has foundered. Over and over again you read how such and such a steamer or sailing-vessel encountered a craft with a colour in her rigging; how the sea was too high to permit of close approach; and how all on a sudden she vanished, "whence," concludes the typical deponent, "we supposed that she had gone down with all hands." Then a day or two later the same craft, described clearly enough by the steamer or sailing-vessel to establish her identity, was encountered by the smack *Josephine*, of Brixham, or the tug *Haulyer*, of London, and safely brought into Plymouth or Sunderland. It is rational, indeed, that, in these days of prompt founderings, a sailor should come to the conclusion that the iron vessel he has been watching has sunk to the bottom because he can no longer see her. Nevertheless, even the well-deck cargo-boat, loaded down to the uttermost limits of flotation, ought to be allowed a chance; for though it be a hundred to one that, when the eye which has been watching her fails to see her, she has taken one of those headers which cease to be remarkable because they are so common, yet the chance in favour of the deception of fog should be given her, because there is that single probability that she may reappear by-and-by, and so afford her crew an opportunity of being rescued.

Fog or thick weather, as another form of it is called, is the worst enemy the mariner has to encounter. Yet, in spite of the perils it begets, a genuine steam-white sea-fog is sometimes so full of beauties of revelation that the ocean has few finer sights to offer. It is, of course, extremely hard—if it be not impossible—for a Londoner to suppose that fogs of any kind have the least imaginable charm. Used to a depression of vapour, coloured by all sorts of disgusting ingredients, to the complexion of the River Thames off the Isle of Dogs, vainly must he exert his imagination to suppose that fog can be anything else than a compound of soot and sulphur just sufficiently attenuated to enable a man to respire, but nevertheless as thickly stocked with irritants and depressents as to keep the eyes and nose tingling as from snuff, and to subdue the mind to the most melancholy reflections. A sea-fog, however, is a very different matter. There is often a blue heaven over it, and the sun shining, and the fog then, though impenetrable, is like steam, with millions of silvery particles floating in it, and a sort of purification in the higher folds, as if the azure beyond were breaking through; whilst it might be inhaled without perception of its existence, so absolutely pure is it, if it were not for the eye that witnesses it. Fogs of this kind do not cause mysterious disappearances; they reverse the procedure of the limb of vapour that obscures an object, whilst it seems to leave the whole ocean visible; in other words, they are at times magical in their revelations. As a rule, it is calm, wintry weather when these strange enfoldments descend in their glistening smother of whiteness, and as they almost imperceptibly settle away into the quarter towards which the faint draught or current of air is moving, they will gently rise like

a gleaming curtain, and bit by bit reveal the world in sunshine.

It is often worth hours of observation to mark the disclosure of a distant length of cliff, stealing out foot by foot, now green, now gray, now white, until presently the whole stretch of it is revealed, with lines of snow upon the verdure on its summit, the blue sky beyond it, the blue water at its base, with here and there a red sail becalmed, whilst the sun finds a mirror in the water over which the fog is stealing away as though it were some element of the chaos from which this sparkling world of sea and sky and cliff has sprung. Another charming revelation again with which the sea-fog will delight the eye is its revelation as it lifts off a vessel. She may have been lying becalmed within half a mile of the craft from which she is seen; but if ever, in that thickness, the "cheep" of a block, the flap of a sail, or the cry of a man were heard, the sound seemed pure delusion, for the impossibility not alone of seeing anything whence it could proceed, but of guessing the direction from which it came. Presently, however, the vapour thins, the azure in it grows more defined, a glare of sunshine flashes in the near water, and there looms out, from the dimness of a fantasy into the sharpness of a reality, a full-rigged ship close enough to hail, catching the sunshine in a blaze from the water-line to her trucks, and making, with her stirless canvas, her black rigging, and the iridescent hues of her own image under her, a stately and beautiful object against the wall of blankness that moves slowly away beyond her.

Yet, in spite of all this, fog is a thing, whether on shore or at sea, but particularly at sea, people would not greatly miss if Nature grew capricious and changed the conditions which bring it to pass. It is certain, at all

events, that vessels may have been thought to founder, and under that impression left to founder in reality after a while, because a sudden drift of fog, helped by the evening shadow or the gloom of a clouded sky, has enveloped and hidden them long enough to render reasonable the presumption that they have sunk.

SEA STORIES.

EVERY one who has read the voyage to Brobdingnag remembers the passage in which Swift exhibits his nautical knowledge. It has been said that sailors have been deceived by the clever muddle of marine terms; but this I take leave to doubt. No seaman could discern the least sense in the language. To "belay the fore down haul," to "haul off upon the laniard of the whipstaff," to "bring the ship to under foresail and mainsail;" and later on, "under mizen, main topsail and fore topsail," with the "mizen tack" to windward, and then whilst hove-to "to keep her full and bye," sound unquestionably very nautical; but there is no satire in the description, because there is no sense in it; and to pretend that any mariner could have taken it seriously is a notion that should find no further place in treatises on the famous Dean's writings. But it is a jumble that might very easily deceive a landsman. Greater blunders have been made in books about the sea, and very honestly submitted by the authors as accurate representations of the maritime calling. Unfortunately for writers who really know all about the sea, who have "gone through the mill and come out ground," and who have learnt in suffering what they teach in song; unfortunately for such men the people of this great maritime nation cannot distinguish between

what is true and what is absurd. They take for granted that the settling or furling of such and such canvas, the behaviour of the vessel, the manœuvring of her under such and such conditions of weather, are all correct because they know nothing about it, and find it all duly set forth in print. Books which no sailor could endure to read, have been perused with applause, have passed through many editions, and may yet be bought at prices ranging from 3*s.* 6*d.* down to 6*d.* One consequence of the writings of the tribes of men and women who have dealt with the sea has been the depression of the marine novel to the level of the intelligence of boys. The spacious and glorious deep, whose thrilling, whose noble, whose beneficent inspirations come from its blue and boundless breast to the heart of the student even as the lights of heaven fall upon the worshipful and enthusiastic spirit of the astronomer; that vast expanse, symbol of the eternity we contemplate when we gaze skywards, has been crowded by ignorant human invention with vulgar incidents, with spiritless traditions, with coarse poetic fancies based upon 'longshore observation of the mighty world of waters, so that it does not and never yet has appealed to us as the land has been made to appeal by the exquisite perceptions of such men as Milton and Wordsworth and Keats. Who are the poets of the deep? Their names may be counted upon the fingers of one hand: they are Herman Melville, and I rank him first; Michael Scott; Dana, the author of "Two Years before the Mast," and Mr. George Cupples, the author of "The Green Hand." These men are great in their special walk; and they are great not only because they have interpreted the meanings of the ocean and informed the ships and calling they write about with the spirit of the sea, even as the song of the wind in the rigging of a

vessel becomes a part of her life as she leans before the blast, but they have written, three of them, as seamen also: as men who have eaten and drunk with sailors, who know the few pleasures, the long hardships of the life, whose intimacy with Nature at sea ranges from her wildest to her sweetest moods, from the black hurricane of the North Atlantic to the moonlighted calm of the Doldrums. Of course it cannot be pretended that Michael Scott had the special seafaring knowledge that Dana, for instance, possessed; but no man could have written "Tom Cringle's Log" whose acquaintance with the sea and ships and sailors was not as thorough as that of men who had passed years in the calling. These men wrote in prose—they are not the less poets for that—and they are true to the life in the scores of lovely pictures they have given us. Byron was a great poet; yet I know no such illustration to show how far his art may be vitiated by ignorance of his subject, spite of noble language and rhymes, and vivid, beautiful, pathetic touches as his famous "Shipwreck," in "Don Juan," which, by being compounded of extracts from a collection of shipwrecks (probably Archibald Duncan's, published in 1804), will not bear the criticism of a seaman. Byron could swim—Byron was fond of the sea—he sneered at the Lake poets when they deviated into nautical imagery, but he was no sailor; he took Swift's view of the calling, and picking out odds and ends from a dozen records of marine catastrophes, he offered a picture which, for truthfulness, cannot compare with the wonderful oceanic spirit and atmosphere that you find in the "The Ancient Mariner," the composition of a poet who actually needed to stand on board a ship in motion to find out whether the "furrow," in other words "the wake," followed free or streamed off free!

As a man who went to sea in the merchant service

when little more than a child, and who stuck to the calling to the age of twenty, who for seven and a half years ate bad pork and beef, scrubbed decks, slushed masts, and underwent the whole routine, from furling the mizen royal to helping to pass the weather main topsail earring in days when topsails were single sails, I claim a right to complain with some bitterness of those writers who, knowing nothing about the sea, write marine stories in one, two, or three volumes, and so go on sinking the maritime literature of this country by another and yet another stone fastened to it. Girls may read of captains singing out to "'vast pumping," whilst the carpenter peers with one eye down the well to see how high the water stands in it; girls may read of such things, I say, and consider with the author that the well of a ship is like the well in a back yard; and they may also read of the flying jibboom having been furled during a squall, and of a spare rudder having been got out of the maintop when the ship struck and flung the man at the wheel down the fore-hatch; and they may wonder how men can be found willing to enter into such a dangerous calling as the ocean. But blunders of this nature become very injurious in course of time. Most circles have nautical friends: the current sea-books are talked about, are cruelly laughed at, and flung to the boys, who become critical too, and absolutely disdainful. So that my fear comes to this: if sea-novelists will not make up their minds to go to sea as sailors, and learn to be correct by pulling and hauling and going aloft and the like, even the little boys will give us up, and the end of it must be that the greatest maritime nation in the world will have no other marine literature but the novels of Marryat and one or two others; for we must remember that Cooper, Dana, and Melville belong to the Americans.

Whether the stock of novels we possess, so far as the Navy is concerned, will suffice, it is difficult to conjecture. Naval changes since the days of Marryat are so great that I know of no condition of the old life such as he wrote about that still lingers. Another Marryat should seem to be wanted for this iron age; only, were such another to arise, what will be his materials? It must be admitted that there is very little romance to be found in the Royal Navy nowadays. All the old seaman-like conditions which one expected to find on the quarter-deck have changed their character, and must now be sought in the engine-room. Manœuvres are effected by propellers, not by tacks and sheets and braces. And, as if this were not enough to accentuate and utterly confirm the change that has been worked by the marine engine, you have as a great proportion of State ships the very ugliest vessels that were ever launched since the days of Noah's Ark. Besides, there never can be any more fighting as in the days of old. Even ramming, or its opposite, the long shot, from pieces of eighty and one hundred tons will probably yield to the submerged explosive; and we shall have to turn to the old naval chronicles to recall that the time was when engagements at sea were matters of pure seamanship; when opposing ships rubbed their channels together yard-arm to yard-arm; and when victory in single actions was nearly always decided by the boarding party and the deadly pike, the weapon that has achieved more for England than all her guns, cutlasses, and muskets put together. It is because of this wonderful marine transformation that Marryat is one of the few novelists by the extinction of whose works our national literature would be a heavy loser. His fiction is much more historical than history; and in his pages we have such pictures of life aboard the old line-of-battle ships, frigates, ten-gun brigs,

cutters, and what not; there is so much vivid depicturing of cockpit existence, forecastle yarning, masthead emotions, and of the wonderful capers which used to be cut by midshipmen, that a man fresh from the perusal of Marryat's novels might fairly feel that he pretty well knew as much about the Royal Navy, as it was fifty years ago, as if, like Midshipman Easy, he had argued the point with first lieutenants, or, like Percival Keene, raised an alarm of fire on board ship by burning a purser's wig. Marryat's is a wonderful art. There is no poetry in him such as you find in Michael Scott or Cupples; he always writes as if he were on the broad grin, and as if the yarn he is working his way through is a joke and nothing else. When he tries his hand at sentiment he cuts an awkward figure; his heroes make love with the bluntness of a forecastle hand courting his Susie; his descriptive passages will not bear comparison with those even of writers who have looked at the sea from the shore without ever being afloat. For, take his description of a wreck in "Newton Forster," a piece of writing he evidently put all that was best of him in that way into, and observe the thinness of its ideas, and how unsuggestive to him is this most suggestive of all topics the mind could deal with:—"And where," he inquires, "is the object exciting more serious reflection than a *wreck?* (the italics are his). The pride and ingenuity of man humbled and overcome; the elements of the Lord occupying the fabric which has set them at defiance; tumbling, tossing, and dancing, as if in mockery of their success; the structure but a few hours past as perfect as human intellect could desire, towering with its proud canvas over space, and bearing man to greet his fellow-man over the *surface of death!* dashing the billows from her stem, as if in scorn, whilst she pursued her trackless way; bearing tidings of peace and

security, of war and devastation—tidings of joy or grief, affecting whole kingdoms and empires as if they were but individuals! Now the waters delight in their revenge, and sparkle with joy as the sun shines upon their victory. That keel which, with the sharpness of a scythe, has so often mowed its course through the reluctant wave, is now buried—buried deep in the sand which the angry surge accumulates each minute, as if determined that it never will be subject to its weight."

There is nothing in this and what follows to excite much admiration; but when he quits a job he is but a poor hand at for humorous scenes, for descriptions of life on shipboard, of encounters between ships, of slaving, of practical joking, who so admirable? who so inimitable? After Dickens, I know no author whose characters are so clear cut, who leaves so completely the impression that they are real people, whom one thinks of as personal and even dear friends. He gives us a portrait, more suggestive than an elaborate painting could be in a few lines; as for instance: "Mr. Dragwell was the curate of the parish, a little fat man with bow legs, who always sat upon the edge of a chair, leaning against the back and twiddling his thumbs before him." All his strokes are in this brief form, and just as Michael Scott is out and away his master in his descriptions of the sea and the land—notably the tropical magnificence of the scenery of the West Indies—so Marryat, in his power of putting his personages before you in a few sentences, is miles ahead of the Scotchman who fills, for example, one knows not how many pages with a tedious drawing (in the "Cruise of the Midge,") of Commodore Oakplank and Lieutenant Sprawl. But the comfort the sailor gets in reading Marryat is, that he finds every manœuvre, every order, every account of sea adventure, right. Routine,

of course, has vastly changed since the days of "Peter Simple;" but no landsman can follow Marryat without the sense that here is an author who perfectly understands his subject, and whose pictures, widely as they differ from to-day's discipline and practice, may be implicitly accepted; albeit the reader who thus confides in him should not be able to explain the difference between the main-tack and the fore-sheet. It is not hard to account for his popularity; he not only paints to the life; his humour is overwhelming; his fun is rich, naïve, perfectly sailor-like; one recalls the jokes, the horse-play, the fine comedy touches, the farcical absurdities in which his novels abound, again and again, and always with hearty laughter. There are chapters in "Peter Simple," "Midshipman Easy," "Newton Forster," and "Percival Keene," which to my fancy are infinitely droller than anything in Smollett, though here too we have as great a humorist as ever wrote in the English language. Who but a real genius could have put Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, before you as Marryat did? What deep and sly perception of character there is in the creation of Mr. Midshipman Easy and his father! Then take such fine comedy as the scene in "Newton Forster," where a young midshipman, at the time mastheaded, becomes a lord by the sudden death of his father. The effect of the news upon the mind of the tuft-hunting captain, who reproves the first lieutenant for sending the boy to the masthead, the lieutenant's indignation, the confusion of ideas which follows when the midshipman meets the captain, form an amazingly clever incident—but one only of hundreds which may be read in Marryat's novels. Now and then, indeed, you meet with a passage that comes very near to a poetic rendering of ocean incident. I take the club-hauling description in "Peter

Simple" to be one of these; but such touches are widely sundered. We read Marryat because of his sailorly accuracy, his fine arch humour, his plots, which please in spite of their being a good deal alike—in spite of the heroines being usually in a situation of danger when the youthful heroes first encounter them, and in spite of the most boyish intelligence being able to foretell after a few chapters that the end of the book will end in a marriage, an income of many thousands a year, and in all probability a title. And most of us read him also because he was one of those authors who, when we were boys, gilded our imagination and shaped the course of romance oceanwards to where the deep blue sea of our childlike fancy lay with a shaft of silver in its heart, under the high white sun and the cloudless azure dome; and also because he is endeared to us by association, and by memories which put the wholesome sweetness of a little pathos into our laughter when we turn over his merry pages, full of fighting and love-making and "larking," and think of what lies between the days when we hid ourselves away to devour his stories, and the Now that is upon us.

He could not be spared. One novel of his is worth all Brenton and James put together, in its power of showing us how our grandsires won their astounding naval victories. And, in a sense, Michael Scott is equally worthy of immortality, because he too has given us superb records of how Englishmen fought in the days of oak and canvas; with accuracy and without exaggeration, like Marryat, drawing faithful and admirable likenesses of the noble tars of his day, and leaving to the Incledons and T. P. Cookes of the stage, the Douglas Jerrolds of the drama, and the hundred-and-one fresh-watermen of the nautical novel, the unenviable task of

making the public suppose that the typical British seaman is little better than a common blackguard, with his mouth full of oaths and his head full of rum, yet with the capacity of talking the most unearthly nonsense in big words, when the occasion arises, about the union jack, capstan bars, the roast beef of old England, and the lass that loves a sailor. But, though I honour the memory and genius of Marryat, taste, which may be quite wrong, and conscience, which I know is perfectly sincere, force me to confess that I regard Michael Scott as by far the finer writer and the bigger man. One could certainly wish that he had not been so much under the influence of Byron's genius; that in dealing with his pirates and sea-villains whom he wanted to tinge with romance, he had forgotten all about Conrad and Gulnare, and even Selim and Zuleika. There is no harm in his making his handsome villains Scotsmen, nor in even discovering a Caledonian under the black skin of a negro and the tawny hide of a Don Ricardo Campana; but his love of Byronic melodrama carries him dangerously close to the absurd at times—as, for instance, when Mr. Adderfang, the pirate, in the "Cruise of the Midge," is supposed to die in a thunderstorm. Just before "a strong shiver passed over his face, and his jaw fell," a priest undertook to marry him to a young lady "he had kept company with," named Antonia. The scene is the cell of a prison. The priest says, "Do you take this woman to be your wife?" and Adderfang says, "Yes." "Ha! what is that? A flash of lightning—a piercing shriek echoed through the room, loud above the rolling thunder—and then a convulsive giggle—something fell heavily on the floor —the wind howled—the lights were blown out—'Ave Maria purissima—sancta madre—soy ciega, soy ciega!' (Holy Mother of God, I am struck blind!) The un-

fortunate girl had indeed been struck blind by the electric fluid, and was now writhing sightless on the floor."

One or two combinations of pirates and thunderstorms, death-bed marriages stopped by flashes of lightning, holy fathers, jails, and a variety of those elements for which Matthew Lewis was renowned in his day, might be pardoned. But the "Cruise of the Midge," and "Tom Cringle's Log," are both irradiated by too much blue-fire; the horrors are inevitable, but they are made awful and monstrous by the manner in which the author illuminates them by an array of corpse-lights, and hangs over them, and gloats over them, and garnishes them. A single example will suffice. A bloodhound is tearing at a dead Spaniard:—"Every now and then he would clap his head sideways on the ground, so as to get the back grinders to bear on his prey; and there the creature was, with the dead blue fingers across his teeth, crunching and crunching and gasping, with his mouth full of froth, and blood, and marrow, and white splinters of the crushed bones, the sinews and nerves of the dead limb hanging like bloody cords and threads from—— Bah! you have given us a little *de trop* of this, Master Benjie."

Yes, the author's own judgment cannot be questioned; both in "Tom Cringle" and the "Midge" there is a great deal too much of this; yet at times this sort of agony is piled with wonderful effect, as, for example, in the description in "Tom Cringle" of the action with the slaver. The vessel takes fire during the engagement: scores of slaves are below, unable to get on deck, and many of them lie shrieking in agony from wounds caused by shot poured down upon them. At last she blows up; and then follows a dreadful, a shocking, but a most

magnificently coloured picture. We see the doomed craft going headlong down right in the wake of the setting sun, "whose level rays make the thick dun wreaths that burst from her as she disappears, glow with the hue of the amethyst;" and then, when the water had closed over her in a silver surface, shining like a mirror, whilst all around was dark blue ripple, "a puff of fat black smoke, denser than any we had yet seen, suddenly emerged with a loud gurgling noise from out the deep bosom of the calm sea, and rose like a balloon, rolling slowly upwards until it reached a little way above our mastheads, where it melted and spread out into a dark pall, that overhung the scene of death as if the incense of such a horrible and polluted sacrifice could not ascend into the pure heaven, but had been again crushed back upon our devoted heads as a palpable manifestation of the wrath of Him who hath said, 'Thou shalt not kill.' For a few moments all was silent as the grave. . . . Presently, about one hundred and fifty of the slaves, men, women, and children, who had been drawn down by the vortex, rose amidst numberless pieces of smoking wreck."

Nothing could be finer and truer, in scores of minute touches perceptible to the sailor, than this and many other similar bits in Scott's wonderful stories. He has not, indeed, the humour of Marryat. Much of his fun is little more than broad and coarse farce, in which there is no lack of drink and grinning through collars. His sense of mirth belongs to the Theodore Hook school, or to Hook's age, at all events; there is a deal of tumbling about and sprawling and splashing, intermixed with practical jokes, of which many would be quite impossible out of the pages of a work of fiction. Undeniably he makes one laugh, especially when he deals with the

negroes; but his humour does not dwell in the memory like Marryat's, whilst much of the conversation he puts into the mouths of his people carries a forced, unreal, stagey tone. I think every one must find Michael Scott's main merit to lie in his profound poetic perception of the deep and its mighty surface-wonders of shadow and light, calm and storm. And not that only; he has never been approached in his power of describing a ship. Take his description in the "Cruise of the Midge," of the frigate coming round the point, heaving to, signalling to the crew of the *Midge* up the river, and then gathering way and falling off to secure her former offing; or his picture in "Tom Cringle," of the corvette sailing abreast of the smuggling craft, and keeping away to bring her guns to bear in succession upon the swift little schooner owned by lanky Obed, whose second in command is Paul Brandywine. These and many more such representations are inimitable drawings, full of the richest poetry, which could only be flattened by metre and dulled by rhymes. In knowledge of effect he has no equal that I can think of. The conception of the shark floating high alongside a moving boat, and then sinking slowly into the dark profound as the boat loses way, till nothing but the outline of the malignant beast is visible in the sparkling outline it makes in the phosphorescent water, shows the hand of a master in its cunning to introduce into incidents exactly such minute details as shall give the subtlest vitality to his canvas. He misses nothing when he writes about the sea and ships. I cannot imagine that when he wrote "Tom Cringle's Log" there was anything left for him to learn about the tropical waters he seems to have loved so well, with their marvellous grandeurs of sunsets and sunrises, the tempests of rain flashing up the sea into a sheet of fire, and the framework of the

West Indies regal with mountain and radiant with the glories of a thousand shining growths. I know nothing of this superb writer's life; it remains to be told, and should be told, I think, for I am sure he has countless admirers. I am only conscious that he was in extreme ill health when he wrote "The Midge," which makes the genius in that work a quite marvellous revelation to me; but it must also assure one that had his life been prolonged with a renewal of health, or, at least, of the good spirits he exhibits in "Tom Cringle," our marine literature would have been enriched with more examples of a species of writing it very badly needs.

The tendency of sea-books to fall down to the platform of boys was unpleasantly illustrated to me by a recent edition of "The Green Hand," which I bought for the purpose of this article. I had read this admirable work years ago, in a form that was at all events as much meant for men and women as for children; but I now find it announced on the title-page as "A Sea Story for Boys," as if publishers and author feared that a notice of that kind gave the story its best chance. For boys! Why, half the book at least is made up of descriptions so charming that I do not know where to look to find their parallel, unless I turn to the pages of "Omoo," or "Moby Dick;" and these are just the parts which youngsters, who like movement and fights and hair-breadth escapes, and object to all references to the sun, moon, and stars, would skip. Why should this excellent sea narrative be made to appear as if it were only fit for boys? Imagine "David Copperfield," or "Silas Marner," represented as a "story for the young!" yet the assertion would not be absurder than the statement I find printed on the title-page of "The Green Hand." But Cupples, like Marryat, Cooper, and, to a great extent,

Richard Dana, has to suffer for dealing with a species of fiction which has been miserably degraded, and to an immense extent rendered really only fit for boys by people who have written about the sea in profound ignorance of marine nomenclature and customs, of the character of the sailor, of the elementary principles of seamanship and navigation, and without the least visible capacity of being moved by the grandeur and meanings of the mighty ocean, into whose summer surf they have waded knee-high and not one inch higher. Therefore "The Green Hand" is now offered as a story for boys. But let us not admit this depression of one of the finest narratives in the English language. Let us insist upon hoisting it to the literary masthead again; for if it be too puerile for the perusal of men, then assuredly much of what is best in Byron, much of what is most touching by virtue of its truth in Wordsworth, along with all the best marine yarns by the few masters in that line, ought in justice to be carried up into the nursery for the little ones to thumb, for the very same reason. We quit the man-of-war in this book for the old East Indiaman. The hero, to be sure, is a naval lieutenant, and I could certainly wish, as a merchantman, that Cupples had taken less trouble to glorify one service by the degradation of the other. To represent the chief mate of the ship as a malignant dandy is all very well; but I very strongly object to the picturing of the captain and mates in the employ of famous old John Company as being helplessly inferior as seamen to a young naval lieutenant, and standing idle and confused in squalls and the like, whilst "The Green Hand" bawls the needful instructions to the men under cover of the darkness. Moreover, one should say that the barest probability is very gravely violated when we find a ship outward-bound to the East

Indies close in with the West African coast, and skipper and mates wildly wrong in their reckoning. In what longitude vessels crossed the Equator in those times I do not know; but I suppose that the practice was pretty much as it is now with sailing-ships, and that they would aim rather for Cape St. Roque than Cape Roxo. But even assuming that these be blemishes, which need not necessarily be the case, who will find fault with them when he marks their brilliant and beautiful surroundings? Nothing, surely, could be finer than the second chapter of the novel, in which the appearance of the *Gloucester* is described as the evening shadows close around her; when—"high out of and over all rose the lofty upper outline of the noble ship, statelier and statelier as the dusk closed in about her—the expanse of canvas whitening with sharper edge upon the gloom; the hauled-up clews of the main course, with their huge blocks, swelling and lifting to the fair wind—and the breasts of the topsails divided by the tightened bunt-lines, like the shape of some full-bosomed maiden, on which the reef-points heaved like silken fringes, as if three sisters, shadowy and goddess-like, trod in each other's steps towards the deeper solitude of the ocean."

What image could be more perfect? and yet this is but a fragment of a sketch, every line of which is instinct with the poetry that comes from the sea to one who has looked at her with love; who, in many a quiet or stormy hour has held commune with the noble fabric whose deck he walked; who has interpreted the midnight voices of the wind in the invisible tracery on high; who has beheld a hundred marvellous meanings, and been inspired by a hundred solemn inspirations in and by the procession of vast ocean waves melting into snow as they roll, in the loneliness of leagues of moonlit calm, in the flaming

splendours of the sun rising and setting, in the wild flying of the small green moon through the smoke-like scud rushing athwart the stars on the wings of the gale. The seamanship in this book is not, indeed, very good; and some of the sailors are painted with a very black brush. The manners are old-fashioned; young ladies say "Sir" to young gentlemen; "Griffins" are very considerably accentuated; and the judge is the surliest and most tyrannical old rogue I ever met with in fiction. But Violet Hyde is a sweet creature; plenty of fun is got out of the passengers, notably the Yankee, Daniel Snout; and there is surely nothing droller in anecdotic lore than the incident of the shark and Mrs. Brady's dog. And as a record of life at sea, in a passenger vessel fifty or sixty years ago, "The Green Hand" is not less valuable than the best of Marryat's novels, which deals with naval life as it was much about the same period. The transformation that has been wrought by time in the navy is matched by the mercantile marine in its passenger service. We don't take four or five months to get to India now; we skip the Cape, and sail through the desert, and our vessels do not lift mountains of white canvas to the sky, but are sumptuously furnished hotels, built of iron, and driven by steam against a head-wind much faster than a whole gale could have impelled the swiftest of those old East Indiamen which Cupples writes so delightfully about. The change is prodigious; and it is well that we have such accurate and stirring memorials of the past as "The Green Hand," to enable us to understand whether we are better off, and if so, how much we are better off, than our grandfathers were when they took ship for foreign parts.

In the same way, many of Fenimore Cooper's sea novels are useful; only, unfortunately, the American

does not possess the fine poetic insight of Cupples. In such books as "Homeward Bound," "Afloat and Ashore," and others of Cooper's tales, the Atlantic passenger clipper lives, and we are enabled to contrast the old-fashioned passage of over six weeks across the Atlantic with the present passage of a few hours over six days. Cooper has written a great number of sea stories, and to point out what is good and bad in them would fill many pages. I cannot profess myself much of an admirer of his writings. His style is ponderous, and rather priggish; his sea-pictures are full of inaccuracies; he has little or no humour; and I believe the only narrative of his in which a sailor could pick but few holes is "Ned Myers," the whole of which, he himself declares, he took down from the dictation of a man who had been at sea with him. "The Pilot," I believe, is the most popular of his works. It was received with prodigious applause in this country on its appearance, which probably convinced Mr. Fenimore Cooper how profoundly insensible the people of the greatest maritime nation in the world were to the nautical absurdities of the book. The character of Long Tom Coffin has been praised as a very fine creation; but I will venture to say that if the like of such a man were at any period to have shipped aboard a vessel as able seaman, or in any other capacity, he would have been sent ashore by the captain as a lunatic. Compare this seaman of Cooper with the sailors of Dana. The one invents a stage mariner, and makes him growl out a lot of stilted talk, and move his cadaverous body about like some cheap tragedian at a country theatre; the other gives you Jack as he is, as he has always been, and as he is bound to remain, until the slowly shifting conditions of his life have blackened his face and sent him to live with a shovel in his hand in the

bunkers. There are unquestionably some fine dramatic scenes in "The Pilot," though a haunting sense of improbability—I will not say absurdity—neutralizes much of the effect they would have produced had Cooper gone to work more conscientiously. The oddest ideas of discipline prevail in this book, considering the vessels are men-of-war. The first lieutenant insults the pilot; the pilot orders him off with much such a gesture as Coleridge's Ancient Mariner would have made with his long, lank hand; and the captain of the frigate is submitted as a perfect old woman whose capacity as a seaman Cooper never doubts, but whom he allows the first lieutenant—and for that matter everybody else who is so "dispoged"—to talk to as if he were a sort of ship's idiot whom all hands are allowed to laugh at. Royals are loosed and set when a gale of wind is approaching; and in the thick of the smother a jib made of duck is hoisted, and very properly blows out of the bolt-rope; the frigate manages to steer safely enough into an intricate part of the coast without a pilot, but cannot get out without one; the tops are hailed to ascertain which way the wind is blowing; the schooner and frigate come within hail, a heavy swell is rolling, and the vessels are under sail, yet in spite of the distracting sounds which arise from the beating and flapping of canvas against masts in a calm, an observation made in a very low voice on board the schooner is distinctly heard on board the frigate; then the courses are suspended "in the brails," when brails are only used for fore and aft canvas, such as spankers, trysails, and the like; again, the frigate, close-hauled under close-reefed topsails, "dashes at a prodigious rate through the waves." The seamanship which these samples (selected from dozens of specimens I have no room for) illustrate naturally goes to work in the matter of sea-fights with the same

result as regards the judgment of nautical readers. The American schooner and an English cutter engage; the English are deplorably beaten—as they always were in marine encounters, of course—but they rally for an instant only to witness their commander pinned to the mast by the harpoon of Long Tom Coffin (fancy a man-of-warsman always wandering about with a harpoon in his hand!), "whereupon a few of the Englishmen stood chained to the spot in silent horror at the sight, but most of them fled to the lower deck or hastened to conceal themselves in the secret parts of the vessel, leaving to the Americans the undisputed possession of the *Alacrity*." But this is mere trifling compared to what follows. A British line-of-battle-ship, mounting ninety guns, arises, and the American frigate receives her broadside. The Yankee makes haste, very wisely, to take to her heels; but lo! to leeward are two frigates, one of which in passing she almost knocks to pieces, not smashing the enemy's bowsprit short off as an ordinary frigate would, but tearing it bodily out of the bows, as if it were a decayed tooth, and letting it drop overboard, whilst she engages the other in a running fight, eventually saving herself, after the manner of our own De Saumarez, by rushing through a long narrow foaming channel into which the Englishman, though in his own waters, had not the pluck to follow him. As to the pilot himself, I can only say that if his real name was Paul Jones, he must, as a freebooter, have been but a poor creature. He is invariably lost in reverie when his attention as a pilot is most needed; he gasps out stage talk in the ears of the justly bewildered American officers when he ought to be singing out orders; he professes to have a name which, were he to yell it forth to the crew of the British frigate, would paralyze their efforts and cause them to haul down

their flag with many apologies for daring to oppose such an awful and murderous creature. Cooper pleases and has pleased, and is to this day read and admired by thousands; but, speaking from a sailor's point of view, I really have no words to express the delight with which I quit his novels for the narratives of his countrymen, Dana and Herman Melville.

Whoever has read the writings of Melville must, I think, feel disposed to consider "Moby Dick" as his finest work. It is indeed all about the sea, whilst "Typee" and "Omoo," are chiefly famous for their lovely descriptions of the South Sea Islands, and of the wild and curious inhabitants of those coral strands; but though the action of the story is altogether on shipboard, the narrative is not in the least degree nautical in the sense that Cooper's and Marryat's novels are. The thread that strings a wonderful set of fancies and incidents together is that of a whaler, whose master, Captain Ahab, having lost his leg by the teeth of a monstrous white whale, to which the name of Moby Dick has been given, vows to sail in pursuit of his enemy. The narrator embarks in the ship that is called the *Pequod*, which he describes as having an "old-fashioned, claw-footed look about her." "She was apparelled like any barbaric Ethiopic Emperor, his neck heavy with pendants of polished ivory. She was a thing of trophies. A cannibal of a craft, tricking herself forth in the chased bones of her enemies. All round her unpanelled, open bulwarks were garnished like one continuous jaw, with the long sharp teeth of the sperm-whale, inserted there for pins to fasten her old hempen thews and tendons to. Those thews ran not through base blocks of land wood, but deftly travelled over sheaves of ivory. Scorning a turnstile wheel at her reverend helm she sported there a tiller; and that tiller

was in one mass, curiously carved from the long narrow jaw of her hereditary foe. The helmsman, who steered by that tiller in a tempest, felt like the Tartar when he holds back his fiery steed by clutching its jaw. A noble craft, but somehow a most melancholy! All noble things are touched with that."

Melville takes this vessel, fills her full of strange men, and starts her on her insane quest, that he may have the oeean under and around him to muse upon, as though he were in a spacious burial-ground, with the alternations of sunlight and moonlight and deep starless darkness to set his thoughts to. "Moby Dick" is not a sea story—one could not read it as such—it is a medley of noble impassioned thoughts born of the deep, pervaded by a grotesque human interest, owing to the contrast it suggests between the rough realities of the cabin and the forecastle, and the phantasms of men conversing in rich poetry, and strangely moving and acting in that dim weather-worn Nantucket whaler. There is a chapter where the sailors are represented as gathered together on the forecastle; and what is made to pass among them, and the sayings which are put into their mouths, might truly be thought to have come down to us from some giant mind of the Shakspearean era. As we read, we do not need to be told that seamen don't talk as those men do; probabilities are not thought of in this story. It is like a drawing by William Blake, if you please; or, better yet, it is of the "Ancient Mariner" pattern, madly fantastic in places, full of extraordinary thoughts, yet gloriously coherent—the work of a hand which, if the desire for such a thing had ever been, would have given a sailor's distinctness to the portrait of the solemn and strange Miltonic fancy of a ship built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark. In "Typee," and "Omoo," and "Redburn," he takes other

ground, and writes—always with the finest fancy—in a straight-headed way. I am concerned with him only as a seafarer. In "Redburn" he tells a sailor's yarn, and the dream-like figures of the crew of the *Pequod* make place for Liverpool and Yankee seamen, who chew tobacco and use bad language. His account of the sufferings of the emigrants in this book leaves a deep impression upon the mind. His accuracy is unimpeachable here, for the horrors he relates were as well known thirty and forty years ago as those of the Middle Passage were in times earlier still. In "Omoo," again, he gives us a good deal of the sea, and presumably relates his own experiences on board a whaler. He seems proud of his calling, for in "Moby Dick" he says:—"And as for me, if by any possibility there be any as yet undiscovered prime thing in me; if I shall ever deserve any real repute in that small but high-hushed world which I might not be unreasonably ambitious of; if hereafter I shall do anything that, upon the whole, a man might rather have done than left undone; if at my death my executors, or more properly my creditors, find any precious manuscripts in my desk;—then here I prospectively ascribe all the honour and the glory to whaling! for a whale-ship was my Yale College and my Harvard."

He returns to the whaleman in "Omoo," and in his barque, the *Little Jule*, charms the nautical reader with the faithfulness of his portraiture, and the humour and the poetry he puts into it. There is some remarkable character-drawing in this book: notably John Jermin, the mate of the *Little Jule*, and Doctor Long Ghost, the nickname given by the sailors to a man who shipped as a physician, and was rated as a gentleman, and lived in the cabin, until both the captain and he falling drunk, he drove home his views on politics by knocking the skipper

down, after which he went to live forward. He is as quaint, striking, and original a personage as may be found in English fiction, and we find him in the dingy and leaky forecastle of the *Little Jule*, where he is surrounded by coarse and worn whalemen in Scotch caps and ragged clothes, quoting Virgil, talking of Hobbes, "besides repeating poetry by the canto, especially 'Hudibras.'" Yet his portrait does not match that of John Jermin, the mate, whom, spite of his love of rum and homely method of reasoning with a man by means of a handspike, one gets to heartily like and to follow about with laughter as, intoxicated, he chases the sun all over the deck at noon with on old quadrant at his eye, or tumbles into the forecastle after a seaman who has enraged him by contemptuous remarks. Both Melville and Dana, who deal with the merchant service, show us in their books how trifling has been the change in the inner life of the sea during the forty or fifty years since they wrote about it. The merchant sailor of 1884 has still the same complaint to make that was made by his predecessor in 1840, and during many a long year before. "The *Julia's* provisions," says Herman Melville, "were very poor;" and he tells us that the pork looked as if preserved in iron rust, and smelt like stale ragout; that the beef was a mahogany-coloured fibrous substance, tough and tasteless, that the biscuit was broken into hard little gunflints, honeycombed through and through "as if the worms usually infesting this article in long tropical voyages had, in boring after nutriment, come out at the antipodes without finding anything." Their soup consisted of great round peas, polishing themselves like pebbles by rolling about in tepid water; and of their tea he declares himself certain that the Hong merchants never had the shipping of it. To this day, Merchantile Jack is suffering from the

traditional forecastle fare served out to him, supplemented by a niggardliness such as was not known in days when there was less competition in our shipping interests, and when the single-boat company and the managing owner had no existence. He is frequently fed upon victuals which have performed several voyages round the world, and he no longer receives the "tot," or small glass of rum, which in former days helped the old salts to digest food which even an ostrich would look at doubtfully. Sailors were injuriously fed and housed in Melville's day, and they are no better off now. There have been scores of Acts of Parliament relating to them, but the ills of their inner lives have been untouched chiefly because the people who have legislated for them knew absolutely nothing about the forecastle's requirements. To acquaint one's self with such matters, a man must ship as a sailor, eat and live and sleep with foremast hands, know what it is to be washed out of his bunk, to live on foul water and biscuit full of worms, when the bad weather will not allow the cook to light the galley fire that the rancid pork or the five-year-old square of "beef" may be cooked. It will not do for a man who wants to be reckoned a friend of seamen to get his knowledge of the sea out of yachting, and to write books about what Merchantile Jack ought to and ought not to expect in a luxurious cabin, with flunkeys in livery to fill his ink-bottle for him when he has wasted the contents of it. Whenever I read a book or a phamphlet by gentry of this type, I long to send the author to sea for three years in any such capacity before the mast, from A.B. down to cook's mate, as he is able to discharge the duties of. This question of food increases in importance, because the quality of the stuff served out to the men grows worse and worse. Board of Trade surveyors are supposed to supervise the provisions put on board ship;

but how often are the biscuit and beef and the like examined by these functionaries? The neglect indeed is so great, that for a long time it has been the custom of many owners to leave the victualling of the ship to the captain, who finds it good policy, so far as his own interests are concerned, to "buy cheap." It is well indeed when men who have suffered the experiences and preserved the knowledge of sailors write books about the sea, that they should include all harsh facts which may help to teach the world what the mariner's life is. Dana and Melville have written thus, and whatever they say is stamped with genius and truth. The ocean is the theatre of more interests than boys would care to follow. We laugh with Marryat; we read Cooper for his "plots;" we find much that is dashing and flattering to our patriotism in the "Tom Bowlings," and "Will Watches," and "Tough Yarns," and "Topsail Sheet-blocks;" in the sprawling and fighting and drinking school of sea yarns; but when we turn to Dana and Melville, we find that the real life of the sea is not to be found between yellow covers adorned with catching cuts; that all the romance does not lie in cocked-hats and epaulets, but that by far the largest proportion of the sentiment, the pathos of the deep, the bitterness and suffering of the sailor's life, must be sought in the gloomy forecastle of the humble coaster, in the deckhouses of the deep-laden cargo-steamer, in the crew's dwelling-place on board the big ship trading to Australia and India and China. It is because only two or three writers have kept their eye steadfastly on this walk of the marine calling, and it is because all the rest who have written about the sea have represented the sailor as a jolly, drinking, dancing, sky-larking fellow, that the shore-going public have come to get the wildest, absurdest notion of Jack's real character and professional life. For one who reads Dana and Mel-

ville, thousands read Marryat, and Michael Scott, and Chamier, and Hannay, and Neale. It is in these books that we find Jack always on the broad grin, always smart in pumps for cutting capers, always yarning and smoking and lounging, unless drubbing the French: "Pass the grog," he says:—

> "Pass the grog! pass the grog! your sailor is a jolly dog,
> Ever laughing, ever gay, sings at night and works by day;
> Cares no more for wounds and wealth
> Than doctors for their patients' health."

Yes, it is always passing the grog, and singing all night, with lovely Sue to join in the chorus! And this great maritime nation has for generations accepted all this sort of thing as true of Jack's calling, just as on the stage they dress up a man meant to play the part of a merchant sailor in the dress of a naval blue-jacket! But it is the nautical novelist who has misled the public, who, knowing perfectly what is right, has deliberately melodramatized the unfortunate sailor, whether mercantile or naval, until readers look with incredulity upon the truthful portraits offered them by such men as Dana and Melville, and refuse to regard any representation of a nautical man as correct unless he is constantly swearing, constantly getting tipsy, constantly speaking a language crowded with marine expressions; and unless he makes his bow in a tarpaulin hat at the back of his head, a lanyard round his neck, an immense collar down his back, and a pair of feet scarcely visible in the bell-mouthed trousers which run extravagantly tight to his hips. For example: Captain Chamier was a seaman, and must, consequently, have been well acquainted with the character of sailors; he must have heard them converse hundreds of times; and yet, in spite of his well knowing that seamen—unless, indeed, they are boys making their first voyage—seldom

or never load their talk with professional jargon, any more than soldiers introduce "eyes right" and "shoulder arms," and the like expressions into their conversation; Captain Chamier, I say, puts such a speech as this into the mouth of what he calls a beau ideal of a sailor:— "Go on, Tom, my boy; don't blush so; what does it signify who your father was? If he had been better than you, why, then, I'm blessed if you would not have been like a potato, the best part of you underground; whereas now you're like the tall spars of a line-of-battle ship, seen, first and last, above the hull that bore you, with a good character for carrying your canvas like a stout spar through every squall. So, go on, and keep that blush for pretty Susan when we get into harbour."

This old country has produced many thousands of sailors in her time, and there are many thousands still living; but I will venture to say that never since she became a naval power was there a sailor, whether serving under the white or red ensign, who made such a speech, off the stage, as the above that is put into the mouth of a "beau ideal" of a tar by a man who knew the life. One forgives absurdities in landsmen when they deal with the sea, though I am of opinion that writers make a fatal mistake in handling what they have no knowledge of. It was but the other day that I was reading "Foul Play," by the late Charles Reade. The story is profoundly interesting, and full of that high and original talent for which Charles Reade was distinguished. There is a great deal about the sea in it, and all about the sea is full of nonsense. The cocksureness of the author could not fail to render the blunders doubly ludicrous. The ship leaves Sydney and makes slow progress, "being close-hauled, which was her worst point of sailing." A sailor would appreciate this explanation of slow progress! The vessel, though

apparently a fine large ship, has only one mate! Probably the second mate was the carpenter, but we are not told so. Then this only mate has several barrels of spirits stowed away in his cabin, and by means of them he keeps the skipper continuously drunk. The mate goes below, presumably into the after-peak, to scuttle the ship. It is blowing very fresh; the ship is plunging and rolling heavily; yet, despite all the noise raised by boiling seas and thunderous canvas, the hero on deck can distinctly hear the sounds caused by the mate plugging with a mallet the holes he had bored with an auger. Then, to take soundings, the skipper "chalks a plumb-line," and drops it into the well. A vessel is "canted" that her decks may be washed. It is evident by what follows that the author meant "careened;" but think of careening a ship to "wash down!" Then, speaking of a square-rigged vessel, a sailor says, "Somebody got into the chains to sound, and cut the lee halyards; next tack the masts went over the side." Why a man should take the trouble to descend into the channels to cut away the "lee halyards," and why the masts should go overboard on the next tack because the "lee halyards" are literally "all gone," I confess I do not understand. But these and the like errors are a landsman's; the manifest faith shown by the writer in the accuracy of the crowds of blunders he makes is certainly very droll; but they are not half so mischievous in their effects of filling the public mind with a world of nonsensical opinions and ideas about ships and sailors and their duties, as the caricatures of seamen which have come from pens wielded by writers who were sailors by profession.

Dana was the first man to look at the sea-life as a real thing, and to make the world know it as a real thing.

America should be proud of that triumphant book, "Two Years before the Mast." We are a great maritime people; the oceans of the world are our realm, and every billow that rolls from north to south, from east to west, carries a British interest along its liquid path. Is it not wonderful that we should have waited for a Yankee student to show us how to write a book that should be true to the sailor, true to the ship he sails in, true to the great deep he navigates? For my part, I heartily begrudge Boston her famous "yarner," and for the honour of this country could wish that his grand sea-picture had the union-jack hanging over it instead of the eagle that is perched for all time upon its frame. The difference between "Two Years before the Mast" and most of the nautical novels which have been written on this side the Atlantic is the difference between the marine drama as we are accustomed to witness it in London and provincial theatres and the calling it caricatures. Dana's book is a solid fact from beginning to end—not one jot more so because it forms a collection of his experiences when at sea, than because of the superb sailor-like spirit, the exquisite accuracy, and the great-hearted sympathy that every page is full of. "I vowed," he says, after describing the flogging on board the *Pilgrim*—"I vowed that if God should ever give me the means, I would do something to redress the grievances and relieve the sufferings of that class of beings with whom my lot had so long been cast." He could not have gone to work more effectually than by writing "Two Years before the Mast." It was time that somebody showed the public down into the merchant ship's fore-castle, pointed to the bunks in which the sailors sleep, the dripping carlings, the evil-smelling slush-lamp, the water splashing through the scuttle, the poor clothes of the heavily worked men, the infamous food and vile

water on which they subsisted. It was time, I say. No landsman could guess the truth, and those who had suffered, who could speak of the horrors of scurvy from darkness and damp and fare such as a hog might disdain, were ignorant and unable to put their story before the world. But then comes Dana, a fine genius, full of spirit. He ships as a foremast hand in a little brig bound round Cape Horn to the Western American Coast, and he spends two years of his life among sailors, working with them, suffering with them, taking their few poor pleasures with them. We are used to his book now, and since his time plenty of interest has been taken in the merchant service; but I sometimes think that an extraordinary amazement must have been excited among those of the public who cared for sea yarns when "Two Years before the Mast" was first published. By what magic could Dana absorb the attention of his readers by a plain, unvarnished narrative of forecastle life in a little brig? But that was not quite it. How did it happen, I dare say people wanted to know, that these poor sailors who so deeply interested them in Dana's work were so utterly unlike the mariners they had been accustomed to read about since the days of Smollett? Where was the Saturday night larking? where the cans of grog? the "wives and sweethearts?" the dancing on the maindeck? the gay uniforms, the handsome middies, the sea-battles, the lovely heroines, and all the rest of the well-known stuff? Instead of this they found a brutal, coarse-mouthed skipper, a couple of mates neither handsome nor sentimental, and forward, an odd collection of rude and rough figures in Scotch caps and old shirts. There was no heroine, there was no fighting, there was nothing more spirited in the way of diversion than a fandango at Santa Barbara; but there was the best of all things in this

world—truth. Because of it, the book went straight home to the heart, and inasmuch as that it is as true in the main of life on board ship to-day as it was when written forty-five years ago, there can be no excuse for any one desiring to write for or against the sailor, not to very fairly understand the nature and duties of Mercantile Jack's life whilst "Two Years before the Mast" remains in print.

Yet let it not be denied that so far as the merchant service is concerned, the need of another Dana grows urgent. Life in a sailing-ship remains much as Dana represents it; but steamers are now plentiful; there is more greed than there used to be, and more maws to satisfy; competition has resulted in a sordidness that is a permanent menace to human life. Another Dana is wanted to give us two years before the mast, not in one, but in several steamers; in the dangerous "well-deck;" in the undermanned tank; in the cheap boat that is sent across the Atlantic in winter furnished with engines scarcely powerful enough to keep her "head on" in half a gale of wind; in the overloaded craft whose covering board is nearly awash as she sneaks clear of the eye of the Board of Trade official; in the steamer into whose hold, in the name of despatch, the cargo has been pitched ready for shifting in the first bit of seaway that is encountered. Another Dana is wanted for the later marine developments of our civilization. Only presuming him to exist, could he be expected to go to sea to learn what he has to write about? I have very little doubt that were Richard Dana, jun., now living, he would own that he would rather face the storms of the two Atlantics and beat round the Horn to the westward in June for several years running in his crazy, little, old, hundred-and-fifty ton brig, *Pilgrim*, than make a single experiment in search of current

nautical experience on board the red and slate-coloured drain-pipes which, classed A1, and insured above their value as compounds of brittle plates, cement and rivets adjusted by the "drift," are daily and hourly hauling out of dock to deliver their cargoes in ports which are very often indeed at the bottom of the sea.

THE DIREST OF ALL SEA PERILS.

Among all the vessels which float on the ocean there is none more familiar than the smack. Every seaside visitor knows her. The town or coast may front a horizon that is vacant of ship or steamer; but it is strange if, at some time of the day, the blue or green waters do not reflect the brown or grey canvas of the fishing-vessel, motionless upon the calm, with her boom crotched, her foresail hauled down, her gaff slowly swaying with the lazy heave of the deep; or one leaning under a weight of wind, with the white water leaping at her stem, her lee rail low, and showing the sloping deck and all its little furniture of pump, winch, companion, tiller, and the square, big-booted fellow grasping it, while the great red mainsail with its tack triced up is swollen hard as a drum-skin with the wind, and drives the streaming hull through the broken hollows of the seas as fast as though a pair of paddle-wheels were urging it. The life of the smacksman is one of great hardship and exposure, and nothing is more intelligible than the sympathy with him and his cause shown by those who have knowledge of his duties and his perils. It is possible to pass a lifetime at a fishing-port and mingle freely with the sturdy fellows who man the smacks without realizing the harsh and trying character of their calling. To do that you must accompany them

to sea—not once but many times. The landsman's notion of the fishing life is obtained by summer glimpses. He sees the vessels sailing away under a crowd of canvas into the sunbright ocean; a hundred features, full of colour and life, are before him: the active crews hauling upon halyards, making the winch rattle as they whirl the crank, or plumping small tubs of boats overboard through the gangway, tumbling into them, and towing the vessels by lines attached to their bowsprit ends, or warping out by ropes made fast to buoys. Perhaps he beholds a tug with half a dozen smacks in tow, dragging them against a spanking head wind that keeps their mainsails slatting and the sheets straining, whilst the spray flies among them in a brilliant haze, and the wake of the labouring steamer seethes in a swirl of snow against the sides of the towed craft. Or, again, it is an autumn picture, still near enough to summer to connect it in the memory with blue skies and genial sunshine, when, as the vessels sweep into the harbour and haul alongside, it is seen that their wells or trunks are full of silver fish, which glitter like brand-new dollars as they are caught up in armfuls and poured into the receptacles in which they are carried ashore. This is pretty much all that the landsman sees of the fishing life; and even those who dwell by the seashore through the freezing and howling winter months, and to whom the storm-driven smack, rising and disappearing upon the boiling and mountainous waters under a shred of canvas as she heads wildly for her port, is one of the most familiar of objects, can conceive but faintly of the heavy risks run, the violent weather encountered, the sufferings endured through frost and wet, and in narrow cramped decks and cabins, by those who shoot the net or drag the trawl for a scanty subsistence.

A steamer, named the *Woodstock*, was on her way from

Ghent to Leith; it was night-time, but it was not stated that the weather was thick or the atmosphere in such a condition as to render it difficult for a vigilant look-out to see some distance ahead and around. The *Woodstock* went driving through the darkness at full speed, when on a sudden a shock was felt, immediately followed by the despairing cries of drowning men. The steamer's engines were at once reversed, and then stopped; ropes' ends, spars, and gratings were thrown overboard, and a boat was launched. But by this time the shouts of the drowning men had ceased. Meanwhile another boat, belonging to the foundered vessel, had come alongside, and four men got on board the steamer. They proved to be the master and three of the crew of the smack *Adventure*, of Grimsby. The *Woodstock's* boat was kept overboard for about twenty minutes, during which she pulled two or three times round the steamer; she was then hoisted on board, and the vessel proceeded. The rescued smacksmen, as well as the crew of the *Woodstock*, declared that they had not seen each other's lights. There is nothing unusual in this: it is, as all who follow the marine reports are well aware, the standing excuse after collision in the dark. It is a statement difficult, if not impossible, to disprove; for how is it to be shown that a man *did* see a light when he declares on his oath that he did *not?* But, for all that, it is one of those excuses which ought not to be admitted in cases of this kind. The question is, not whether a man did or did not see a light, but whether it was there for him to see.

There will always be collisions at sea so long as there are ships afloat to run into one another; and as the ocean becomes more crowded, and as high speeds are more and more regarded as imperative, collisions are scarcely likely to become less numerous. Rules and regulations are of

very little use in helping men to avoid running one another down. They hamper the judgment, which, if left unfettered, might often discover a means of escape; and many a helm has been ported with disastrous results when, had the shipmaster been left free to choose, he would have starboarded, and saved his own or the other ship. A collision, in many instances, is the very last kind of marine accident upon which the landsman has any right to sit in judgment. The hurry, the anxiety, the suddenness, the uncertainty as to what the other vessel means to do, the obligation to shift the helm in accordance with the regulations, and the conviction that if it be so shifted the collision will occur, all combine to give this form of disaster a character which only seafarers can understand, and which seamen will always be found reluctant to adjudge with harshness. But there are some collisions which are the fruits of arrant carelessness and miserable lubberly blundering. What name, for instance, are you to give to the seamanship that carries a steamer at full speed through the water on a dark night without not only establishing a look-out forward, but also taking care, by frequent inspection, that the look-out is wide awake and on the alert? It is useless to seek for palliation in the circumstance of your own lights being well trimmed and burning brightly if you do not provide for other vessels' lights being sighted and reported the instant they heave in view. In former times it was a regular part of the duty of the officer of the watch to hail the forecastle constantly, to make sure that the man there was awake and looking about him. The old dodge of throwing a monkey-jacket over a handspike to look like a man, whilst the owner of the coat sneaked below for a smoke, rarely availed when the mate was worth his salt. What is done now? Aboard the huge lumbering steam coal-

men, whose bows stand up like a foreland point upon the water, is there any look-out ever stationed forward? Is the forecastle ever hailed? Is there any foresight, outside the chance of catching a glimpse of anything ahead over the high nose of the ship, from the bridge, ever exercised? Only the other day the master of a small vessel told how, when his ship was in such and such a place, a steamer came along, heading right at him; he and his men shouted their loudest, but without avail, for there was evidently no look-out kept; but luckily, at the last moment, the steamer shifted her helm and went past the little craft, shaving her quarter and missing her by about a fathom. Such negligence cannot be too severely denounced and punished when disasters are the consequence. It is not only the smacksman who is concerned —the lives of yachtsmen, coasters, all persons who navigate the waters in small vessels, are jeopardized by the rash and lubberly conduct of masters and mates, who will not keep a look-out themselves, and will not take care that their crew do it for them. But possibly, as the case of the *Adventure* shows, the smack may be the worst sufferer, owing to the nature of her work, which obliges her to lie hove-to and drifting to leeward of her nets for hours and hours—a sure victim of any unseamanlike captain who sits dozing in his chart-room, leaving the look-out to a mate who stands nodding upon the bridge, whilst the steamer rushes through the water at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour, with perhaps not a waking eye on deck saving the helmsman's, whose business it is to watch the binnacle-card and take care that the vessel is never off her course.

Among the numerous touches which the late Mr. E. A. Sothern was incessantly importing into his study of the character of Lord Dundreary was one that was found ex-

tremely diverting; it consisted of a little piece of by-play between one of the ladies of the piece entering the stage and his lordship leaving. They got in each other's way, bobbed to right and left, and behaved as people do who, when they meet and seek to pass each other, turn both of them to the right or left, as the case may be. This is a joke on the stage; in real life it is an embarrassment; at sea it is ninety times in the hundred a tragedy. In a room or a street, when people run full tilt against each other the collision arises from precisely the same cause that makes ships run into one another. Intentions are mistaken. Smith thinks that Jones will give way; Jones believes that Smith will give way; the result is a concussion, with perhaps the dislodgment of a hat and a great loss of temper.

So on a dark night at sea the chief mate of the *Neptune* sees a green light on his port bow; and at the same moment the captain of the *Venus* sees a red light on his starboard bow. The rule of the road is plain; but all on a sudden the red light disappears, and the captain of the *Venus*, forming certain conclusions from that phenomenon, holds on until a loud shout from his forecastle warns him that there is a vessel under his bows, and simultaneously with his glimpse of a green light sparkling out in the darkness like a will-o'-the-wisp comes a grinding and tearing noise, loud cries, and all the other dreadful accompaniments of a collision at sea. For years and years men of first-rate capabilities, seamen of immense experience, of great judgment and skill in their profession, have been labouring to direct the attention of the public to this most fatal of all forms of marine disaster, to its steady annual growth, to the ever-increasing destruction of life and property arising from it. But without avail, because—and I say, because—it is a nautical subject, and

this great maritime nation will not take the trouble to make itself acquainted with any subject that relates to the sea. The indifference is extraordinary. Were five per cent. of the collisions which happen at sea to occur upon our railroads, the newspapers would teem with correspondence, there would be long debates in Parliament, incessant inquiries, numerous commissions, and in a very short time new laws and all the security the public could reasonably hope for from stringent measures. But do people only travel by rail? Is the ocean never crossed? Is it not true that day after day scores of great and small vessels are leaving our crowded ports filled with human beings bound to every point of the compass? And are not all the countless swarms who come and go in ships, whether from Folkestone to Boulogne, or from New Zealand to Liverpool, interested in the safety and security of the fabrics which carry them ten or ten thousand miles? It is perfectly true that a shipping company cannot be legislated for as a railway company is. There are no rails for ships to glide along in straight lines or curved courses; there are no semaphores to block their routes with danger warnings. But surely it is about time to admit that the rules which have been framed for the avoidance of collisions at sea have been proved by long and bitter experience to be practically worthless, and that the dreadful loss of life from this kind of disaster, which is illustrated by every Wreck Register that is issued, should awaken the public to the conviction that the question is a national one, and determine them to deal with it, through their representatives, with the same resolution they would bring to bear on the subject if it related to railway collisions.

Seven hundred and thirteen collisions happened on or near our coasts in one year. This is a merely local computation, and has no reference whatever to ocean

disasters of a like nature. The number of collisions which have happened on the high seas it would be impossible to compute; but the figures given in the Wreck Register are, in all conscience, enough. Think of seven hundred and thirteen collisions on railways in one year! Were the men in charge of the vessels to blame? Sixty-three of them occurred between steamships under way; one hundred and forty-eight between steam and sailing vessels, both being under way; and seventy-two between steamships under way and steam or sailing vessels at anchor. Here, then, probably is every condition of navigation upon which the rule of the road would operate; there was, it may be safely supposed, not a man in charge of those ships who was not acquainted with the rules: and it may be further presumed that a large proportion of the people in charge acted in accordance with the rules. Yet, in spite of a system of navigating by lights, horns, whistles, and the like—a system which every man is supposed to master and pass an examination in before a certificate of competency is granted him—seven hundred and thirteen collisions took place in British waters or close to them, a large number of lives were lost, and property of immense value sacrificed.

Let every allowance be made in favour of the rules by admitting that many disasters arise through wilful or reckless disregard to them. No sailor will deny that there is an abundance of sinners in this respect. First, it is certain that the old rule of stationing a hand on the look-out is, in some—I will not say, having regard to the number of ships afloat, many—instances, neglected. Then there is the custom of driving ships at headlong speed through thick weather, a crime—it is nothing less—for which owners rather than shipmasters are responsible. "I know," wrote an old collier-master, "several masters

of steamers who understand their duty, and would like to do it prudently, but they cannot. If the captain of a ship is longer generally in his passages than other vessels, owners will turn him out, although he may be the most careful of men to manage a steamer in foggy weather. The captain must drive on or lose his situation; and, on the other hand, if anything happens, he may be deprived of his certificate, and thus it always comes to losing his employment." This fairly puts the case of the shipmaster, and will be accepted as a piece of indisputable evidence by all who have any knowledge of the inner life of our mercantile marine.

These are the two conditions insisted upon as originating the numerous collisions which are taking place, *i.e.* no look-out being kept, and the practice of driving on at full speed and at all risks, in darkness and thick weather. But they are in reality only subsidiary causes, and make but very small factors in the general disastrous result. Sailors declare—and they certainly ought to know—that the reason why collisions are so frequent is because the rule of the road has become such a terribly complex business that it is almost impossible for any man to carry it in his head, or to act upon it in the brief interval that usually divides the first espial of a vessel's lights and the crash of the collision with her. "Beginning," wrote Captain Colomb—than whom no man is better entitled to be heard on the subject—"with rules of the road and appliances which forty years ago were of the simplest character, we have arrived now at a body of regulations which are in themselves a deep and difficult study, over every point of which differences of opinion arise, every such difference being directly productive of collision." I have before me an old treatise, written in 1787, on "general rules for sailing." Nothing could be

simpler. "Ships," we read, "steering or sailing with a fair wind are always to give way to flying ships. If with daylight, a clear night and clear weather, the former should run foul of the latter, he is wholly to blame. It will be no excuse to say that seamen were stationed on the forecastle for the purpose of looking out, because sailors are too generally careless, and often fall asleep." Ships, we are told, sailing different ways, are equally in fault if they run foul of each other, but, if the one be light and the other deep, the greater share of blame is to be laid on the master of the light ship, because such ships will answer their weather helm very quick. If in thick or foggy weather a steering ship—that is, a vessel going free—should run on board one close-hauled, then, provided the former was under snug canvas, so that she could be suddenly thrown into the wind without the danger of losing her masts, and provided each was careful to ring her bells, beat her drums, or sound her horns, then the damage done was to be called an "act of Providence," though the people in command were to be blamed in proportion as they neglected those means which all careful masters are known to make use of. Two ships beating to windward, with plenty of sea-room, are equally to blame if they run foul of each other. "The most prudent method in this case is to put their helms hard down a-lee, and then, if they should fall alongside of each other, they will touch gently, and probably do no damage." Of two ships beating in a narrow channel, the ship that opens the land or any other object to windward and continues to do so has a right to the weather gauge; and if the other wilfully keeps her luff and strikes the former it will be on the lee side, "which is of itself a proof without other evidence that he is to blame, and consequently would be liable to pay the greater part of the damage, but

not the whole, because a prudent man, when he falls in with such a foolhardy and wilful man, will throw his ship about, and by that means lessen, if not wholly prevent, damage."

These are samples of the simple discipline of our fathers—of a system that left the mariner's judgment unfettered and free to act in a moment of emergency as his instincts as a seaman prompted him. But this is the age of steam, and regulations of some kind are absolutely necessary—if not for the salvation of life and property, then, at least, for the law courts which have to decide upon collision cases. A rule of the road is imperatively essential, but it should be a rule of the road not only so simple in its elements and structure as to enable the humblest of sea-going intelligences to master it and understand it as thoroughly as he can master and understand the rigging of a lower-mast or the indications of a compass, but so devised as to diminish and not enlarge the number of lamentable disasters it is intended to obviate. The regulations now in force for preventing collisions at sea number twenty-six articles, dealing with lights, sound signals, speed of ships in fogs, steering and sailing rules and other matters, and candidates for examination of all grades are required to have a thorough knowledge of them, and must be able to repeat them word for word either in or out of their regular order. It will occur to many that there could be no test more fallacious than this of memory, and that it is quite possible for a man to go through the regulations as he might repeat a page out of "Hamlet," without realizing the meaning of any except the very simplest of the articles he recited. This is the sort of knowledge a parrot has. Put a man on the bridge of a steamer on a dark squally night and the weather thick. He sees

a red light ahead, and knows it to be a sailing-ship. His memory is excellent. Article 17 crops up in his mind, and he mumbles, "If two ships, one of which is a sailing-ship and the other a steamship, are proceeding in such directions as to involve risk of collision, the steamship shall keep out of the way of the sailing-ship." What does he do? He shifts his helm, and the red light disappears. It disappears so suddenly that he is puzzled. What has the stranger done? Is she wearing? Has she put her helm up? The rain drives, the sea beats, the mist rolls down, and the anxious skipper, leaning against the wind, peers with all his eyes ahead, mumbling again and again as he does so Article 17 of the regulations. Suddenly the red light he has shifted his helm to avoid is miraculously transformed into green, and shines near and large right ahead. "Where are you coming to?" rings faintly and dismally up against the blast. There is no time to do more than sing out, the steamer plumps into the vessel, a dozen half-naked men scramble over the bows, and the steamer, with her fore compartment full of water, retraces her melancholy path back to port, there to furnish another item to the long catalogue of collisions.

Who was to blame? Each one has his story to tell. The master of the steamer knows he was right, and the master of the sailing-vessel declares that he was right. The truth is they both tried to get out of each other's way, and, having no better means of communicating their intentions than a hurried blast or two of the steam-whistle, and by the exhibition of such lights as the inclination of the vessels' bow yielded, they mistook each other's manœuvres and collided.

Technicalities would be out of place here; and probably no explanation of the mischief that results from the

complicated regulations and the difficulty a shipmaster has to contend against in reconciling the articles of the rule of the road with the instinct of self-preservation would be intelligible without diagrams. Many able men have written on this subject; it would be the merest impertinence on my part to supplement abundant and unimpeachable statements. The scientific part of the business may be left to those who are competent to deal with it. What the public want, or ought to want, and may, perhaps, be induced to insist upon having, is the total expurgation of the ponderous, useless, complicated "Regulations for Preventing Collisions" from the maritime books, and the substitution in the mercantile marine of some system of communicating intentions at night, in the day, in fogs, at any time, by a language of light or sound, or by an arrangement of semaphores, which shall be as intelligible to masters and mates as "How do you do?" and "Good-bye." No one need doubt the practicability of inventing a method of signalling by which collisions might be rendered the most infrequent, as they are now the most numerous and dreaded, of maritime disasters. Many experienced heads have gone to work, and if ever this country has to deal with this tragic condition in the destruction of life and property, the value of the opinions of such men cannot be overrated. There was Captain Woolcott, for instance, for many years one of the most popular and respected of the shipmasters in the employ of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. He advocated that all ships should carry a standard kerosine oil-lamp, with a flashing point of one hundred and fifty; that lamps should have white lenses, with shifting red or green slides; that all ships should have a small white bull's-eye lamp, fitted on and over the side-light, with a semaphore arm to close over it; when lifted

it would show the light by night and the arm by day, and indicate whether a ship were starboarding or porting, by the white light shown over the green if starboarding, over the red if porting. "Some men," he says, "advocate the whistle as a warning. Only think, after a long continuance of easterly or westerly winds in the Gut of Gibraltar or the Downs, and four hundred ships all whistling!" He recommended all steamers to have right-handed screws to enable them to follow the rule of the road by showing their red light, since such a screw when reversed would bring the ship's head to starboard; and he also wisely forbid all green or red blinds to deck-houses.

Then there was Captain Heckford, who proposed to fix two different coloured lights, say white and red, at an elevation of twelve and sixteen feet above the forecastle deck, twenty-five feet apart, and in a line with the stem-head and foremast—his contention being that lights so exposed would render collision impossible; "as, for example, when two steam-vessels are meeting end on, *i.e.* white and red lights in one, and suppose the first observer to alter his course even one point, it would instantly show the other their relative positions by the movement."

Another proposal came from Captain Reed, R.N., who recommended an indicator to be placed at the masthead to show the course about to be steered. It is explained as a semaphore connected by ropes with the steering gear. When the veesel is turned to starboard a green ball is shown, and when to port a red ball. At night two masthead lights are worked on the same principle. These and similar ideas are useful only in the day-time and night when the weather is clear. They are of no use to the seaman in fogs. The rule of the road, as we now have it, provides for thick, dark weather when nothing

can be seen, by requiring a steamer under way to blow her whistle or make some other "steam sound signal" every two minutes, and a sailing-ship to sound a fog-horn, one blast to show that she is on the starboard tack, two when on the port tack, and three when she has the wind abaft the beam; whilst steamers and sailing-ships, when not under way, are to go on sounding a bell every two minutes. Of course there is no other way in which a ship can make her presence known in a dense fog, when perhaps the funnel is not visible from the forecastle, or the mainmast from the taffrail, than by sound; but the numberless collisions which take place in thick weather between ships unhappily prove only too completely how well-founded are the objections expressed by sailors to Article 12 of the regulations. In fog, mist, or falling snow, whether by day or by night, the mariner requires to know not only that there is a ship near him, but she is heading in a given direction. Tell him the course the invisible stranger is holding, and there will be no collision; leave him in doubt, suffer him to be guided by no other indications than the periodical blowing of a horn or whistle away in the thickness, and it is fifty to one if out of the dense smother there does not presently loom the hull of a vessel close aboard. Many years ago I believe Captain Colomb endeavoured to make sound articulate by inventing an automatic syren signal. But the completest thing of the kind that has been offered is a machine to be worked by hand or steam. A dial-plate on which are engraved the eight principal points of the compass revolves on the top of the cylinder. Suppose your ship is steering due east, the dial-plate is revolved until the letter E. is in a line with the vessel's bows. The machine is now ready to shout out with hurricane lungs the course you are steering to any vessel

in your neighbourhood. This is done by merely turning a crank. A plunger rises and compresses air in the cylinder, and, by the action of the dial-plate, signals denoting your course are emitted in the form of blasts, long and short, arranged in a code which expresses the eight points before referred to.* There may be simpler and completer methods than this, and there may be better plans for signalling by lights and semaphores than those I have referred to; but my purpose will be served if I succeed in making the land-going public understand that nothing stands in the way of diminishing the frightful loss of life and property that every year takes place through collisions, but the objections of the Board of Trade to unsettle the existing regulations and the trouble that must be expended in getting the consent of foreign countries to a short, simple, and sufficient rule of the road, based upon easily distinguishable lights and upon a code of sounds as easy to remember as the alphabet. At all events, something will have to be done. The time is at hand when a vigorous and determined effort must be made to render the navigation of the seas and channels an accomplishment unconditional upon such a loss as that of seven hundred and thirteen vessels in one year alone, by collision, close to these shores.

* This invention is claimed by an American, Captain Barker.

EMIGRANTS' RATIONS.

ONCE upon a time I went to Australia in a sailing-ship. Her registered burden was nearly 1400 tons, and she carried sixty-two emigrants in her 'tween decks, that is to say, in the space between the steerage bulkhead, just abaft the booby hatch, and a fathom or two forward of the mainmast. She was in no sense a regular emigrant ship, and the people in her 'tween decks were called third-class passengers, the second-class having cabins in the steerage under the cuddy; but she gave those aboard of her all the experiences of an emigrant ship, especially off Cape Leeuwin, where the poor people were kept under hatches for near upon eight and forty hours in a gale of wind that held the lee topgallant bulwarks under water for all that time.

It was a sight in fine weather or foul to drop below and see those people eating. They had no tables—they used whatever came to hand, my chest among other contrivances; and often have I been obliged to ask them to remove the dinner things in order that I might get a clean shirt. I have seen them squatting like tailors on the deck, with a lump of smoking yellow pork in the midst of a ring of them. They were their own stewards, and in some respects their own cooks, and might be watched staggering along from the galley at the dinner-

hour carrying whatever their rations might happen to be —hot water with a few shot knocking about in the bottom of it, called pea-soup; a lump of greenish substance, nicknamed pork; a dollop of something having a mortar-like appearance, imaginatively styled pudding—and dodging the weather rolls of the uneasy vessel that too often, at the most critical moment, would ship a stray bucketful of salt water to reduce the strength of the soup and to scatter the pork and the pudding.

Those old scenes came into my head on reading the report of an action brought by a foreigner against the owners of the vessel in which he had made the voyage from Adelaide to London. There were eight persons—*i.e.* the foreign passenger, his wife, and six children; and the charge for carrying, feeding, and sheltering them was £75 12*s.*—a little over £9 apiece, though this does not express the exact charge, as some of the children would be taken for half-price. The plaintiff sued the company for supplying him and his family with improper victuals, and he declared in his evidence that one of his children died during the voyage through want of food. He said that the tinned meat was so bad that they could not eat it; that sugar was served out for only a few days, and then the supply ran short, and no more was issued, and that, in order to obtain some for his dying child, he had to bribe one of the stewards with five shillings; and that rice was given to them not more than three or four times. He did not remember ever having had rice-pudding, but they sometimes had plum-pudding; salt pork only once; ling fish once, but they could not eat it; and molasses in the coffee instead of sugar, a form of sweetening that made the children sick. At Suez some bullocks were purchased, which the plaintiff implied yielded very fair joints, as he is reported to have said "we had good

meat after Suez," though another passenger stated that "at Suez they took on board three old buffaloes, which were so tough they could not eat any."

The hearing of this case resulted in a verdict for the shipowners. Emigration is much too important a condition of our national life to be hindered by indifferent food. Had the jury decided in favour of the plaintiff, the result probably would have been to create the impression that the treatment of emigrants on board ocean-going steamers included a gradual process of starvation. It is true that the plaintiff in this suit was not an emigrant, but the rations given him were those supplied to people who leave this country in poverty to seek for better luck in distant countries. And yet I am bound to admit that since I have been contributing to the journal in which these articles were published, I have received more letters from all parts of England from persons complaining of the treatment and the food they receive as third-class passengers than I should care to have to read over again, even if I had a week given me to do it in. No doubt the world will never lack grumblers. Among passengers, as among sailors, there are regular growlers who, let them get as much as they want, expect more; who go muttering to themselves throughout the voyage, finding fault with the food, the cabin, the cook, the captain, and the ship. The old nautical writer who represented a surly nabob fiercely demanding that the skipper should get the ship at once into smoother water, as he could not eat his dinner for the rolling, scarcely exaggerated a notorious quality amongst a class of passengers who are to be found in the steerage as well as in the saloon. For my part, even if I were privileged to pass an opinion upon the case I have referred to, I should be sorry to express it. But no one can doubt that, let its merits be what it will, it

was of the highest possible interest. Articles of diet were named to which the most luxuriously minded emigrant would never have dreamt of exalting his hopes twenty years ago. But, of course, every dish that bears an honoured name may not always eat as it looks, nor look what it is called. "Regular beef," says Dickens's schoolboy, "isn't veins." It is not hard to make out an excellent bill of fare, every item of which shall be rejected by the nose as fast as it is brought in. The wonder to me is how the companies can give so many things for so little money. I shall come presently to some of their *menus*, but meanwhile it might be worth suggesting that, if there be any honesty in the complaints which third-class passengers make, it would be better to abridge the items and put the balance into the beef-kid or the flour-cask. If a piece of salt beef is really good, there is no better eating. A lump of it cured Dana of sea-sickness, and Tom Cringle was willing to sacrifice a royal feast for a virgin cut of it, with a crisp sea biscuit and a caulker of old Jamaica rum. As to your tinned meats, I suppose no man could find it in his heart to blame a passenger for now and then turning up his nose at such food. First of all, who is to know what the meat in the tin really is? Then one hears again and again of cases of poisoning from this kind of relish. Another weak point is its tendency to prove rotten, and yet you may eat it and not know it is unwholesome, the only test lying in the appearance of the ends of the tin, which, if bulged out, prove that there is gas inside, and putrefaction, of course.

It is not just to show too much haste in condemning the people who complain of bad food at sea. Perhaps a poor creature forced by stress of circumstances into emigrating has no right to suffer from delicate health

or a fastidious stomach; but, then, Nature is a sad democrat, and works without much reference to the purse, and it therefore happens that many a woman, many a child goes to sea in a crowded ship as refinedly afflicted as if she were a high-born lady or her offspring, and one has only to think of the poor body, prostrate with nausea, with nothing more soothing in the shape of nourishment than tinned meats and foot-sugar, and soup that looks more like Thames water than gravy, to feel very sorry for her.

I have been reading the bills of fare made out by some of the principal companies for their steerage passengers, and am struck by their liberality, so far, at any rate, as items go. Take the Allan Line. This company's charges for conveying steerage passengers to New York is £4 4*s.* a head, children under twelve half-fare, infants under two years free. They provide "comfortable sleeping apartments," and will lend the emigrant an outfit that comprises life-preserving pillows, mattress, pannikin, plate, and such things, for 3*s.* 6*d.* for the voyage. Their dietary scale for the emigrant is as follows: For breakfast they give coffee, milk, sugar, fresh bread and butter, varying the meal occasionally with porridge and syrup. For dinner: Soup, fresh beef, potatoes, plum-pudding, and sauce—but this is for Sunday, which does not often come round in the passage to America; on other days the meal consists of soup, beef and potatoes, or pea-soup, salt pork and potatoes, or pea-soup, ling fish and sauce, salt pork and potatoes. And for supper they give tea, milk, sugar, and fresh bread and butter. Now, for £4 4*s.*, which includes accommodation and conveyance and medical advice, this is very good; and the wonder is how it can be done for the money, if a very large percentage of the amount is to be deducted and carried toward the expenses

of the ship and the payment of dividends. And I find another feature in some of these programmes, which one must have searched for in vain in times not so very long passed; *i.e.* that the companies' servants wait upon the steerage passengers, whilst in some ships stewardesses are appointed to attend to the women and children.

The National Line goes further, and carries steerage passengers to New York from Liverpool for £3 a head. I have not its list of rations, but I observe that, under the heading of "Steerage bill of fare," it offers "abundance of fresh provisions, all of the best quality, which are examined by emigration officers, and cooked and served out by the company's servants three times daily." The guarantee implied in the inspection of emigration officers need not, I think, go for very much, for of the tinned meats it is quite obvious that the officers can know nothing unless they open the tins and smell and taste. Nevertheless, the promise here is very large, and makes the problem how so much can be offered for £3 troublesome to solve by people who are not shipowners and provision contractors.

The White Star Line's bill of fare makes up in definiteness what it lacks in ornateness. Breakfast, at eight, consists of coffee, sugar, fresh bread and butter or biscuit and butter, or oatmeal porridge and molasses. For dinner, at one, we get soup and beef, pork or fish, according to the day, with bread or potatoes, and, on Sunday, pudding. And for supper, at six, the same as at breakfast, substituting tea for coffee. At eight a bumper of gruel is served out to those who like it, or when the captain thinks the dose needful. The charge is £4 4*s.*

The passage-money by the American Line is in some ships £4 4*s.*, and in some £4, and infants under twelve months are charged £1 1*s.* Steerage passengers by the

vessels of this company are offered three quarts of water daily, and as much good provisions as they can eat, "without restriction, unless it is found necessary to prevent waste." These provisions are cooked and served up by the stewards, which is a distinct gain in comfort.

The Red Star Line's bill of steerage fare slightly varies the routine to be observed in the others. The charge is not so low as the National, but it is lower than the rest, being now no more than £3 10*s.*, children going for half-price, and infants for nothing. Here for dinner, besides the boiled pork, salt beef, etc., they include cabbage or beans, boiled rice with raisins, vermicelli or rice-soup, pudding with prunes, and bouillon. Supper at five o'clock is occasionally improved by the relish of an Irish stew, herrings, potato-soup, and dry hash. Indeed, the suppers of this line are conspicuous for plenty. Sailors may laugh when they read all these names and recall their own hishee-hashee, lobscouse, dough jehovahs, sea-pies, dog's-body, and the other delectables they have christened with fine imagination; but if the rations these companies offer for £3, £3 10*s.*, and £4, and £4 4*s.*, be the things one is accustomed to associate with the names they print in their lists, then one should say, having regard to the very low price asked, the emigrant has small reason to grumble. But if, on the other hand, the coffee is thin and wretched, the tea the wonderful fluid one finds in forecastles, the pea-soup mere slush and water, the dry hash fit only to choke the desperate man who attempts it, then undoubtedly, liberal as the fare looks, it would be costly at half a crown for a ten-days' passage. Very often bad food is the fault rather of the cook than the purveyor. Stores fit to pass an Admiralty inspection may be put aboard a ship and come out of the galley so cooked as to be smelt at and rejected by the sow under the longboat.

This matter concerns the captain more than the owners, and he is a very unfit master who allows complaints of the galley to be brought aft and rejects them with the news that sailors and steerage passengers are always grumbling.

The Orient Company's weekly scale of victualling for each adult third-class passenger numbers no less than twenty-five items, of which a good many include mustard, salt, pepper, vinegar, water, pickles, treacle, etc. They give flour, bread, salt beef or pork, preserved meat, soup and bouilli (a well-known condiment), suet, peas, rice, preserved potatoes, and tea, coffee, etc. Of fresh beef and vegetables, whenever such things are served out, one pound per day is allowed, and, if practicable, one pound of soft bread. The captain exercises a paternal discretion in feeding the children, being privileged to give them, as he thinks proper, rice or sago instead of salt meat or tinned foods, and soft bread instead of flour, or biscuit, or oatmeal, or rice, or peas. The voyage is a long one, the fares for steerage accommodation range from 16 guineas to 22 guineas, and, on the whole, the victualling scale is liberal, always providing that the food is as good as the catalogue makes it appear.

Brett and Beaufoy's circular include "clipper ships" to Australian ports, and the third-class fares range from £13 to £16, and £18 to New Zealand ports. By steamer they vary from £15 15*s.* to 25 guineas. Here, too, the scale includes twenty-five items, largely made up of vinegar, mustard, and salt, and among the solids are preserved meats, soup and bouilli, prime Indian beef, biscuit, flour, etc. "The provisions are daily prepared by the cook of the ship, but passengers must in other respects attend to their own arrangements for the table."

The Guion Steamship Company, owners of perhaps the fastest vessels afloat, offers a bill of fare that closely

resembles those of the other lines. The breakfast is coffee, sugar, and bread and butter, but there is no mention of milk. Dinner is composed of beef, pork, soup, fish, potatoes, etc., according to the day; and the last meal of tea, sugar, biscuit and butter. There is certainly no extravagance in this list, but if the things are good, quite enough is given one to eat, and to keep one's health on.

But it is of the highest importance that such articles of food as are offered should be good, and if when there is a failure in this respect, and owners excuse themselves by asking whether it is reasonable for emigrants to expect food of first-rate quality for the small sum charged as passage-money, then the answer must be either that owners should increase their charges to a sum that would ensure excellence in provisions, or else cut down the items, as I before suggested, and put the money that prunes and ling fish and pickles—and those detestable things called preserved potatoes—cost into the best quality of flour, pork, and beef. It is very unfair to a poor man to tempt him into a ship by a list of rations, many of which ashore he would not have the means of buying, and when his hardly saved £4 are received, and he is on board, to sicken and disgust him with messes which bear no more resemblance to the things he is required to accept them for than does his sleeping-place to the handsome saloon in which the first-class passengers live. If he could not afford to pay another pound to obtain better food, surely he would be very willing to dispense with his pickles and sauce, his greasy soup and putty-like puddings, for plain, hearty, honest salt beef, good ship's bread, and a good cup of coffee in the morning, and a cup of real tea in the evening. In the interests of the country, as well of the emigrant, it would be far better, of course, that the third-class passengers' fare should consist of a very few, but very

good, rations, than that the charges should be raised to make the mustard, salt, pepper, pickles, vinegar, treacle, peas, and what Jack calls "soap and bullion," figure ostentatiously in the catalogue. There would be something approaching to real cruelty in flaunting a list that seems to comprise pretty nearly the stock-in-trade of a grocer and butcher before a poor man's eyes, and letting him flatter himself that he is going to have a rare tuck-in on beef and pork, plum-pudding, Irish stew, rice-pudding, and the rest of it, all for the small sum of £4, for as long as the voyage lasts, and then giving him stuff which he turns about in his tin dish and smells and heaves overboard.

SHIPS' NAMES.

THERE is no finer sight in the world than a full-rigged wooden sailing-ship, all her canvas spread, short royal mast-heads, very square yards, a graceful downward curve of the spars from the cap of the bowsprit to the flying jibboom end, the rigging well set-up, and everything taut, the wind a point abaft the beam, so that every cloth on one side of her, from the topgallant to the lower studding-sail, steadily pulls without a shiver. The lateral pressure keeps her leaning. Have a lee view of her: you see the spacious convexities swelling and tapering to the sky; every gleaming surface has its delicate shadow at the foot and head that lends a clearer distinctness to the brilliant white of the central canvas; the spray leaps from the rolling foam at the stem, and every shower of it flings a dozen rainbows over the green water; the snow-like froth seethes past the glossy black bends in whose lustrous surface the prismatic radiance of the tremulous sea twinkles in fitful flashes; and tenderly over the long-drawn undulations swings the beautiful fabric, now and again lifting a fathom or two of the dull gold of her yellow metal as she rises to the swell with the regularity of the rythmic beating of a pendulum.

So fine an object should be worthily named, and one looks for a stroke of poetry on her head and counter. In

former times such expectation was seldom disappointed; the mythologies had been overhauled to good purpose; the French, too, were at hand with suggestions gracefully conceived by them, and ungracefully ravished by us; and upon the canvas of history, toned into a kind of semi-ambiguity by time, one seems to find in the *Junos*, the *Venuses*, the *Apollos*, the *Diomedes*, the *Cleopatras* of past days, all necessary confirmation of those inspirations of beauty of form and regality of bearing which come with the utterance of those poetic sounds. We have grown more prosaic. Steam to a certain extent has unsexed the ship, and though we talk of "her" our thoughts are of "it." Besides, we have no longer the same pride in our fabrics which used to be felt in theirs by the old ship-wrights and sailors. We point with triumph to their numbers; but individual interest is almost ended. This, of course, arises from the rapidity with which ships are nowadays launched and lost, and from the shortness of voyages, which gives a man no time to fall in love with his craft. It would be difficult to imagine Jack tenderly talking of the well-decked, camel-shaped steam-waggon which has nearly drowned him four or five times in a passage of ten days as "the old hooker;" and equally hard would it be to conceive of a builder or owner giving himself much trouble to look up a poetical name for the slate-coloured metal box in the yard.

Our ancestors were fortunate in lighting upon names which to a wonderful extent preserve the fragrance and qualities of their times. Nothing, somehow, could seem more appropriate for the age to which the ships belonged than such titles as the *Golden Hinde*, the *Great Harry*, the *Henri-grace-a-Dieu*, the *Constant Warwick*, the *Soveraigne of the Seas*, the *Galleon*. It was the age of "shyppes," "galleases," "pynnaces," "friggots," and "roo-

baerges." The past lives in such names. They raise up the image of the lumbering ship with low head, massive timbers about her bows, immensely high castellated poop, short masts, square yards with flowing sails, huge tops crowded with bowmen, port-holes bristling with whole culverin and demi-culverin; just as in the age immediately preceding steam there were names in the Royal Navy which cannot be pronounced without reviving the picture of the ship-sloop, the corvette, the frigate with her single white band checkered with the iron throats of cannon tompion-choked, or the towering three-decker, the height of whose lowest broadside battery from the water would serve nowadays to receive a coal-tip for freighting a two thousand ton ship in ballast.

But we much not suppose that the muse has wholly deserted the shipwright's yard. It is true that among steamers very little of what is sentimental will be found. The favourite names are of a simple and unsuggestive kind—a town, a statesman, the wife of the managing owner—and, on the whole, the names are wisely chosen. Something distinctive is wanted, something that shall not cause confusion among passengers and others respecting the vessels of one line and those of another. To this, no doubt, is due the initial words adopted by some companies, such as the "City Line," whose vessels are the *City of Agra*, the *City of Oxford*, the *City of Cambridge*, etc.; or the "Glen Line," whose proprietors call their ships the *Glenroy*, the *Glencoe*, the *Glenearn*, and so forth; whilst other companies have supplementary terms equally distinctive, such as the *Bothwell Castle*, the *Stirling Castle*, the *Gordon Castle*, belonging to the "Castle Line;" and the *Rydal Hall*, the *Wistow Hall*, the *Aston Hall*, belonging to the "Hall Line." The ships of the Peninsular and Oriental Company are, as a rule, well named

—no titles, perhaps, being more appropriate for their ships than the Indian, China, and other appellations, which may be found in such titles as *Ganges, Pekin,* and *Teheran.* The Union Line is also fortunate in its choice of *Nubian, Trojan, African,* and *Mexican;* and the same good taste is exhibited in the names given to their ships by the Cunard, Inman, Allan, and Great Western Lines.

But there is really no excuse for dubbing the fleet of vessels which load at Birkenhead with such names as *Inventor, Governor, Engineer, Professor.* What could be more unmeaning in its application to sea-going fabrics? An inventor may have something to do with the ocean, but it is about the last place in the world in which one would seek for a professor or a governor, whilst we certainly ought not to be in too great a hurry to destroy the idealism of marine nomenclature by christening a ship in her engine-room. Indeed, it may be said that, on the whole, but very little fancy is to be found among the names given to steamers. Dukes, marquises, and lords of past and present eminence, and sometimes of no eminence at all, figure in the long lists; and there is a great number of *Prince Alberts, Prince Consorts, Prince Alfreds, Prince of Waleses,* and *Prince Arthurs,* with an equally varied assortment of *Princess of Waleses, Princess Alices, Princess Beatrices,* and *Princess Louises.* Such titles may be useful if occasionally confusing, but they cannot be said to strike the imagination. There is more of the old way of thinking to be found in such names as *Storm King,* and *Storm Queen,* and *Storm Bird,* which, I presume, is the literal interpertation of *Storm Cock*—a species of fowl I have never in all my travels happened to encounter, though it gives its name to a screw-steamer belonging to Liverpool. *Tigress* is another lively name for a steamer, though it is somewhat disappointing to

find that she is only sixty-seven feet long and eleven tons register. But what shall we think of the Newcastle man who called his little screw-ship of sixty-five tons the *Wrecker*? Are we to suppose he anticipated that many collisions would enliven her career? To justify such a title, she should be a gunboat or a ram, or be permanently commanded by a mariner always disguised in liquor.

The lists of sailing-ships disclose a sudden expansion of imagination. Illustrations of the wit, fancy, and sentiment of owners, small and big, are very numerous, though, on the whole, the bulk of the wit and sentiment is to be found among the fishermen, the scowbankers, the bargees, and the lightermen. Certain names, those of women chiefly, are in high favour. Taking them alphabetically, I find great quantities of *Adas, Bessies, Betseys, Catherines, Claras, Elizas, Elizabeths, Evas, Hannahs*, and so forth. Certain old-fashioned women's names too, such as *Clementina, Clarinda, Clarissa*, are apparently very popular. Some of the names selected are extraordinary. There is, or was, for instance, a lugger called the *Ocean Farm. Ocean Queens, Ocean Pearls, Ocean Spirits, Ocean Ladies*, are intelligible names; but what is to be made of *Ocean Farm?* And yet one can dimly see the owner's idea. His little ship was to be a farm for him; he hoped to get produce of some kind out of her, and so his expectation went to work along with his imagination, and produced between them the above extraordinary appellation.

These hopes are humorously—in some cases I might say pathetically—indicated in the lists of the small craft. You read of the *Try, I'll Try*, the *Try Again*, the *Try On*, the *Nil Desperandum*, the *Happy Go Lucky*, the *Girl I Love*, the *Excelsior*. Most of the vessels so named are small coasters, smacks, barges, and the like; and you see the hope of the owners in the words they choose, the kind

of superstitious feeling in their baptismal fancies, and find yourself thinking of the hard savings which have been put into these humble fabrics, and the little homes which are dependent on their voyages.

It is hard upon Jack, however, when he gets a large mouthful. It is true that he has a knack of sometimes weathering the difficulty, making "Himperoose" of *Imperièuse*, and "Heurë-dice" of *Eurydice*. But now and again he will meet with a caulker that must cost him much intellectual suffering. What is he going to do, for example, with *Chalciope*, which big name is meant to fit a little brigantine of 181 tons? Is there room in his mouth, already half full of tobacco, for *Kosciusko*? But he may take comfort; they do not manage these things better abroad. Let him imagine himself aboard a dhoney, and having, in reply to the hail, "What ship is that?" to answer, "The *Chepamalimathavin Nayagy* of Jaffna." There could only be one greater blow, and that would be to have to deliver through a speaking-trumpet the name of the owner, "Bastiampulle Lopoepulle."

There is a strange list of vessels, such as punts, schooners, kattoos, etc., belonging to Singapore, Penang, and other places in those latitudes. *Kim Ban Sang, Kim Chie What, Kim Goan Him, Kim Yeap Bee, Kim Wan Joo,* are only a few of them. They read like a number of questions, accompanied by threats and an occasional oath. Doubtless they are not destitute of poetry if they could be understood, and they have the merit of not being so hard to pronounce as some of the Cingalese names for ships, such as *Kevriporanaletchemy*, whose owner lives at Point Pedro.

I do not find literature and art very largely represented by the titles taken for ships. Some eminent names in letters and politics and arms are borrowed. *Bismarck* gives

his to five vessels, *Disraeli* to one, *Earl Granville* to two, *Earl of Derby* to one, *Garibaldi* to nineteen, *General Havelock* to five, *Gladstone* to ten; and, besides, we have *General Grant, Longfellow, George Canning, George Washington, Grimaldi, Mark Twain, John Bunyan, Lord Palmerston,* and a few others. One would suppose, having regard to the poverty of invention which long lists of vessels bearing the same name suggest, that the poets and novelists would have been looked into, as well as the mythologies and Debrett, for hints. But I find comparatively but very few references to these sources of inspiration. *Macbeth, Lorna Doone, Locksley Hall, Little Nell, Lalla Rookh, Lady Vere de Vere, Il Trovatore* (as a contribution by a musician), *Hudibras, Highland Mary, Hiawatha, Fairy Queen, Pickwick, Evangeline, Esmeralda* (which might be due to Victor Hugo), do not make a long catalogue out of many thousands; and yet I believe a careful search—I am now speaking of sailing-vessels—would not very greatly enlarge the brief list. It may be that those who have the naming of ships do not read novels and poetry, and if that be so, all that I can say is I am not here to blame them.

Some names are finely suggestive. *Belted Will,* for instance, has a dashing, clipper sound. One thinks of a ship bearing that title as carrying skysail poles, a stem like a knife, and lines like a racing yacht's. But it will not do to idealize on ships' names; nothing is more disappointing. For *Belted Will,* instead of being the "skimmer of the seas," to use the elegant language of Fenimore Cooper, might possibly prove an apple-bowed old barque, with stump topgallant masts and a forepeak full of rats. *Blue Jacket* is another lively term, but its dashing meaning vanishes when you find it is borne by a ketch, so that, instead of the handsome ship your

imagination figures, uprises a kind of barge, rigged with a little mizzen, a woman with a handkerchief round her head steering, a boy peeling potatoes, and a grimy man watching the weather from the small of his back. Yet there are some names which give you the real thing: such as the *Boy Bill*, the *Boy Billy*, the *Boy Jim*, the *Let Her Rip*, the *Lively Sue*. Such words somehow picture the smack, the schooner, the lugger. There is a smell of herrings or mackerel about them—a flavour of salt; the fancy is kindled, and you seem to see the trawler with the high sheer forward stretching her length along the foaming waters with the tack of her red mainsail triced up, her well full of fish, her forecastle dark with wet; or the hovelling lugger bursting through the seas with her bright bows, and, topping the emerald heights, tumble like a cork as she leaps from one hollow into another, with her sheets flat aft and all hands sitting to windward.

The right titles for vessels are those which give one the best idea of them. *Countesses* of this, *Dukes* of that, *Sir John's* of something else tell nothing. They are as appropriate to mud-hoppers as to ocean-steamers. A vessel should be named as a child is when it has the luck to be born of sensible people. A washerwoman would mistake to christen her baby Victoria Wilhelmina Alexandra Robertina; and the owner of a steam or sailing Geordie would do better to stick to the *Pollys* and *Betseys* of his father's time, if he cannot hit upon something simple and expressive for himself than read up the Ulster King of Arms, or study the Court News for ideas. A title that is perfectly good for an ironclad mounting a hundred-ton gun, and manned by an army of seamen and marines, will not do for a dumb barge or a butter-rigged schooner whose business is to carry salt or Dutch cheeses. If it be inexpedient to preserve our taste in the form of

the ships we build, let us at least name them with some reference to their appearance and missions. There may be sense in such terms as the *Four Brothers*, the *Ann and Susan*, the *Who'd 'a Thought It*, the *Let Me Alone*, the *Sly Boots*, if there be no particular elegance worth taking notice of; but what are we to say of such a nickname as *Non mi Ricordo*—pronounced "Nong my Rycordy" by the crew—for an English smack; and *Rajanattianuhar*—not pronounced at all by the sailors—for a Scotch steamer?

FIGHTING MERCHANT SEAMEN.

THERE was an old-world touch in that piece of news which was published some time ago in the papers that the Government intended to arm and despatch a certain number of merchantmen to serve as cruisers in various waters. It recalled the days of privateering, of running ships, of East and West Indiamen with their gangways and quarter-decks bristling with guns, and their lower port-holes rendered formidable to the eye by those sham wooden pieces called "quakers" because they were never fought. The amazing changes which have been worked in the whole spirit and fabric of the mercantile marine since steam and iron replaced canvas and wood make the realization of those by-gone days of the British merchant service exceeding hard, even in the pages of the lively romancers.

"In my young day," said a shipmaster to me not long since, "when I was at sea an East India passenger-ship was like a man-of-war; we carried a boatswain and two boatswain's mates, quartermasters, five officers, thirteen midshipmen, carpenter and his mate, butcher and his mate, a whole squadron of stewards, and a forecastle so full that the watch on deck, helped by the idlers, who were always turned up on those occasions, were enough to reef all three topsails at once, the mids and boys taking

the mizzen topsail. Nowadays a sailing-ship of the same tonnage would carry a crew of about two and twenty hands, all told—two-thirds of them foreigners and the rest turnpike men, worth about a shilling a month."

This is one of the amazing changes, as surprising in its way as steam or iron. In olden times the crew of an Indiaman would number between eighty and a hundred souls, and even more. In these times a full-rigged ship, three or four hundred tons bigger than the biggest merchantman then afloat, goes to sea with a company of twenty or twenty-five hands. If twenty-five Englishmen in these times can be found to do work that demanded a hundred men fifty and seventy years ago, what consistency is one expected to find in the complaints of owners and shipmasters as to the deterioration of the sailor? Surely, the inference must be that if Jack is not a better sailor than his father before him, he is capable of doing a very great deal more work. The British merchant sailor, we are told again and again, has deteriorated. But why should this be said when two-thirds of the men who man British vessels are foreigners? How is it possible for owners and captains to sit in judgment upon a class whom they will not employ? Do they form their opinions of the seafaring qualities of English seamen on the behaviour of the "Dutchmen" whom they hire to steer and hand and swab? The navigation laws required that British ships should carry a certain number of British seamen, according to the tonnage—that is, if a ship carried foreign seamen as well as British seamen, she was compelled to have one British seamen for every twenty tons; and provided the foreign seamen did not exceed one-fourth of the whole crew, a ship was allowed to carry any number of seamen. Those were the days, we are told, when the fine old race

of British sailors flourished. But what is the logic here? The English sailor is declared to have been a first-rate man in days when the law compelled owners to ship him. Now that the law is repealed, now that the foreigner, from motives of economy, is allowed to sling his hammock in the Englishman's place in the English ship's forecastle, our marine countrymen are found to be a degenerate race! Is this an argument to be listened to with patience? When owners were forced to employ the English sailor they found him a fine fellow; now that they are no longer obliged to ship him, they vote him mutinous, incapable, a growler, a skulker. Is it the sailor who has changed, or is this transformation in owners' eyes due to their resolution to hire the very cheapest labour they can find for their ships, without reference to efficiency?

It would be mere affectation to ignore the truth. The English sailor is still the same capable, willing man—if well used—that ever he was; but there can be no question that he is dying out, partly because steam has diminished his value in a professional sense, and mainly because the complex character of our mercantile interests—ships being partly owned by people who know nothing of the sea, nothing of the lives of the people who toil for them; companies being promoted by men whose bare chances lie in the worthless fabrics of the cheapest yards, and in captains and mates being willing to purchase employment by "investments"—renders it obligatory on managing owners to pay expenses, if not to produce a dividend, at the sacrifice of every condition that rendered the old mercantile marine the great nursery it was for fine seamen.

When you hear of Government equipping merchant ocean cruisers for the protection of our marine industries,

you instinctively wonder who are the men who will man those vessels; and you also find yourself reflecting upon the existing system of selecting crews, which, if persevered in, must end in obliging the State to furnish merchant cruisers with blue-jackets, or of trusting to the goodwill of foreigners to fight for our carrying trade. Unfortunately, if ever the day should arrive when a dozen or twenty swift merchantmen, equipped with guns, shall be wanted to protect our commerce, the fact will be disclosed that neither they nor such national ships as the Government can provide will suffice to cover the world-wide area over which our red ensign now blows, and that unless the old system of convoying be revived—a system that must involve delays which might be found fatal to it—our merchantmen will have to do what was done in former days in war-time—equip themselves with guns, and with men enough to fight them. This, to be sure, is very easily suggested; nor can any objection be raised to the scantling of ships, since, if the Government can find twelve merchantmen qualified to serve as cruisers, we may depend upon it there are scores besides not one jot more vulnerable than they, seeing that in this age of terrible projectiles half an inch more or less in the thickness of shipwrights' plates can count for very little indeed. But the real question is, if British merchantmen should ever have to defend themselves against an enemy's vessels, who is going to do the work? The British sailor is despised and neglected; no captain will have him; he is, therefore, out of the running. Will "Dutchmen risk their lives for £2 10*s.* a month? and presuming them willing, may they be counted upon—in the sense that the old British merchant sailor was counted upon—to save their owner's pockets by bringing off his ship safely? When an English seaman fights, it is not

only for the old flag—it is for Poll at home, it is for the ship that carries him, it is for the honour and glory of his calling. "Dutchmen" have their flags, and likewise, no doubt, have they their Polls; but these are not menaced. They don't care about England's glory; all that they want is to get paid off, and carry the English money to their homes. Does any man suppose that our Scandinavian and Dago crews would fight the battles of our mercantile marine? And if they won't, who will? for English Jack, not being able to get a ship, has flung his sou'wester overboard, and become a fire-brigade man, a constable, a tobacconist, a potman—whatever you please. A hundred pities that this should be; for how grandly he used to fight! What splendid and gallant defences he made in the days when Johnny Crapeau was dodging the old tea-waggons in the China Seas, or sneaking alongside the sugar-boxes in the Downs, or when the stripes and stars streaming at the gaff-end of tight and tidy schooners of four hundred tons burden, and as full of men as an egg is with meat, brightened the sky to windward of the British Guineaman, that awaited the attack with a crew heavily reduced by African fever and half a dozen rusty old pop-guns!

A book dedicated wholly to the records of the bravery of English merchant seamen remains to be written. I believe if all that mercantile Jack has done as a fighter were to be known, he—representative as he is of the peaceful side of our national life, never expected to act as a combatant, and the occupant of ships little qualified to serve martial purposes—would be found not very far to leeward of the blue-jacket, whose business it is to fight, and whose ships are launched with that intention only. Not long ago I was glancing over a naval history, and was astonished to find how constantly the narrative of men-of-

war's engagements was being interrupted by references to the brilliant conduct and courage of merchantmen. Of course, such interludes are merely typical; there is no completeness in the story; a thousand brave deeds are omitted, because, having nothing to do with the State, they never found their way into the *Gazettes*, and no record of them remains unless it is a small paragraph in some country paper of the day. For instance, to the intrepidity, to the wonderful gallantry of the old English privateersmen, what testimony have we from the naval chronicles outside the sparse references they make to the help the letter-of-marque men gave the war-ships? Yet we know that some actions fought by the English privateers are second to none for heroism, for determined bravery, for admirable seamanship, just as we know that those vessels were always manned by merchantmen and commanded by merchantmen. But, then, let it be admitted that the privateersmen went out to fight just as his Britannic Majesty's ships did, that they were fully equipped and handsomely manned for that purpose.

This cannot be said of the traders, of the Indiamen and South Spainers, and the China ships. They were furnished with guns, it is true; their complements were immense in comparison with what vessels of double their burden now go to sea with; but, for all that, fighting was not their business. Numerous as their crews for the most part were, the enemy's vessels they encountered opposed them with a force of hands as three are to one; and the same may be said of their armaments. And yet there are scores—ay, and hundreds—of instances of English merchantmen meeting and engaging war-ships and privateers—Yankee, French, Spanish, Turkish—and giving them as sound a drubbing as ever they would have received from a line-of-battle ship.

Take a few samples culled at random from records unpatriotically neglectful of the English merchantman's sturdy, bull-dog courage.

As far back as the year 1683 we find two traders loading corn in the Gulph of Mola. Corn was a prohibited commodity, and the captain pasha of a whole Turkish fleet then cruising in those waters ordered the two vessels to be seized. This was an easy thing to say, but not quite so easy to do. The English skippers answered the summons to yield by cutting their cables, and standing slap into the middle of the Turkish fleet, by which they were forthwith attacked. They were boarded again and again, but just as often as the enemy jumped on to the Englishmen's decks, just so often were they obliged to jump off again. It is an old story, but it quickens the pulse even in these late times to hear of those ancient British mariners wedging the captain pasha's galley alongside by clapping an iron handspike in a hole in her bows, and hammering her with cross-bars, pieces of iron, and cartridge-shot, until not only was the captain pasha slain, but three hundred of his men as well. And what was the end of that amazing conflict—unparalleled as an example of unequal numbers? The English were overpowered, but, rather than be taken, they blew their ships up, themselves, and their enemies along with them, including some galleys lying near, and of those undaunted hearts of oak only three were picked up out of the sea.

Take the seamanship and courage displayed by Captain Martin, of the old *Marlborough* Indiaman, when chased by three French ships of war, mounting amongst them one hundred and sixty-two guns, the Englishman having thirty-two. The pursuit lasted from Thursday morning till Saturday night. Never was an enemy so bothered and outwitted, being made at last to range alongside a water-

cask fitted with a candle in a lantern, with the intention of broadsiding it, the *Marlborough* meanwhile pursuing her course, leaving the Frenchmen to watch the candle spluttering and guttering, and then going out, like their hopes of this capture.

Then there was the gallant Richard Hornby, master of the *Isabella* of Sunderland, that was attacked by a French privateer, who opposed seventy-five men and eighteen guns and swivels to the *Isabella's* crew of nine men and boys and her little armament of four guns and two swivels. "You English dog, strike!" bawled the French captain. "Come on board, and strike our colours, if you dare," shouted back the Sunderland man. Twenty of the enemy instantly bundled over the side, but "a general discharge of blunderbusses forced the assailants to retreat as fast as their wounds would permit them." It would not do. Those nine Englishmen were too much for the seventy-five corsairs. Again and again the privateer returned to the attack, but as often as he drew near, the Englishmen lashed him alongside for the easier hammering of him, and the Frenchman had to cut himself adrift to save his life. It ended as such a story should—a last shot plumped into the privateer's magazine, and up she went, killing all the men whom the Englishmen's blunderbusses had spared, saving three, who were rescued from the waves by some Dutch fishing-boats.

Such a tale as this reminds one of the famous old English cock that, in the action between Rodney and De Guichen, in the West Indies, set up a loud crow after every broadside. "Look at that fellow, Vaughan!" exclaimed Sir George, pointing with enthusiasm to the exultant bird; "by Heaven, he is an honour to his country!" But this is the age of foreign seamen, and patriotism must now rest satisfied with retrospects.

Commodore Dance's exploit with his tea-ships is a stock tale. Less known, but not the less remarkable, was Captain Barrett's fight with four French lugger privateers, off Dover, in 1811.

The ship was the *Cumberland*, and whilst homeward bound from Quebec she had lost her bowsprit and foremast. She was making for the Downs under jury-rig, when the four Frenchmen attacked her. She was boarded by twenty men, and, to cut off their retreat, Barrett sheered his vessel clear of the luggers, who ceased firing, believing the ship to be taken. The English crew rushed upon the enemy armed with pikes —the proverbially deadliest of weapons in British seamen's hands—killed half of them, and drove the rest overboard. This was a pretty good beginning. Another lugger ranged alongside, with the pleasant intimation that no quarter would be given. The English received the news with a cheer. The fellows boarded, and, of course, were cleared out over the side in shipshape style. Three times this was attempted, without any further result than the capture of some of the enemy. The *Cumberland's* guns—three of them—were now loaded to the muzzle with round and canister, a dose that forced the enemy to up-helm and leave the peaceful trader to make her way to the Downs. "This," I read, "was supposed to be the most gallant defence made by any merchant ship during the French war; as her crew consisted of only twenty-six men, and those of the privateers, according to the prisoners' statement, of two hundred and seventy men."

The word "supposed" is worth noticing. It merely means that an immense number of brilliant actions fought by merchantmen were either never heard of or never chronicled. There is no room here to continue

these references, otherwise I should like to speak of Captain Goodhall of the *Catherine and Mary*, of the five men and boy of the *Good Intent* of Waterford, of the crew of the *Betsy* of London, of the Welshman Griffith, who, helped by a man and a boy, carried a French lugger full of men into a British port, of the *Amity* of Bembridge, of Captain Grignion of the *Thurlow*, of the brig *Berlin* of Jersey, and I know not how many other examples of fine courage and superb seamanship in the British merchantman. He fought magnificently in the past; much of the supremacy of the flag is due to him. Are his descendants the poor, worthless, growling lot they are declared to be? It is absurd to suppose that they, or that as many as are left of them, are. Give them the chance. Employment is denied them; foreigners are preferred; what right, then, has any one to sit in judgment upon the capacity and skill and courage of men of whom no trial is made? It is all very well to go to the shipping offices and point to the crowds hanging about the yards, and say, "They are a worthless lot. Give us the old class of seamen. Those men are poor, skulking creatures." If the change be the real thing it is declared, then, surely there must be something very vicious in a system under which the English sailor has degenerated to such a degree as to determine owners upon hiring nobody but foreigners. It is only a few years ago that British seamen were fine fellows. Is it possible that human nature changes so rapidly, or is the plea of deterioration merely an apology for unworthy and unpatriotic economy? "It is my opinion," said Admiral Sir T. J. Cochrane, many years ago, "that the supply of seamen for the navy depends in a very great measure upon the mercantile marine, particularly in time of war." "I have seen," said Captain Berkeley, C.B.,

M.P., "Sir James Stirling's plan for manning the navy; but I do not agree with him, because he meant it to be totally independent of the merchant service; and I thought that it was not only expensive, but that it was impossible to be independent of the merchant service—it was wholly out of the question."

What would those gallant officers say now? Two-thirds of the crews of English merchant ships are, in these days, foreigners. Month after month the number of "Dutchmen" increases, the number of Englishmen diminishes. There is something almost of irony, then; not, indeed, in considering the merchant service as a nursery for the navy—that is an old and exploded fancy—but in talking of equipping British merchant cruisers with guns for defence, and of the possibility of the mercantile marine having to help those cruisers and the Government ships to protect its own interests against the depredations of an enemy. We have the ships, and we have the money; but have we the men? Who can question the justice of the complaint of old and thoughtful sailors, who deplore the repeal of that portion of the Navigation Act which rendered it compulsory upon owners to include a large proportion of British seamen among the crews carried in their ships?

ENDURANCE AT SEA.

It is generally supposed that nobody can live more than nine days without food and water, but, unless many narratives which are embodied in the marine annals can be proved exaggerated, it would not be wise to lay down a hard-and-fast rule as regards the tenacity of human life under privations at sea. Sailors are of opinion that if it were not for the feeding qualities of the ocean air they would scarcely be able to keep body and soul together upon the bad pork, beef, biscuit, and peas which, in many sailing-ships, are served out to them; nor would any man be willing to challenge the sailor's theory after examining the mahogany-like lumps of stuff with which the beef-tierces are filled, and the leaden pellets which do duty for peas in the forecastle soup. Hence it is not utterly impossible but that a man exposed at sea without food or drink might, through the mere virtue of the air he breathes, live a little longer than he would under the like circumstances ashore.

But be this as it may, a sea-captain not long ago related the story of what he considered one of the most remarkable escapes on record. He says that an Arab seaman lived without either food or water for eighteen days, during which time he drifted upwards of 500 miles in an empty tank before striking the coast. A large native

vessel, owned in Bombay, foundered off Ras-al-Had, while on a voyage to Muscat. There were sixty of a crew and forty passengers, and seven people managed to climb into an empty water-tank that floated off the deck. "The vessel sank," said the Arab, "amid the whistling of the wind and the apparition of men and spirits in the sea." For ten days the unhappy creatures immured in the tank managed to go on living without either food or water, but after that one person died every day. The Arab declare that the tank drifted on towards the coast of Cutch at the rate of twenty-eight miles a day. There was but one man living—the man who tells the story—when the tank grounded. In some fashion he contrived to crawl out of the iron vessel, and made his way towards a pir's, or saint's place, where he observed a flag flying. He looked about him, but could see nobody; "and as I was," he says, "quite naked, I apologized myself to the Pir, and took his flag to cover my loins." After refreshing himself with a little millet which he found in a pot, he walked till he came to a human habitation, where he was well treated. The tank, with the corpse of the sixth man in it, was found, and accepted as confirmatory of the Arab's narrative. The only question that arises concerns the length of time that had elapsed since the vessel foundered. The captain who told the story stated that there was a violent storm in the Gulf of Aden about the time when the Arab says his craft went down. This might be taken as corroborative of the accuracy of the date given. It is a pity that the truth of a story not a little remarkable could not be certainly authenticated. The invention that produces that well-known type of stories called "travellers' tales" is not indeed limited to white men. A chocolate-coloured skin may cover an imagination fertile of wonders and skilful in the art of submitting them. The foundation,

however, of the Arab's yarn is not wanting. There is the tank, and there is the corpse. An American writer somewhere tells of a man who was accidentally buried in a vault, and who devoured a candle under the impression that several days had elapsed since he was immured, yet when he was unearthed he was told that he had only been confined for an hour and a half. The poor Arabs, drifting in their floating coffin of metal, may have miscalculated time in much the same way, and for much the same reason, though it is more probable that their computations would prove truer than the buried man's, because the tank, of course, would have a man-hole, through which they would be able to see when it was day and when it was night.

Illustrations of human endurance are always interesting. In this age of travelling, no one can ever feel quite certain that he may not on some fine day find himself in the position of the three sailors of Bristol, who were reduced to one split pea when they had got as far as the Equator. It is not, perhaps, unreasonable to wish that the Arab's story is correct, and that he managed to subsist for eighteen days on nothing but air; for such tenacity is not only encouraging to all who go to sea, but of great consequence as vindicating the accuracy of those old marine yarns, which would be without fascination if they could not be implicitly believed in.

One such story is contained in the account of the loss of the brig *Tyrrel*. The sufferer was Thomas Purnell; the vessel capsized on July 2nd, and down to July 25th he had nothing to drink and nothing to eat, save a few barnacles, which he scraped from the bottom of his boat. A number of the men got away, but they all died save Purnell. The provisions they started with consisted of a small quantity of biscuit, so soaked that it was in a fluid

condition. Few narratives of shipwreck are more interesting than this of the *Tyrrel*. Purnell was her chief mate, and he was lying in his cabin with his clothes on when the vessel was hove down on to her beam-ends by a squall, and in that position she stuck. In some wonderful way Purnell and the others who were below contrived to crawl on deck. Their only boat lay keel up in the sea. They managed to right her, and the cabin-boy baled her. When she was free of water, seventeen souls entered her, and then begins a narrative of dreadful suffering. Suffice it to say that eventually, all having died save Purnell, this man, twenty-three days after he had been in the open boat, without food or drink, sighted a schooner, which hove-to, and enabled him to get alongside. Even yet there was some chance of his perishing, for the schooner's people imagined the boat belonged to a man-of-war, and that deserters had run away with her, and they feared that if they took Purnell on board they would be punished. At last they allowed him to come over the side, and then the poor creature drank the first fresh water he had tasted for twenty-three days. He went below, leaving all hands on deck, and seeing a stone bottle, which he imagined to contain rum, he took a hearty draught of it, and found it to be sweet oil. One would suppose that such a drink as this, coming on the top of what he had endured, would have effectually done for poor Purnell; but a sailor's stomach is hardened to strange usage, and all that the oil did for Purnell was to induce him to lie down and go to sleep. The story is not lacking in abundant attestation. At Boston he was visited by every doctor there, and treated as a sort of show and wonder. "The nails of his fingers and toes," says the story, "withered away to almost nothing, and did not begin to grow again for many months after."

Another instance of the tenacity of human life is exhibited in the account of the loss of a vessel called the *Sally*. Edgar Poe seems to have had the incidents of this shipwreck in his mind when writing that remarkable fragment of sea-tale which is included in the collection of his works. The *Sally*, like the *Tyrrel*, was struck one morning by a heavy squall. She lay over till her decks were up and down, and in this posture remained for about five minutes, and then turned keel upwards. Five of her crew were drowned; the remainder, six in all, got hold of a spar that was floating alongside, and by means of it contrived to crawl on to the vessel's bilge. The main-mast coming up, they removed an iron hoop from it, with which and a bolt of a foot long they went to work to penetrate the hull, in the hope of obtaining food and drink. She had been lately cleaned, and there were no barnacles on her for the poor fellows to stay themselves with, and thus, in probably the most awful situation that can be imagined, without meat, drink, or sleep, not daring to lie down for fear of falling off the vessel, did these unhappy seamen go on hacking and scraping at the hard wood for six days, during which time one man died raving for drink. On the sixth day they had made a hole big enough to enable them to come at a barrel of bottled beer On the eleventh day they got a barrel of pork, which they ate raw. With staves and shingles used as dunnage, which they obtained out of the hole they had made, they manufactured a platform, and so managed to obtain some rest. So matters went on for fourteen days; they were then picked up by a brig named the *Norwich*.

This may be taken as, on the whole, the most striking example in the records of human endurance and vitality. The story does not indeed submit any approach to the horrors of the raft of the *Medusa*. There is little of the

dramatic terrors, the tragic misery, to be found in those narratives, whose most startling features may be found embodied in the description of the shipwreck in "Don Juan." But the notion of five men on the slippery round of a fabric, keel-up, incessantly washed by the seas, tasting neither food nor water for a whole week, whilst they bored through the thick and stubborn plank with their rude instruments, beats any conception that may be found in marine romance, and is far ahead as a fact of most of the wild and amazing stories of the sea.

Then, again, there is the case of Robert Scotney, who was second mate of a brig named the *Thomas*. An Indiaman, outward bound, sighted on her starboard bow a small boat that looked a complete wreck. She was hailed, whereupon a dreadful object of suffering staggered on to his feet, and threw himself into an imploring posture. He was taken on board, and the wreck sent adrift. Three men who had been with him had been washed overboard on the 14th of April previously. At that time his stock of provisions consisted of three pounds and a half of meat, three pounds of flour, six pounds of bread, and two hogsheads of water. "On this scanty pittance," says the chronicler, "and without any means of dressing even that, he prolonged his existence for the surprising period of seventy-five days." This is stated on the evidence of the fourth officer of the Indiaman, and further confirmations of this account were received by the owners of the ship from her master. If the list of Scotney's stores be accurately given, the man, supposing him to have partaken of a portion of them every day, must have contrived to subsist on a little more than an ounce of solid food per diem for seventy-five days!

Now, how would an experience of this kind serve as a remedy for the gout? If the gout is due to heavy

meals and liberal libations, an ounce of food a day ought to cure it; but let not the sufferer writhed with darting stitches and prostrated by arthritic torments flatter himself. In the account of what is justly termed an extraordinary famine in the American ship *Peggy*, the unfortunate captain, who for days had been starving along with the rest of the crew, was seized with such a severe fit of the gout that he could not leave his cabin. The circumstances of this famine are altogether too dreadful to relate. One passage of it, however, offers a psychological feature of interest. It came to the lot of a man named David Flat to die. The tears and intercession of the captain prevailed, and the crew consented to allow the poor fellow to live until the following morning, on the chance of their sighting a ship. Now, it so happened that at ten o'clock on the following morning a sail was made out, and in a few hours she had transferred the wretched crew of the *Peggy* to her decks. But David Flat! The unhappy man had made so sure of being killed next day that he was seized with a violent fever in the night, and went raving mad. Not much wonder need be felt at this, when not only is the horror raised in his mind considered, but the state of his body, which for over a month had been almost totally deprived of nourishment. He needed to be a sailor with real "Stockhollum" for his blood, rope-yarns for his hair, and fish-hooks for his fingers, not to succumb outright to such an experience. However, he continued mad till he was landed in England, and was then restored to perfect health.

Of extraordinary instances of endurance at sea, many will remember the touching and thrilling illustration given in "Tom Cringle's Log," where the still living skeleton of a Spaniard is lifted out of an open boat from

off the dead body of his son. Few things are more affecting in fiction than the "Ay, di mi!" sobbed by the suffering creature at the moment of his death, as he lies with his head over the ship's side, and his dying eyes riveted to the corpse below. It is presented as fiction indeed, but it might have been offered as a fact infinitely more credible than much that passes for truth.

As a proof of the closeness with which Michael Scott followed life at sea, there is the story of the frigate *Amethyst* that, while cruising in the Bay of Biscay, came across a derelict with her upper deck almost awash, and one lower mast standing. There were no signs of any one being alive on board, yet there was a look about the galley which still stood, and which had the appearance of having been patched with old canvas, as if to improve it as a shelter, that was like a hint to the commander of the frigate. There was a high sea running, but a boat was nevertheless sent, and succeeded in getting alongside, where the crew shouted out at the top of their voices. In a few minutes an object described as resembling a bundle of clothes was seen to roll out of the galley. It was secured by means of a boathook, and dragged into the boat; and it then proved to be a man bent head and knees together, and so wasted that a little boy could have raised him. The boat's crew returned with their deplorable burthen. To the amazement of all, when placed on deck it showed signs of life; it moved, and then muttered, "*There is another man.*" On hearing this the boat was immediately ordered away again, and this time her crew succeeded in boarding the wreck. In the galley they found two bodies, both dead, and the picture was made peculiarly dreadful by the hand of one of them stretching to the deck as if to seize a piece of raw salt beef, about the size of a walnut, which he had

dropped. The rescued man recovered after a few weeks, and the narrative states that when he came on deck the crew beheld with surprise the figure of a man nearly six feet high!

Such survivals are sheer miracles in their way. In a case of this kind it is scarcely worth while inquiring for how many days the man was without food. The evidence of terrible suffering was in his aspect, and more may be guessed from the simple statement that this man of six feet high was, when found, so light as to be easily raised, clothes and all, by a boy, than could be gathered from a full account of the food and water the poor creatures started with, and the story of their sufferings day by day.

It is not a little curious that women should often be found amongst those best able to support the physical sufferings and the mental anguish of exposure to the sea. It will be remembered, in the case of the *Kenmure Castle*, that the third officer, from want of food, became mad, and jumped overboard, yet the ladies in the boat survived. They took their privations quietly, and showed such fortitude as helped the spirits of the others. Nothing could have been worse than the plight they were in. The weather was wintry, the disaster happened in the night, and the ladies were hurried into the boat in their night-dresses. These sufferings lasted for three days; indeed, it had come to their having to chew the flannel vest of one of the passengers to appease their appetite. Three such days and nights as these people passed are, happily, not often endured in these times of steam and well-covered seas. When it comes to the point, women suffer more patiently than men. Resignation is also more easy to them, and there are few of them who are not supported by instincts of religion, which are not

by any means so apparent in men under like or any other circumstances. You hear of women heartening desponding inmates of boats by singing hymns, telling stories, and bringing their attention in other ways from the perils about them. When the disaster is in the happening, when the blow of the collision smites its thunder through the fabric, when the plate or butt opens and lets the water rush in,—then, if there be a panic amongst the crew, and there are women on board, the confusion is often made hideous by female shrieks. But put a woman into an open boat where the outlook is full of danger and terrible privation, but where there is no instant menace to life, and, as a rule, she will be found to bear up, and presently so act as to prove her possessed of a very great deal more of heroism than two-thirds of the bronzed and bearded fellows who are her companions.

As may be supposed, the list of persons who have undergone and come safely out of such experiences and trials of the sea, as in many instances read more like the nightmares of imagination than real occurrences, could be indefinitely extended. The subject must always be interesting, because whilst people continue to go to sea there must be suffering, and it might be helpful in more than one direction to get at a clear notion of the average tenacity of human life. A sea-captain fully believes that an Arab lived in a tank for eighteen days without food and water. On the other hand, it is declared that body and soul could not be kept together for that time without nourishment of some kind. If the truth of the Arab's statement could be confirmed on testimony beyond suspicion, it would furnish a very valuable illustration to the maritime annals. As it is, we must conclude that he miscalculated his time; but, on the other hand, there

cannot be the least doubt that many scores of sailors and others have escaped with their lives from hardships and miseries, the narrative of which would make the account of the Arab drifting along in his tank weak and unromantic by comparison.

A WILD NIGHT.

"I CAN well believe," said the passenger from Australia, "that there must be few finer sights than the hull of a large ocean steamship during a gale of wind, surveyed from the height of her topsail yard. I have made the voyage six times, but always in sailing-ships; yet, for all that, I can easily realize the magnificence of the picture this gentleman here has told us about. The steamship is always driving through it; it must be a hard gale to stop her; consequently, from the height of her mast, it is perfectly conceivable that a sight must often be submitted such as no sailing-ship could offer. Take a screw passenger-liner, with a displacement of eight thousands tons; how many feet above the water-line her topsail yard would be I could not guess, but from that altitude, whatever it is, you are bound to command the whole fabric; the vast metal shape lies under you, and as she surges and crushes through the heavy head sea, with the heavens whirling up in soot, as it might well seem, from behind every tall, green, clear ridge, whose summit she will smite into boiling whiteness in an instant, the spectacle should promise one of the most memorable of all recollections. You will get a peculiar element of majesty, I think, in the existence of that mighty secret power within her, that drives her headlong into the gale, very nearly as fast as that same gale could drive a sailing-

ship before it. From either bow, drawing aft wedge-shaped from the keen stem, the foam roars away in masses, and speeds astern in a heaping up of froth that is like the foot of a waterspout; and, as a mill-race goes, so sweeps the steamer's wake, leaving a broad, white, roadway rising and falling over the storming undulations, till it vanishes in the far distance, like a pathway writhing over hills.

"Here are the miracle and the majesty. What drives this shapely metal mass of several thousand tons is hidden from you. From the funnel the smoke blows in a thin draining, flying low down over the quarter, where the snow of the surge leaps in it with a dingy glare. But if it be not that smoke, there is nothing to tell you, perched as you are upon your braced-up foretopsail yard, of those giant arms of polished steel, of those furnaces which dye the figures of the men who keep them going to a blood colour, of that central cavity full of machinery bright as glass, with a gleam as of gold in places, resonant with rhythmic metallic notes to which the imagination may easily fit words and melody; with polished rods sliding with oil-like smoothness and silence, and ponderous rotating masses of metal working with a touch as exquisite in minute accuracy as the fingers of a spider weaving its web, yet with a power mightier in the aggregate than that of all the fabled giants put together, with Hercules at the head of them—concealed as the heart and arteries of a man are. Here, then, is a quality of mystery, if your fancy chooses to find it so; the life within the fabric converts it into some wondrous monster; it moves with the force and the thrust of a leviathan of the deep, and also with the thunder that you think of as swinging in organ-notes down into the liquid realms from the passage of the giant fish through the water.

"It is not thus with the sailing-ship. The steamer symbolizes sheer and fiery defiance. With the sailing-ship the wind is as the racehorse to the hand of his rider. I never can see a vessel stretching along with her tacks aboard and her bowlines triced out without considering her as a creation embodied out of the viewless element by the skill of man. She uses the breeze, she caresses it, she courts it coyly; there is a suggestion of the side glance of a beauty at her lover's face in the sailing-vessel's trembling passage slantwise. The blue sea rolls under her, and she speeds along it, a cloud upon that lustrous space of azure; or, when reefed down, her canvas dark with moisture, her hull obscured by whirling masses of spray, she still repeats the image of the sky, is still a cloud obedient to the wind, with the ocean mirroring the flying greyness overhead, as though it would counterfeit it.

"I know nothing of steamers beyond what I have observed in passing them, but no man can have sailed six times round the world, even as a passenger in sailing-ships, without possessing a large knowledge of the sea, even in directions which might be thought the exclusive walk of sailors only. You may consider my experience limited, yet I recollect seeing one of the grandest, most terrible, most tragical sights the imagination could conceive, and I saw it from the deck of a sailing-ship, and the spectacle itself was a sailing-ship. You shall hear about it in a minute; but first a word concerning an old delight of mine, which will explain why I opened with reference to a steamer seen from her topsail yard, and labouring in a gale.

"That delight was going aloft in all weathers as high as it was comfortable, if it blew fierce and cold, but as high as the royal-mast would suffer in serene weather and when the air was clear. Heart alive! what is there of

joyous sensation, of the emotion of freedom such as might come to a man with a gift of wings; what is there to equal the feelings you get when, striding the royal-yard of a ship of many hundred tons, you look into a distance such as the eye never seems to behold on land, though it should measure it from the loftiest mountain? Or see here: Is poetry a man's ambition; does he want to cultivate a glorious sentiment of idealism and fancy, superior to anything that would come to him from the study of the great minds of former times, or by suffering his hair to grow till it's nearly half a fathom long? Then I'll tell you what! Let him go to sea in a sailing-ship, and when it is blowing what the sailors themselves shall declare to be a storm of wind, let him crawl aloft to as high as the topsail yard, and lay out to the yard-arm, and jockey it, and gaze around and down! I have done that half a score of times, just for the love of looking at such a picture as you get nowhere else.

"Well, now, what I want to tell you about happened one boiling roaring night. We were heading for the Horn from an Australian port, but a long way off that desolate spot as yet, and still slanting athwart the mild parallels. The morning had broken with a light air from the eastward, and a sky of frosted silver over the fore-castle, and a promise of a fine day, as all we saloon passengers thought. But it thickened up before noon, and the sun went out of sight, so that no observation could be taken, and the air came along in sluggish, asthmatic breathings, with a faint groaning noise in some of the surlier puffs—at least, the sound took my ear, and the chief officer said he heard it, too; but it was inaudible to the rest of us. Though there was no sun, yet there was a sort of brightness all over the sky, as if the 'blight,' as it's called ashore, was thin, with radiance enough

behind it to melt it off into pure Pacific sapphire presently. Instead, it thickened, the wind died away, a long, jumbled swell, one fold racing another came rolling up from the south'ard, catching the ashen complexion as it heaved, and putting a chill into the atmosphere, as though each foamless lifting of water carried with it the bitter breath of the icy regions it was from. By four o'clock in the afternoon it was very nearly dark—no wind as yet; the vessel rolling abominably, the rudder jumping till the snap of the tiller at the chains was like to start the spindle of the wheel, the ship broadside on to the tumble, topgallant sails furled, staysails down, mainsail rolled up, and nothing left to knock about but the topsails and forecourse. You would see some of the 'tween-deck people looking over the main-deck rail, and starting back with cries when she rolled down to the swelling liquid lead-coloured water, hissing in fury through the scupper-holes at their feet, and brimming with a subdued roar, like the oncoming of a thunderstorm, to very nearly the height of the topgallant rail.

"Long ere this the captain was walking about with a grave face, with an occasional pause for a brief word with the officer in charge, and yearning looks all round the sea line. The fact was, but we did not know it, the glass in his cabin was low enough to make even a monkey feel devout, and before four bells—six o'clock—the three upper topsails were furled, the foresail reefed, and the ship slowly and heavily crushing the sullen foam out of the wrinkled swells as she rolled at scarce a couple of knots an hour along her course, with her yards braced up to a breeze coming steadily from a little to the eastward of south. It was not long after this when 'it came on to blow,' as sailors say. The dinginess overhead broke up,

masses of cloud swept along with small lakes of clear sky between, out of which the stars shot their white fires like the sparkling of musketry seen between rolls of smoke. By two bells in the first watch, that is to say, at nine o'clock, it was blowing a whole gale of wind. The moon rose at about that hour, and leapt amongst the clouds in a manner that made the reeling of the sky fill the brain with giddiness to watch. Now and again there would be a flash of lightning from some more ponderous body of vapour sailing like the shadow of a world up out of the sea.

"By this time the ship was under her maintopsail only, the fore and mizzen yards aback. She was a fine vessel, in good trim, with plenty of beam, and a comfortable height of side, and she did very well, but with the exception of one experience off the Horn I do not recollect the like of the sea that rose to that gale. We were, of course, in an ocean where the billows range the highest in the world; for whatever may be said of an Atlantic sea, I am quite sure the surge of the Pacific tops it as Mont Blanc looks over the heads of the lesser Alps. The steerage people went below, where they were kindly battened down, and half suffocated, as usual. The saloon passengers were more favoured, of course, but a little of such weather as we were having went a long way with them, and before nine the decks were deserted, and the cuddy itself empty save in one corner, where three sturdy old squatters and the relict of a major-general were heroically fighting their way through a rubber of whist.

"There was so much boiling in the water all about that you got a sight of things as if by starlight. It was the white foam that made the sheen, for the moon's illumination was a mere stormy trouble of shadows, worse than darkness as a bewilderment. The lightning still flashed here and there at long intervals. It was like

distress signals, and every burst of the dim violet put an inexpressible ghastliness into the howling and shrieking wildness of those hours. They had seized a square of canvas or tarpaulin to the mizzen rigging, and the second mate, who had charge of the deck, stood under it for the shelter it offered him from the blast. The captain had gone below. The second officer, the helmsman, motionless at the wheel, and myself, were the only creatures visible. Where the watch on deck were I do not know; ready for a call, no doubt; but the lee of the longboat they reckoned, I dare say, a good enough place to keep a bright look-out in in the middle of the Pacific in a gale of wind, and aboard a ship hove-to. I wanted to see the picture from aloft, and, clawing my way along by the hencoops to where the second mate was, I called out to him that I wished to study the motion of the ship and her configuration upon the white water from an elevation, and said I would go out on the mainyard, which would be high enough, I dare say, to enable me to obtain a clear view. He knew I was an old hand, and that I had indulged whims of the same kind aboard other vessels. He answered drily, 'The only place where I find much beauty in a ship on such a night as this is in my bunk; but tastes differ. Hold on tight, sir. You'll find the yard up and down with you very nearly at some of her rolls.'

"I got into the main rigging, but the force of the wind was so great that for some moments I was helplessly pinned to the shrouds. Had I been lashed to them, I could not have been more absolutely helpless. One by one I took the ratlines till I got as high as the futtock shrouds, where I swung myself on to the truss of the mainyard. There was plenty to lay hold of, for the sail was furled, and the turns of the gaskets came very pat to my hands. I crawled out to windward along the foot-

rope, pausing often, and with the back of my head to the gale; for it was no more to be looked at with the bare eyes than the sun is. I had made up my mind to watch the ship, and to see her properly it was necessary to get as far to windward as possible, and accordingly I went on sliding my way along till I came to the yard-arm, over which I threw my leg, and there I sat, with the weather clew of the topsail arching up into darkness, and the massive spar which I jockeyed trembling to the thunderous tearing of the sail as bricks and mortar tremble when a train of railway cars pass close by. If ever a mortal forecastle soul took notice of me, he must have thought me mad to offer myself to the nipping gale in that fashion, and perhaps, if I had been a sailor by calling, I should have known better, for long before I should have seen more sights of the kind than I needed, and under circumstances which a man must understand the meaning of dripping carlings, and the rank flavour of slush-lamps to master.

"But to me, anyhow, up on that yard-arm, it was all pure intoxication, and a kind of mad exultation of spirits; why, it was like being a creature of the storm—like being poised on wings as stirless to the blast as the albatross's are, when the bird chooses, to be dangling up to windward there, with the whole body of the ship away from me, and the fabric of the spars flogging the faintness on high, and looking far enough off to seem visionary, as though they were skeleton arms and hands shooting out of the whirling vapour, and clutching at the hull as it rolled upright to windward and then floated, straining with a long, lamentable shrieking in her rigging, into the leeward valley, that was deep enough for a sort of silence. I reckoned then, as I sat aloft, that never had my eyes beheld a grander sight, and you would have thought so too had you watched the snowstorms flying dim over her forecastle,

and marked how her outline came and went with the whiteness seething out to her plunges, and fading with every recovery. The intermittent play of lightning helped the scene, and so did the rushing moon, brightening the broad spreadings of foam in flashes as she leapt from one dark cloud-edge to another.

"I turned to look to windward, to see if my gaze would stand against the wind, and it was in one of those sudden breaks of moonlight that I spied in the heart of the flying lustre a vessel heading for us dead before it. She showed no light, but vanished and reappeared in a manner that was mighty deceiving, and I had to force my streaming sight again towards her ere I could satisfy myself that she was a real ship coming our way. I then hailed the deck, but the wind swept the words off my lips before I could fairly utter them. Besides, the mainyard being braced forward held me a long distance from the mizzen rigging, where the second mate stood, and if any of the watch on deck heard me they returned no answer. I came off the yard with desperate carefulness, as you may conceive, and was a long while in descending the shrouds, owing to the pinning force of the gale. By the time I reached the poop I found that the second mate had spied the approaching vessel, that evidently saw us plainly, and had shifted her helm so as to run under our stern, promising us a berth wide enough to relieve us of all anxiety. She came foaming along with the moon leaping behind her, and the second mate said that she was a small barque with topgallant masts gone or struck, he could not tell which. It amazed him, he said, that she should be running with such a sea astern of her as that, yet there looked as if there was method in her behaviour too, for she was under single-reefed topsails and whole forecourse, a press of canvas that may have saved her from being

pooped, though it was wonderful it did not draw the plates like wire, and blow the masts clean out of her like an umbrella out of a woman's hand. It might have been that the coming across us hove-to—a ship twice as big as she was may have given her an idea. I do not know, I'm sure.

"It all happened quickly, as most dreadful things do at sea, and, when I think of it, I am satisfied to wonder with a quickened pulse, without troubling myself to speculate. You may have seen the high breakers rolling along the side of a stone pier; just so swung those giant surges past that barque's side as she came sweeping down upon our quarter, and that she lifted to them as she did, sinking to the fairleaders at one moment, then topping the dark peak till twenty feet of her keel forward might have been out of water, was perfectly miraculous. On a sudden, and when her foaming hull was right straight past the body of our helmsman, she put her helm hard down, and as she did so her foretopsail blew away. I saw it vanish from the yard like a whiff of tobacco smoke, and the sound of it came up in a dull note to windward, for all the world as if she had fired a gun at us. There seemed to be no preparation for heaving her to. Whether her crew were sick, whether those in charge of her were drunk, whether, by some extraordinary concurrence of disasters, she had fallen into the hands of passengers who did not know what to do with her, and who, on seeing us, made up their minds to keep close to us, it is impossible to imagine. There was no seamanship. She put her helm hard down, and scarce had the topsail blown away when she shipped a green sea over the bow that burst the foresail, and you saw it flogging in rags from the jack. The second mate, standing by my side, never spoke a

word. He seemed petrified by the murderous clumsiness that was happening on our quarter, and by anticipation of what he, as a sailor, might guess to be inevitable. Several seas struck her, and blew away in faint clouds, as if steam was rising from every part of her. She fell off, got way upon her, and drew well upon our quarter, where she rounded to the wind again, and lay in a smother. I felt the second mate grasp my arm, and when the next sea lifted the barque she was on her beam-ends, in the posture of a vessel high and dry. A sullen crimson gleam came up like a fork just abaft her foremast. I took it to mean a signal. 'She's on fire!' roared the second mate with an oath, and he let go my arm to strike his thigh with a frantic hand.

"The light vanished in a cloud of spume-like mist; it leapt up again; again it disappeared. Oh, man, one talks of the colouring of the sea, the horrors it accumulates, the mercilessness of it as an arena for human suffering! Who's to express that sight, the unspeakable effects communicated by the spectral glittering of lightning around the horizon, by the wild, capricious shining of the moon startling as lightning itself with its intermittent illumination, the sombre shadows that eclipsed its icy sparklings, the sea swelling in heaps of white about that prostrate vessel, and the wind in our own rigging crying with notes of raving as though it were horribly mocking the sounds which you felt were rising up to God on high from that black shadow not a quarter of a mile distant from us? Once again a crimson beam shone out of her, but after that, when I looked again, there was nothing to be seen but the backs of the angry procession of billows running regularly now that they had trampled their victim out of sight.

"This is the spectacle I wanted to tell you of, as a picture grand even to sublimity, but too full of human agony, man! too full of *that* to render it endurable as a memory"

THE END.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BECCLES.

A LIST OF BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

CHATTO & WINDUS,

214, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

Sold by all Booksellers, or sent post-free for the published price by the Publishers.

About.—The Fellah: An Egyptian Novel. By EDMOND ABOUT. Translated by Sir RANDAL ROBERTS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

Adams (W. Davenport), Works by:

A Dictionary of the Drama. Being a comprehensive Guide to the Plays, Playwrights, Players, and Playhouses of the United Kingdom and America, from the Earliest to the Present Times. Crown 8vo, half-bound, **12s. 6d.** [*Preparing.*

Quips and Quiddities. Selected by W. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

Advertising, A History of, from the Earliest Times. Illustrated by Anecdotes, Curious Specimens, and Notices of Successful Advertisers. By HENRY SAMPSON. Crown 8vo, with Coloured Frontispiece and Illustrations, cloth gilt, **7s. 6d.**

Agony Column (The) of "The Times," from 1800 to 1870. Edited, with an Introduction, by ALICE CLAY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

Aidé (Hamilton), Works by:

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s** each.

Carr of Carrlyon. | **Confidences.**

Alexander (Mrs.), Novels by:

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

Maid, Wife, or Widow?

Valerie's Fate.

Allen (Grant), Works by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.

The Evolutionist at Large. Second Edition, revised.

Vignettes from Nature.

Colin Clout's Calendar.

ALLEN (GRANT)—*continued.*

Strange Stories. With Frontispiece by GEORGE DU MAURIER. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **6s.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

Philistia: A Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

Babylon: A Novel. With 12 Illusts. by P. MACNAB. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

For Maimie's Sake: A Tale of Love and Dynamite. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **6s.**

In all Shades: A Novel. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

The Beckoning Hand, &c. With a Frontispiece by TOWNLEY GREEN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

An Anthology of the Novels of the Century: Choice Readings from all the best Novels of the last Eighty Years. Edited, with Critical and Biographical Notes, by H. T. MACKENZIE BELL. Crown 8vo, **3s. 6d.** [*Preparing.*

Architectural Styles, A Handbook of. Translated from the German of A. ROSENGARTEN, by W. COLLETT-SANDARS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with 639 Illustrations, **7s. 6d.**

Artemus Ward:

Artemus Ward's Works: The Works of CHARLES FARRER BROWNE, better known as ARTEMUS WARD. With Portrait and Facsimile. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

Artemus Ward's Lecture on the Mormons. With 32 Illustrations. Edited, with Preface, by EDWARD P. HINGSTON. Crown 8vo, **6d.**

The Genial Showman: Life and Adventures of Artemus Ward. By EDWARD P. HINGSTON. With a Frontispiece. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.**

Arnold.—Bird Life in England. By EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Art (The) of Amusing: A Collection of Graceful Arts, Games, Tricks, Puzzles, and Charades. By FRANK BELLEW. With 300 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

Ashton (John), Works by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.

A History of the Chap-Books of the Eighteenth Century. With nearly 400 Illustrations, engraved in facsimile of the originals.

Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne. From Original Sources. With nearly 100 Illustrations.

Humour, Wit, and Satire of the Seventeenth Century. With nearly 100 Illustrations.

English Caricature and Satire on Napoleon the First. With 120 Illustrations from Originals. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 28s.

Bacteria.—A Synopsis of the Bacteria and Yeast Fungi and Allied Species. By W. B. GROVE, B.A. With 87 Illusts. Crown 8vo, cl. extra, 3s. 6d.

Bankers, A Handbook of London; together with Lists of Bankers from 1677. By F. G. HILTON PRICE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Bardsley (Rev. C.W.), Works by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.

English Surnames: Their Sources and Significations. Third Ed., revised.

Curiosities of Puritan Nomenclature.

Bartholomew Fair, Memoirs of. By HENRY MORLEY. With 100 Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Beaconsfield, Lord: A Biography. By T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P. Sixth Edition, with a New Preface. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Beauchamp. — Grantley Grange: A Novel. By SHELSLEY BEAUCHAMP. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

Beautiful Pictures by British Artists: A Gathering of Favourites from our Picture Galleries. All engraved on Steel in the highest style of Art. Edited, with Notices of the Artists, by SYDNEY ARMYTAGE, M.A. Imperial 4to, cloth extra, gilt and gilt edges, 21s.

Bechstein. — As Pretty as Seven, and other German Stories. Collected by LUDWIG BECHSTEIN. With Additional Tales by the Brothers GRIMM, and 100 Illusts. by RICHTER. Small 4to, green and gold, 6s. 6d. gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

Beerbohm. — Wanderings in Patagonia; or, Life among the Ostrich Hunters. By JULIUS BEERBOHM. With Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Belgravia. One Shilling Monthly. The Number for JANUARY contained Stories by WILKIE COLLINS, Miss BRADDON, Mrs. ALFRED HUNT, the Author of "Phyllis," and other Popular Authors.—A New Serial Story by W. CLARK RUSSELL, entitled **The Frozen Pirate,** begins in the JULY Number.

*** *Now ready, the Volume for* MARCH *to* JUNE, 1887, *cloth extra, gilt edges,* 7s. 6d.; *Cases for binding Vols.,* 2s. *each.*

Belgravia Holiday Number, 1887. Demy 8vo, with Illustrations, 1s.

Bennett (W.C., LL.D.), Works by:

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. each.

A Ballad History of England.

Songs for Sailors.

Besant (Walter) and James Rice, Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Ready-Money Mortiboy.
With Harp and Crown.
This Son of Vulcan.
My Little Girl
The Case of Mr. Lucraft.
The Golden Butterfly
By Celia's Arbour.
The Monks of Thelema.
'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.
The Seamy Side.
The Ten Years' Tenant.
The Chaplain of the Fleet.

Besant (Walter), Novels by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men: An Impossible Story. With Illustrations by FRED. BARNARD.

The Captains' Room, &c. With Frontispiece by E. J. WHEELER.

All in a Garden Fair. With 6 Illusts. by H. FURNISS.

Dorothy Forster. With Frontispiece by CHARLES GREEN.

Uncle Jack, and other Stories.

BESANT, WALTER, *continued*—

Children of Gibeon: A Novel. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

The World Went Very Well Then. With Etching of Portrait by JOHN PETTIE, R.A., and Illustrations by A. FORESTIER. Three Vols., cr. 8vo.

The Art of Fiction. Demy 8vo, 1s.

Library Edition of the Novels of Walter Besant & James Rice.

Messrs. CHATTO & WINDUS *have in the press a choicely-printed Library Edition of the Novels of* Messrs. BESANT and RICE. *The Volumes (each one containing a Complete Novel) will be printed from a specially-cast fount of type by* Messrs. BALLANTYNE & HANSON, *of the Ballantyne Press, on a large crown 8vo page, and will be issued in Six-Shilling Monthly Volumes, handsomely bound in cloth by* Messrs. BURN & Co. *The First Volume of 512 pages (now ready) is*

Ready-Money Mortiboy,

with Portrait of JAMES RICE, *etched by* DANIEL A. WEHR SCHMIDT, *and a New Preface by* WALTER BESANT, *telling the story of his literary partnership with* JAMES RICE. *This Novel will be followed at regular intervals by the following*:—

My Little Girl.
With Harp and Crown.
This Son of Vulcan.
The Golden Butterfly. With Etched Portrait of WALTER BESANT.
The Monks of Thelema.
By Celia's Arbour.
The Chaplain of the Fleet.
The Seamy Side. &c. &c.

Betham-Edwards (M.), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.; post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s. each.

Felicia. | **Kitty.**

Bewick (Thos.) and his Pupils. By AUSTIN DOBSON. With 95 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

Birthday Books:—

The Starry Heavens: A Poetical Birthday Book. Square 8vo, handsomely bound in cloth, 2s. 6d.

Birthday Flowers: Their Language and Legends. By W. J. GORDON. Beautifully Illustrated in Colours by VIOLA BOUGHTON. In illuminated cover, crown 4to, 6s.

The Lowell Birthday Book. With Illusts. Small 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

Blackburn's (Henry) Art Handbooks. Demy 8vo, Illustrated, uniform in size for binding.

Academy Notes, separate years, from 1875 to 1886, each 1s.

BLACKBURN, HENRY, *continued*—

Academy Notes, 1887. With numerous Illustrations. 1s.

Academy Notes, 1875–79. Complete in One Vol., with nearly 600 Illusts. in Facsimile. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 6s.

Academy Notes, 1880–84. Complete in One Volume, with about 700 Facsimile Illustrations. Cloth limp, 6s.

Grosvenor Notes, 1877. 6d.

Grosvenor Notes, separate years, from 1878 to 1886, each 1s.

Grosvenor Notes, 1887. With numerous Illusts. 1s.

Grosvenor Notes, 1877–82. With upwards of 300 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 6s.

Grosvenor Notes, 1883–87. With upwards of 300 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 6s. [*Preparing.*

Pictures at South Kensington. With 70 Illusts. 1s. [*New Edit. preparing.*

The English Pictures at the National Gallery. 114 Illustrations. 1s.

The Old Masters at the National Gallery. 128 Illustrations. 1s. 6d.

A Complete Illustrated Catalogue to the National Gallery. With Notes by H. BLACKBURN, and 242 Illusts. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 3s.

Illustrated Catalogue of the Luxembourg Gallery. Containing about 250 Reproductions after the Original Drawings of the Artists. Edited by F. G. DUMAS. Demy 8vo, 3s. 6d.

The Paris Salon, 1887. With about 300 Facsimile Sketches. Demy 8vo, 3s.

Blake (William): Etchings from his Works. By W. B. SCOTT. With descriptive Text. Folio, half-bound boards, India Proofs, 21s.

Boccaccio's Decameron; or, Ten Days' Entertainment. Translated into English, with an Introduction by THOMAS WRIGHT, F.S.A. With Portrait and STOTHARD'S beautiful Copperplates. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Bowers'(G.) Hunting Sketches: Oblong 4to, half-bound boards, 21s. each.

Canters in Crampshire.
Leaves from a Hunting Journal. Coloured in facsimile of the originals.

Boyle (Frederick), Works by: Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Camp Notes: Stories of Sport and Adventure in Asia, Africa, and America. [Trotter.

Savage Life: Adventures of a Globe-

Chronicles of No-Man's Land Post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.

Brand's Observations on Popular Antiquities, chiefly Illustrating the Origin of our Vulgar Customs, Ceremonies, and Superstitions. With the Additions of Sir HENRY ELLIS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with numerous Illustrations, **7s. 6d.**

Bret Harte, Works by:

Bret Harte's Collected Works. Arranged and Revised by the Author. Complete in Five Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.
Vol. I. COMPLETE POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS. With Steel Portrait, and Introduction by Author.
Vol. II. EARLIER PAPERS—LUCK OF ROARING CAMP, and other Sketches —BOHEMIAN PAPERS — SPANISH AND AMERICAN LEGENDS.
Vol. III. TALES OF THE ARGONAUTS —EASTERN SKETCHES.
Vol. IV. GABRIEL CONROY.
Vol. V. STORIES — CONDENSED NOVELS, &c.

The Select Works of Bret Harte, in Prose and Poetry. With Introductory Essay by J. M. BELLEW Portrait of the Author, and 50 Illustrations. Crown 8vo cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

Bret Harte's Complete Poetical Works. Author's Copyright Edition. Beautifully printed on hand-made paper and bound in buckram. Cr. 8vo, **4s. 6d.**

Gabriel Conroy: A Novel. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

An Heiress of Red Dog, and other Stories. Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

The Twins of Table Mountain. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**

Luck of Roaring Camp, and other Sketches. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

Jeff Briggs's Love Story. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, **1s.** [**2s. 6d.**

Flip. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**; cl. limp,

Californian Stories (including THE TWINS OF TABLE MOUNTAIN, JEFF BRIGGS'S LOVE STORY, &c.) Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

Maruja: A Novel. Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

The Queen of the Pirate Isle. With 28 original Drawings by KATE GREENAWAY, Reproduced in Colours by EDMUND EVANS. Sm. 4to, bds., **5s.**

Brewer (Rev. Dr.), Works by:

The Reader's Handbook of Allusions, References, Plots, and Stories. Fifth Edition, revised throughout, with a New Appendix, containing a COMPLETE ENGLISH BIBLIOGRAPHY. Cr. 8vo, 1,400 pp., cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

Authors and their Works, with the Dates: Being the Appendices to "The Reader's Handbook," separately printed. Cr. 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

BREWER (REV. DR.), *continued*—

A Dictionary of Miracles: Imitative, Realistic, and Dogmatic. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**; half-bound, **9s.**

Brewster (Sir David), Works by:

More Worlds than One: The Creed of the Philosopher and the Hope of the Christian. With Plates. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **4s. 6d.**

The Martyrs of Science: Lives of GALILEO, TYCHO BRAHE, and KEPLER. With Portraits. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **4s. 6d.**

Letters on Natural Magic. A New Edition, with numerous Illustrations, and Chapters on the Being and Faculties of Man, and Additional Phenomena of Natural Magic, by J. A. SMITH. Post 8vo, cl. ex., **4s. 6d.**

Briggs, Memoir of Gen. John.

By Major EVANS BELL. With a Portrait. Royal 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

Brillat-Savarin.—Gastronomy as a Fine Art.

By BRILLAT-SAVARIN. Translated by R. E. ANDERSON, M.A. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

Buchanan's (Robert) Works:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.

Ballads of Life, Love, and Humour. Frontispiece by ARTHUR HUGHES.
Undertones. | **London Poems.**
The Book of Orm.
White Rose and Red: A Love Story.
Idylls and Legends of Inverburn.
Selected Poems of Robert Buchanan With a Frontispiece by T. DALZIEL.
The Hebrid Isles: Wanderings in the Land of Lorne and the Outer Hebrides. With Frontispiece by WILLIAM SMALL.
A Poet's Sketch-Book: Selections from the Prose Writings of ROBERT BUCHANAN.
The Earthquake; or, Six Days and a Sabbath. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

Robert Buchanan's Complete Poetical Works. With Steel-plate Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each.
The Shadow of the Sword.
A Child of Nature. With a Frontispiece.
God and the Man. With Illustrations by FRED. BARNARD.
The Martyrdom of Madeline. With Frontispiece by A. W. COOPER.
Love Me for Ever. With a Frontispiece by P. MACNAB.
Annan Water. | **The New Abelard.**
Foxglove Manor.
Matt: A Story of a Caravan.
The Master of the Mine.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Edited by Rev. T. Scott. With 17 Steel Plates by Stothard engraved by Goodall, and numerous Woodcuts. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, **7s. 6d.**

Burnett (Mrs.), Novels by:

Surly Tim, and other Stories. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, **1s.** each.

Kathleen Mavourneen.

Lindsay's Luck.

Pretty Polly Pemberton.

Burton (Captain), Works by:

To the Gold Coast for Gold: A Personal Narrative. By Richard F. Burton and Verney Lovett Cameron. With Maps and Frontispiece. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **21s.**

The Book of the Sword: Being a History of the Sword and its Use in all Countries, from the Earliest Times. By Richard F. Burton. With over 400 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **32s.**

Burton (Robert):

The Anatomy of Melancholy. A New Edition, complete, corrected and enriched by Translations of the Classical Extracts. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

Melancholy Anatomised: Being an Abridgment, for popular use, of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

Byron (Lord):

Byron's Childe Harold. An entirely New Edition of this famous Poem, with over One Hundred new Illusts. by leading Artists. (Uniform with the Illustrated Editions of "The Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion.") Elegantly and appropriately bound, small 4to, **16s.**

Byron's Letters and Journals. With Notices of his Life. By Thomas Moore. A Reprint of the Original Edition. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

Byron's Don Juan. Complete in One Vol., post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

Caine (T. Hall), Novels by:

The Shadow of a Crime. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

A Son of Hagar. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

Cameron (Comdr.), Works by:

To the Gold Coast for Gold: A Personal Narrative. By Richard F. Burton and Verney Lovett Cameron. With Frontispiece and Maps. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **21s.**

The Cruise of the "Black Prince" Privateer, Commanded by Robert Hawkins, Master Mariner. By Commander V. Lovett Cameron R.N., C.B., D.C.L. With Frontispiece and Vignette by P. Macnab. Crown 8vo, cl. ex., **5s.**

Cameron (Mrs. H. Lovett), Novels by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

Juliet's Guardian. | **Deceivers Ever.**

Carlyle (Thomas):

On the Choice of Books. By Thomas Carlyle. With a Life of the Author by R. H. Shepherd. New and Revised Edition, post 8vo, cloth extra, Illustrated, **1s. 6d.**

The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1834 to 1872. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. With Portraits. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **24s.**

Chapman's (George) Works: Vol. I. contains the Plays complete, including the doubtful ones. Vol. II., the Poems and Minor Translations, with an Introductory Essay by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Vol. III., the Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **18s.**; or separately, **6s.** each.

Chatto & Jackson.—A Treatise on Wood Engraving, Historical and Practical. By Wm. Andrew Chatto and John Jackson. With an Additional Chapter by Henry G. Bohn; and 450 fine Illustrations. A Reprint of the last Revised Edition. Large 4to, half-bound, **28s.**

Chaucer:

Chaucer for Children: A Golden Key. By Mrs. H. R. Haweis. With Eight Coloured Pictures and numerous Woodcuts by the Author. New Ed., small 4to, cloth extra, **6s.**

Chaucer for Schools. By Mrs. H. R. Haweis. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

Chronicle (The) of the Coach: Charing Cross to Ilfracombe. By J. D Champlin. With 75 Illustrations by Edward L. Chichester. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

City (The) of Dream: A Poem. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** [*In the press.*

Clodd. — Myths and Dreams. By EDWARD CLODD, F.R.A.S., Author of "The Childhood of Religions," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Cobban.—The Cure of Souls: A Story. By J. MACLAREN COBBAN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Coleman.—Curly: An Actor's Story. By JOHN COLEMAN. Illustrated by J. C. DOLLMAN. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Collins (Wilkie), Novels by:
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, Illustrated, 3s.6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated bds., 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.
Antonina. Illust. by Sir JOHN GILBERT.
Basil. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT and J. MAHONEY.
Hide and Seek. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT and J. MAHONEY.
The Dead Secret. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT.
Queen of Hearts. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT.
My Miscellanies. With a Steel-plate Portrait of WILKIE COLLINS.
The Woman in White. With Illustrations by Sir JOHN GILBERT and F. A. FRASER.
The Moonstone. With Illustrations by G. DU MAURIER and F. A. FRASER.
Man and Wife. Illust. by W. SMALL.
Poor Miss Finch. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and EDWARD HUGHES.
Miss or Mrs.? With Illustrations by S. L. FILDES and HENRY WOODS.
The New Magdalen. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and C. S. REINHARDT.
The Frozen Deep. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and J. MAHONEY.
The Law and the Lady. Illustrated by S. L. FILDES and SYDNEY HALL.
The Two Destinies.
The Haunted Hotel. Illustrated by ARTHUR HOPKINS.
The Fallen Leaves.
Jezebel's Daughter.
The Black Robe.
Heart and Science: A Story of the Present Time.
"I Say No."
The Evil Genius.

Little Novels. Three Vols., cr. 8vo.

Collins (Mortimer), Novels by:
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Sweet Anne Page. | Transmigration.
From Midnight to Midnight.

A Fight with Fortune. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Collins (Mortimer & Frances), Novels by:
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Blacksmith and Scholar.
The Village Comedy.
You Play Me False.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Sweet and Twenty. | Frances.

Collins (C. Allston).—The Bar Sinister: A Story. By C. ALLSTON COLLINS. Post 8vo, illustrated bds., 2s.

Colman's Humorous Works: "Broad Grins," "My Nightgown and Slippers," and other Humorous Works, Prose and Poetical, of GEORGE COLMAN. With Life by G. B. BUCKSTONE, and Frontispiece by HOGARTH. Crown 8vo cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Convalescent Cookery: A Family Handbook. By CATHERINE RYAN. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Conway (Moncure D.), Works by:
Demonology and Devil-Lore. Two Vols., royal 8vo, with 65 Illusts., 28s.
A Necklace of Stories. Illustrated by W. J. HENNESSY. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Cook (Dutton), Works by:
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. each.
Hours with the Players. With a Steel Plate Frontispiece.
Nights at the Play: A View of the English Stage.

Leo: A Novel. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
Paul Foster's Daughter. crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Copyright. — A Handbook of English and Foreign Copyright in Literary and Dramatic Works. By SIDNEY JERROLD, of the Middle Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Cornwall.—Popular Romances of the West of England; or, The Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall. Collected and Edited by ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S. New and Revised Edition, with Additions, and Two Steel-plate Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Craddock. — The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.; cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Creasy.—Memoirs of Eminent Etonians: with Notices of the Early History of Eton College. By Sir Edward Creasy, Author of "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with 13 Portraits, **7s. 6d.**

Cruikshank (George):

The Comic Almanack. Complete in Two Series: The First from 1835 to 1843; the Second from 1844 to 1853. A Gathering of the Best Humour of Thackeray, Hood, Mayhew, Albert Smith, A'Beckett, Robert Brough, &c. With 2,000 Woodcuts and Steel Engravings by Cruikshank, Hine, Landells, &c. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, two very thick volumes, **7s. 6d.** each.

The Life of George Cruikshank. By Blanchard Jerrold, Author of "The Life of Napoleon III.," &c. With 84 Illustrations. New and Cheaper Edition, enlarged, with Additional Plates, and a very carefully compiled Bibliography. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

Robinson Crusoe. A beautiful reproduction of Major's Edition, with 37 Woodcuts and Two Steel Plates by George Cruikshank, choicely printed. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

Cumming (C. F. Gordon), Works by:

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, **8s. 6d.** each.

In the Hebrides. With Autotype Facsimile and numerous full-page Illustrations.

In the Himalayas and on the Indian Plains. With numerous Illustrations.

Via Cornwall to Egypt. With a Photogravure Frontispiece. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

Cussans.—Handbook of Heraldry; with Instructions for Tracing Pedigrees and Deciphering Ancient MSS., &c. By John E. Cussans. Entirely New and Revised Edition, illustrated with over 400 Woodcuts and Coloured Plates. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

Cyples.—Hearts of Gold: A Novel. By William Cyples. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

Daniel.—Merrie England in the Olden Time. By George Daniel. With Illustrations by Robt. Cruikshank. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

Daudet.—The Evangelist; or, Port Salvation. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by C. Harry Meltzer. With Portrait of the Author. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

Davenant.—What shall my Son be? Hints for Parents on the Choice of a Profession or Trade for their Sons. By Francis Davenant, M.A. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

Davies (Dr. N. E.), Works by:

Crown 8vo, **1s.** each; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.** each.

One Thousand Medical Maxims.

Nursery Hints: A Mother's Guide.

Aids to Long Life. Crown 8vo, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

Davies' (Sir John) Complete Poetical Works, including Psalms I. to L. in Verse, and other hitherto Unpublished MSS., for the first time Collected and Edited, with Memorial-Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. A. B. Grosart, D.D. Two Vols. crown 8vo, cloth boards, **12s.**

De Maistre.—A Journey Round My Room. By Xavier de Maistre. Translated by Henry Attwell. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

De Mille.—A Castle in Spain: A Novel. By James De Mille. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

Derwent (Leith), Novels by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

Our Lady of Tears.

Circe's Lovers.

Dickens (Charles), Novels by:

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

Sketches by Boz. | **Nicholas Nickleby.**

Pickwick Papers. | **Oliver Twist.**

The Speeches of Charles Dickens, 1841–1870. With a New Bibliography, revised and enlarged. Edited and Prefaced by Richard Herne Shepherd. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**—Also a Smaller Edition, in the *Mayfair Library*. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

About England with Dickens. By Alfred Rimmer. With 57 Illustrations by C. A. Vanderhoof, Alfred Rimmer, and others. Sq. 8vo, cloth extra, **10s. 6d.**

Dictionaries:

A Dictionary of Miracles: Imitative, Realistic, and Dogmatic. By the Rev. E. C. Brewer, LL.D. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**; hf.-bound, **9s.**

DICTIONARIES—*continued.*

The Reader's Handbook of Allusions, References, Plots, and Stories. By the Rev. E. C. BREWER, LL.D. Fifth Edition, revised throughout, with a New Appendix, containing a Complete English Bibliography. Crown 8vo, 1,400 pages, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Authors and their Works, with the Dates. Being the Appendices to "The Reader's Handbook," separately printed. By the Rev. Dr. BREWER. Crown 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

Familiar Allusions: A Handbook of Miscellaneous Information; including the Names of Celebrated Statues, Paintings, Palaces, Country Seats, Ruins, Churches, Ships, Streets, Clubs, Natural Curiosities, and the like. By WM. A. WHEELER and CHARLES G. WHEELER. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Familiar Short Sayings of Great Men. With Historical and Explanatory Notes. By SAMUEL A. BENT, M.A. Fifth Edition, revised and enlarged. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

A Dictionary of the Drama: Being a comprehensive Guide to the Plays, Playwrights, Players, and Playhouses of the United Kingdom and America, from the Earliest to the Present Times. By W. DAVENPORT ADAMS. A thick volume, crown 8vo, half-bound, 12s. 6d. [*In preparation.*

The Slang Dictionary: Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. 6d.

Women of the Day: A Biographical Dictionary. By FRANCES HAYS. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Words, Facts, and Phrases: A Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-Way Matters. By ELIEZER EDWARDS. New and Cheaper Issue. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., 7s. 6d.; hf.-bd., 9s.

Diderot.—The Paradox of Acting. Translated, with Annotations, from Diderot's "Le Paradoxe sur le Comédien," by WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK. With a Preface by HENRY IRVING. Cr. 8vo, in parchment, 4s. 6d.

Dobson (W. T.), Works by:

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Literary Frivolities, Fancies, Follies, and Frolics.

Poetical Ingenuities and Eccentricities.

Doran. — Memories of our Great Towns; with Anecdotic Gleanings concerning their Worthies and their Oddities. By Dr. JOHN DORAN, F.S.A. With 38 Illustrations. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Drama, A Dictionary of the. Being a comprehensive Guide to the Plays, Playwrights, Players, and Playhouses of the United Kingdom and America, from the Earliest to the Present Times. By W. DAVENPORT ADAMS. (Uniform with BREWER'S "Reader's Handbook.") Crown 8vo, half-bound, 12s. 6d. [*In preparation.*

Dramatists, The Old. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., Vignette Portraits, 6s. per Vol.

Ben Jonson's Works. With Notes Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir by WM. GIFFORD. Edit. by Col. CUNNINGHAM. 3 Vols.

Chapman's Works. Complete in Three Vols. Vol. I. contains the Plays complete, including doubtful ones; Vol. II., Poems and Minor Translations, with Introductory Essay by A. C. SWINBURNE; Vol. III., Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey.

Marlowe's Works. Including his Translations. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Col. CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.

Massinger's Plays. From the Text of WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Col. CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.

Dyer. — The Folk-Lore of Plants. By Rev. T. F. THISELTON DYER, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. [*In preparation.*

Early English Poets. Edited, with Introductions and Annotations, by Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 6s. per Volume.

Fletcher's (Giles, B.D.) Complete Poems. One Vol.

Davies' (Sir John) Complete Poetical Works. Two Vols.

Herrick's (Robert) Complete Collected Poems. Three Vols.

Sidney's (Sir Philip) Complete Poetical Works. Three Vols.

Herbert (Lord) of Cherbury's Poems. Edited, with Introduction, by J. CHURTON COLLINS. Crown 8vo, parchment, 8s.

Edgcumbe. — Zephyrus: A Holiday in South America and on the River Plate. By E. R. PEARCE EDGCUMBE. With 41 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. [*Preparing.*

Edwardes (Mrs. A.), Novels by:

A Point of Honour. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Archie Lovell. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

Eggleston.—Roxy: A Novel. By EDWARD EGGLESTON. Post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.

Emanuel.—On Diamonds and Precious Stones: their History, Value, and Properties; with Simple Tests for ascertaining their Reality. By HARRY EMANUEL, F.R.G.S. With numerous Illustrations, tinted and plain. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 6s.

English Merchants: Memoirs in Illustration of the Progress of British Commerce. By H. R. Fox BOURNE. With Illusts. New and Cheaper Edit. revised. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Ewald (Alex. Charles, F.S.A.), Works by:

The Life and Times of Prince Charles Stuart, Count of Albany, commonly called the Young Pretender. From the State Papers and other Sources. New and Cheaper Edition, with a Portrait, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Stories from the State Papers. With an Autotype Facsimile. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Studies Re-studied: Historical Sketches from Original Sources. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s.

Eyes, Our: How to Preserve Them from Infancy to Old Age. By JOHN BROWNING, F.R.A.S., &c. Fifth Edition. With 55 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s.

Fairholt.—Tobacco: Its History and Associations; with an Account of the Plant and its Manufacture, and its Modes of Use in all Ages and Countries. By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. With upwards of 100 Illustrations by the Author. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Familiar Allusions: A Handbook of Miscellaneous Information; including the Names of Celebrated Statues, Paintings, Palaces, Country Seats, Ruins, Churches, Ships, Streets, Clubs, Natural Curiosities, and the like. By WILLIAM A. WHEELER, Author of "Noted Names of Fiction;" and CHARLES G. WHEELER. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Familiar Short Sayings of Great Men. By SAMUEL ARTHUR BENT, A.M. Fifth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Farrer (James Anson), Works by:

Military Manners and Customs. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

War: Three Essays, Reprinted from "Military Manners." Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Faraday (Michael), Works by: Post 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d. each.

The Chemical History of a Candle: Lectures delivered before a Juvenile Audience at the Royal Institution. Edited by WILLIAM CROOKES, F.C.S. With numerous Illustrations.

On the Various Forces of Nature, and their Relations to each other: Lectures delivered before a Juvenile Audience at the Royal Institution. Edited by WILLIAM CROOKES, F.C.S. With numerous Illustrations.

Fin-Bec.—The Cupboard Papers: Observations on the Art of Living and Dining. By FIN-BEC. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Fireworks, The Complete Art of Making; or, The Pyrotechnist's Treasury. By THOMAS KENTISH. With 267 Illustrations. A New Edition, Revised throughout and greatly Enlarged. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Fitzgerald (Percy), Works by:

The Recreations of a Literary Man; or, Does Writing Pay? With Recollections of some Literary Men, and a View of a Literary Man's Working Life. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

The World Behind the Scenes. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Little Essays: Passages from the Letters of CHARLES LAMB. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Fatal Zero: A Homburg Diary. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Bella Donna. | **Never Forgotten**
The Second Mrs. Tillotson.
Polly.
Seventy-five Brooke Street.
The Lady of Brantome.

Fletcher's (Giles, B.D.) Complete Poems: Christ's Victorie in Heaven, Christ's Victorie on Earth, Christ's Triumph over Death, and Minor Poems. With Memorial-Introduction and Notes by the Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Cr. 8vo, cloth bds., 6s.

Fonblanque.—Filthy Lucre: A Novel. By ALBANY DE FONBLANQUE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Francillon (R. E.), Novels by: Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s. each.

One by One. | **A Real Queen.**
Queen Cophetua.

Olympia. Post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.
Esther's Glove. Fcap. 8vo, 1s.

French Literature, History of. By HENRY VAN LAUN. Complete in 3 Vols., demy 8vo, cl. bds., **7s. 6d.** each.

Frere.—Pandurang Hari; or, Memoirs of a Hindoo. With a Preface by Sir H. BARTLE FRERE, G.C.S.I., &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Friswell.—One of Two: A Novel. By HAIN FRISWELL. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

Frost (Thomas), Works by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

Circus Life and Circus Celebrities.

The Lives of the Conjurers.

The Old Showmen and the Old London Fairs.

Fry's (Herbert) Royal Guide to the London Charities, 1886-7. Showing their Name, Date of Foundation, Objects, Income, Officials, &c. Published Annually. Cr. 8vo, cloth, **1s. 6d.**

Gardening Books:

Post 8vo, **1s.** each; cl. limp, **1s. 6d.** each.

A Year's Work in Garden and Greenhouse: Practical Advice to Amateur Gardeners as to the Management of the Flower, Fruit, and Frame Garden. By GEORGE GLENNY.

Our Kitchen Garden: The Plants we Grow, and How we Cook Them. By TOM JERROLD.

Household Horticulture: A Gossip about Flowers. By TOM and JANE JERROLD. Illustrated.

The Garden that Paid the Rent. By TOM JERROLD.

My Garden Wild, and What I Grew there. By F. G. HEATH. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**; gilt edges, **6s.**

Garrett.—The Capel Girls: A Novel. By EDWARD GARRETT. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

Gentleman's Magazine (The) for 1887. One Shilling Monthly. In addition to the Articles upon subjects in Literature, Science, and Art, for which this Magazine has so high a reputation, "Science Notes," by W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS, F.R.A.S., and "Table Talk," by SYLVANUS URBAN, appear monthly.

*** *Now ready, the Volume for* JANUARY *to* JUNE, 1887, *cloth extra, price* **8s. 6d.**; *Cases for binding,* **2s.** *each.*

German Popular Stories. Collected by the Brothers GRIMM, and Translated by EDGAR TAYLOR. Edited, with an Introduction, by JOHN RUSKIN. With 22 Illustrations on Steel by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **6s. 6d.**; gilt edges, **7s. 6d.**

Gibbon (Charles), Novels by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

Robin Gray.
For Lack of Gold.
What will the World Say?
In Honour Bound.
Queen of the Meadow.
Braes of Yarrow.
The Flower of the Forest.
A Heart's Problem.
The Golden Shaft.
Of High Degree.
Fancy Free.
Loving a Dream.
A Hard Knot.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

For the King.
In Pastures Green.
In Love and War.
By Mead and Stream.
Heart's Delight. [*Preparing.*

Gilbert (William), Novels by:

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

Dr. Austin's Guests.

The Wizard of the Mountain.

James Duke, Costermonger.

Gilbert (W. S.), Original Plays by: In Two Series, each complete in itself, price **2s. 6d.** each.

The FIRST SERIES contains—The Wicked World—Pygmalion and Galatea—Charity—The Princess—The Palace of Truth—Trial by Jury.

The SECOND SERIES contains—Broken Hearts—Engaged—Sweethearts—Gretchen—Dan'l Druce—Tom Cobb—H.M.S. Pinafore—The Sorcerer—The Pirates of Penzance.

Eight Original Comic Operas. Written by W. S. GILBERT. Containing: The Sorcerer—H.M.S. "Pinafore"—The Pirates of Penzance—Iolanthe—Patience—Princess Ida—The Mikado—Trial by Jury. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

Glenny.—A Year's Work in Garden and Greenhouse: Practical Advice to Amateur Gardeners as to the Management of the Flower, Fruit, and Frame Garden. By GEORGE GLENNY. Post 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

Godwin.—Lives of the Necromancers. By WILLIAM GODWIN. Post 8vo, limp, **2s.**

Golden Library, The:

Square 16mo (Tauchnitz size), cloth limp, 2s. per volume.

Bayard Taylor's Diversions of the Echo Club.

Bennett's (Dr. W. C.) Ballad History of England.

Bennett's (Dr.) Songs for Sailors.

Byron's Don Juan.

Godwin's (William) Lives of the Necromancers.

Holmes's Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Introduction by SALA.

Holmes's Professor at the Breakfast Table.

Hood's Whims and Oddities. Complete. All the original Illustrations.

Irving's (Washington) Tales of a Traveller.

Jesse's (Edward) Scenes and Occupations of a Country Life.

Lamb's Essays of Elia. Both Series Complete in One Vol.

Leigh Hunt's Essays: A Tale for a Chimney Corner, and other Pieces. With Portrait, and Introduction by EDMUND OLLIER.

Mallory's (Sir Thomas) Mort d'Arthur: The Stories of King Arthur and of the Knights of the Round Table. Edited by B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

Pascal's Provincial Letters. A New Translation, with Historical Introduction and Notes, by T. M'CRIE, D.D.

Pope's Poetical Works. Complete.

Rochefoucauld's Maxims and Moral Reflections. With Notes, and Introductory Essay by SAINTE-BEUVE.

St. Pierre's Paul and Virginia, and The Indian Cottage. Edited, with Life, by the Rev. E. CLARKE.

Golden Treasury of Thought, The: An ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF QUOTATIONS from Writers of all Times and Countries. Selected and Edited by THEODORE TAYLOR. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt and gilt edges, **7s. 6d.**

Graham. — The Professor's Wife: A Story. By LEONARD GRAHAM. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**

Greeks and Romans, The Life of the, Described from Antique Monuments. By ERNST GUHL and W. KONER. Translated from the Third German Edition, and Edited by Dr. F. HUEFFER. 545 Illusts. New and Cheaper Edit., demy 8vo, cl. ex., **7s. 6d.**

Greenaway (Kate) and Bret Harte.—The Queen of the Pirate Isle. By BRET HARTE. With 25 original Drawings by KATE GREENAWAY, Reproduced in Colours by E. EVANS. Sm. 4to, bds., **5s.**

Greenwood (James), Works by: Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

The Wilds of London.

Low-Life Deeps: An Account of the Strange Fish to be Found There.

Dick Temple: A Novel. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

Guyot.—The Earth and Man; or, Physical Geography in its relation to the History of Mankind. By ARNOLD GUYOT. With Additions by Professors AGASSIZ, PIERCE, and GRAY; 12 Maps and Engravings on Steel, some Coloured, and copious Index. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, **4s. 6d.**

Habberton—Brueton's Bayou. By JOHN HABBERTON, Author of "Helen's Babies." Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**

Hair (The): Its Treatment in Health, Weakness, and Disease. Translated from the German of Dr. J. PINCUS. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

Hake (Dr. Thomas Gordon), Poems by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.

New Symbols.

Legends of the Morrow.

The Serpent Play.

Maiden Ecstasy. Small 4to, cloth extra, **8s.**

Hall.—Sketches of Irish Character. By Mrs. S. C. HALL. With numerous Illustrations on Steel and Wood by MACLISE, GILBERT, HARVEY, and G. CRUIKSHANK. Medium 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, **7s. 6d.**

Halliday.—Every-day Papers. By ANDREW HALLIDAY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

Handwriting, The Philosophy of. With over 100 Facsimiles and Explanatory Text. By DON FELIX DE SALAMANCA. Post 8vo, cl. limp, **2s. 6d.**

Hanky-Panky: A Collection of Very Easy Tricks, Very Difficult Tricks, White Magic, Sleight of Hand, &c. Edited by W. H. CREMER. With 200 Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **4s. 6d.**

Hardy (Lady Duffus). — Paul Wynter's Sacrifice: A Story. By Lady DUFFUS HARDY. Post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.

Hardy (Thomas).—Under the Greenwood Tree. By THOMAS HARDY, Author of "Far from the Madding Crowd." With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Harwood.—The Tenth Earl. By J. BERWICK HARWOOD. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Haweis (Mrs. H. R.), Works by:

The Art of Dress. With numerous Illustrations. Small 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s.; cloth limp, 1s. 6d.

The Art of Beauty. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, Coloured Frontispiece and Illusts. 6s.

The Art of Decoration. Square 8vo, handsomely bound and profusely Illustrated, 10s. 6d.

Chaucer for Children: A Golden Key. With Eight Coloured Pictures and numerous Woodcuts. New Edition, small 4to, cloth extra, 6s.

Chaucer for Schools. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Haweis (Rev. H. R.).—American Humorists. Including WASHINGTON IRVING, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, ARTEMUS WARD, MARK TWAIN, and BRET HARTE. By the Rev. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Hawthorne (Julian), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Garth. | **Sebastian Strome.**
Ellice Quentin. | **Dust.**
Prince Saroni's Wife.
Fortune's Fool. | **Beatrix Randolph.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

Miss Cadogna.
Love—or a Name.

Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s.

Hays.—Women of the Day: A Biographical Dictionary of Notable Contemporaries. By FRANCES HAYS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Heath (F. G.). — My Garden Wild, and What I Grew There. By FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH, Author of "The Fern World," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.; cl. gilt, gilt edges, 6s.

Helps (Sir Arthur), Works by: Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Animals and their Masters.
Social Pressure.

Ivan de Biron: A Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Herrick's (Robert) Hesperides Noble Numbers, and Complete Collected Poems. With Memorial-Introduction and Notes by the Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D., Steel Portrait, Index of First Lines, and Glossarial Index, &c. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 18s.

Hesse-Wartegg (Chevalier Ernst von), Works by:

Tunis: The Land and the People. With 22 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

The New South-West: Travelling Sketches from Kansas, New Mexico, Arizona, and Northern Mexico. With 100 fine Illustrations and Three Maps. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 14s. [*In preparation.*

Herbert.—The Poems of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Edited, with Introduction, by J. CHURTON COLLINS. Crown 8vo, bound in parchment, 8s.

Hindley (Charles), Works by: Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

Tavern Anecdotes and Sayings: Including the Origin of Signs, and Reminiscences connected with Taverns, Coffee Houses, Clubs, &c. With Illustrations.

The Life and Adventures of a Cheap Jack. By One of the Fraternity. Edited by CHARLES HINDLEY.

Hoey.—The Lover's Creed. By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY. With Frontispiece by P. MACNAB. New and Cheaper Edit. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Holmes (O. Wendell), Works by:

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. Illustrated by J. GORDON THOMSON. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.—Another Edition in smaller type, with an Introduction by G. A. SALA. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

The Professor at the Breakfast-Table; with the Story of Iris. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

Holmes. — The Science of Voice Production and Voice Preservation: A Popular Manual for the Use of Speakers and Singers. By GORDON HOLMES, M.D. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

Hood (Thomas):

Hood's Choice Works, in Prose and Verse. Including the Cream of the COMIC ANNUALS. With Life of the Author, Portrait, and 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

Hood's Whims and Oddities. Complete. With all the original Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

Hood (Tom), Works by:

From Nowhere to the North Pole: A Noah's Arkæological Narrative. With 25 Illustrations by W. BRUNTON and E. C. BARNES. Square crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, **6s.**

A Golden Heart: A Novel. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

Hook's (Theodore) Choice Humorous Works, including his Ludicrous Adventures, Bons Mots, Puns and Hoaxes. With a New Life of the Author, Portraits, Facsimiles, and Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, gilt, **7s. 6d.**

Hooper.—The House of Raby: A Novel. By Mrs. GEORGE HOOPER. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

Hopkins—"'Twixt Love and Duty:" A Novel. By TIGHE HOPKINS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

Horne.—Orion: An Epic Poem, in Three Books. By RICHARD HENGIST HORNE. With Photographic Portrait from a Medallion by SUMMERS. Tenth Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s.**

Howell.—Conflicts of Capital and Labour, Historically and Economically considered: Being a History and Review of the Trade Unions of Great Britain. By GEO. HOWELL M.P. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

Hunt.—Essays by Leigh Hunt. A Tale for a Chimney Corner, and other Pieces. With Portrait and Introduction by EDMUND OLLIER. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

Hunt (Mrs. Alfred), Novels by

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

Thornicroft's Model.

The Leaden Casket.

Self-Condemned.

That other Person.

Indoor Paupers. By ONE OF THEM. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

Hydrophobia: M. PASTEUR'S System. Containing a Translation of all his Communications on the Subject, the Technique of his Methods, the latest Statistics, &c. By Dr. R. SUZOR. of the Faculties of Edinburgh and Paris. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** [*Shortly.*

Ingelow.—Fated to be Free: A Novel. By JEAN INGELOW. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

Irish Wit and Humour, Songs of. Collected and Edited by A. PERCEVAL GRAVES. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

Irving—Tales of a Traveller. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

Jay (Harriett), Novels by:

The Dark Colleen. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

The Queen of Connaught. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

Janvier.—Practical Keramics for Students. By CATHERINE A. JANVIER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

Jefferies (Richard), Works by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.

Nature near London.

The Life of the Fields.

The Open Air.

Jennings (H. J.), Works by:

Curiosities of Criticism. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

Lord Tennyson: A Biographical Sketch. With a Photograph-Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

Jerrold (Tom), Works by:

Post 8vo, **1s.** each; cloth, **1s. 6d.** each.

The Garden that Paid the Rent.

Household Horticulture: A Gossip about Flowers. Illustrated.

Our Kitchen Garden: The Plants we Grow, and How we Cook Them.

Jesse.—Scenes and Occupations of a Country Life. By EDWARD JESSE. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

Jeux d'Esprit. Collected and Edited by HENRY S. LEIGH. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Jones (Wm., F.S.A.), Works by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.

Finger-Ring Lore: Historical, Legendary, and Anecdotal. With over Two Hundred Illustrations.

Credulities, Past and Present; including the Sea and Seamen, Miners, Talismans, Word and Letter Divination Exorcising and Blessing of Animals, Birds, Eggs, Luck, &c. With an Etched Frontispiece.

Crowns and Coronations: A History of Regalia in all Times and Countries. With One Hundred Illustrations.

Jonson's (Ben) Works. With Notes Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir by WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Colonel CUNNINGHAM. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, 18s.; or separately, 6s. each.

Josephus, The Complete Works of. Translated by WHISTON. Containing both "The Antiquities of the Jews" and "The Wars of the Jews." Two Vols., 8vo, with 52 Illustrations and Maps, cloth extra, gilt, 14s.

Kempt.—Pencil and Palette: Chapters on Art and Artists. By ROBERT KEMPT. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Kershaw.—Colonial Facts and Fictions: Humorous Sketches. By MARK KERSHAW. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

King (R. Ashe), Novels by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

A Drawn Game.

"The Wearing of the Green."

Kingsley (Henry), Novels by:

Oakshott Castle. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Number Seventeen. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Knight.—The Patient's Vade Mecum: How to get most Benefit from Medical Advice. By WILLIAM KNIGHT, M.R.C.S., and EDWARD KNIGHT, L.R.C.P. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Lamb (Charles):

Lamb's Complete Works, in Prose and Verse, reprinted from the Original Editions, with many Pieces hitherto unpublished. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by R. H. SHEPHERD. With Two Portraits and Facsimile of Page of the "Essay on Roast Pig." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

The Essays of Elia. Complete Edition. Post 8vo, cloth extra, 2s.

Poetry for Children, and Prince Dorus. By CHARLES LAMB. Carefully reprinted from unique copies. Small 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Little Essays: Sketches and Characters. By CHARLES LAMB. Selected from his Letters by PERCY FITZGERALD. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Lane's Arabian Nights, &c.:

The Thousand and One Nights: commonly called, in England, "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS." A New Translation from the Arabic, with copious Notes, by EDWARD WILLIAM LANE. Illustrated by many hundred Engravings on Wood, from Original Designs by WM. HARVEY. A New Edition, from a Copy annotated by the Translator, edited by his Nephew, EDWARD STANLEY POOLE. With a Preface by STANLEY LANE-POOLE. Three Vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.

Arabian Society in the Middle Ages: Studies from "The Thousand and One Nights." By EDWARD WILLIAM LANE, Author of "The Modern Egyptians," &c. Edited by STANLEY LANE-POOLE. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Lares and Penates; or, The Background of Life. By FLORENCE CADDY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Larwood (Jacob), Works by:

The Story of the London Parks. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Forensic Anecdotes.

Theatrical Anecdotes.

Life in London; or, The History of Jerry Hawthorn and Corinthian Tom. With the whole of CRUIKSHANK'S Illustrations, in Colours, after the Originals. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Linton (E. Lynn), Works by:
Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.
Witch Stories.
The True Story of Joshua Davidson.
Ourselves: Essays on Women.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Patricia Kemball.
The Atonement of Leam Dundas.
The World Well Lost.
Under which Lord?
With a Silken Thread.
The Rebel of the Family.
"My Love!" | Ione.

Longfellow:
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.
Longfellow's Complete Prose Works. Including "Outre Mer," "Hyperion," "Kavanagh," "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," and "Driftwood." With Portrait and Illustrations by VALENTINE BROMLEY.
Longfellow's Poetical Works. Carefully Reprinted from the Original Editions. With numerous fine Illustrations on Steel and Wood.

Long Life, Aids to: A Medical, Dietetic, and General Guide in Health and Disease. By N. E. DAVIES, L.R.C.P. Crown 8vo, 2s.; cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Lucy.—Gideon Fleyce: A Novel. By HENRY W. LUCY. Crown 8vo, cl. ex., 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

Lusiad (The) of Camoens. Translated into English Spenserian Verse by ROBERT FRENCH DUFF. Demy 8vo, with Fourteen full-page Plates, cloth boards, 18s.

Macalpine. — Teresa Itasca, and other Stories. By AVERY MACALPINE. Crown 8vo, bound in canvas, 2s. 6d.

McCarthy (Justin, M.P.), Works by:
A History of Our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the General Election of 1880. Four Vols. demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s. each.—Also a POPULAR EDITION, in Four Vols. cr. 8vo, cl. extra, 6s. each. —And a JUBILEE EDITION, with an Appendix of Events to the end of 1886, complete in Two Vols., square 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.

McCARTHY (JUSTIN), *continued*—
A Short History of Our Own Times. One Vol., crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
History of the Four Georges. Four Vols. demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s. each. [Vol. I. *now ready.*

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Dear Lady Disdain.
The Waterdale Neighbours.
My Enemy's Daughter.
A Fair Saxon.
Miss Misanthrope.
Donna Quixote.
The Comet of a Season.
Maid of Athens.
Camiola: A Girl with a Fortune.

Linley Rochford. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
"The Right Honourable:" A Romance of Society and Politics. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P., and Mrs. CAMPBELL-PRAED. New and Cheaper Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

McCarthy (Justin H., M.P.), Works by:
An Outline of the History of Ireland, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Cr. 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.
Ireland since the Union: Sketches of Irish History from 1798 to 1886. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
The Case for Home Rule. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.
England under Gladstone, 1880-85. Second Edition, revised. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
Doom! An Atlantic Episode. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.
Our Sensation Novel. Edited by JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.
Hafiz in London. Choicely printed. Small 8vo, gold cloth, 3s. 6d.

Macdonell.—Quaker Cousins: A Novel. By AGNES MACDONELL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Macgregor. — Pastimes and Players. Notes on Popular Games. By ROBERT MACGREGOR. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Mackay.—Interludes and Undertones; or, Music at Twilight. By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

MacDonald (George, LL.D.), Works by:

Works of Fancy and Imagination. Pocket Edition, Ten Volumes, in handsome cloth case, 21s. Vol. 1. WITHIN AND WITHOUT. THE HIDDEN LIFE.—Vol. 2. THE DISCIPLE. THE GOSPEL WOMEN. A BOOK OF SONNETS. ORGAN SONGS.—Vol. 3. VIOLIN SONGS. SONGS OF THE DAYS AND NIGHTS. A BOOK OF DREAMS. ROADSIDE POEMS. POEMS FOR CHILDREN. Vol. 4. PARABLES. BALLADS. SCOTCH SONGS.—Vols. 5 and 6. PHANTASTES: A Faerie Romance.—Vol. 7. THE PORTENT.—Vol. 8. THE LIGHT PRINCESS. THE GIANT'S HEART. SHADOWS. —Vol. 9. CROSS PURPOSES. THE GOLDEN KEY. THE CARASOYN. LITTLE DAYLIGHT.—Vol. 10. THE CRUEL PAINTER. THE WOW O' RIVVEN. THE CASTLE. THE BROKEN SWORDS. THE GRAY WOLF. UNCLE CORNELIUS.

The Volumes are also sold separately in Grolier-pattern cloth, **2s. 6d.** *each.*

Maclise Portrait-Gallery (The) of Illustrious Literary Characters; with Memoirs—Biographical, Critical, Bibliographical, and Anecdotal—illustrative of the Literature of the former half of the Present Century. By WILLIAM BATES, B.A. With 85 Portraits printed on an India Tint. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

Macquoid (Mrs.), Works by:

Square 8vo, cloth extra, **10s. 6d.** each.

In the Ardennes. With 50 fine Illustrations by THOMAS R. MACQUOID.

Pictures and Legends from Normandy and Brittany. With numerous Illustrations by THOMAS R. MACQUOID.

About Yorkshire. With 67 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

Through Normandy. With 90 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID.

Through Brittany. With numerous Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

The Evil Eye, and other Stories.

Lost Rose.

Magician's Own Book (The): Performances with Cups and Balls, Eggs, Hats, Handkerchiefs, &c. All from actual Experience. Edited by W. H. CREMER. With 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **4s. 6d.**

Magic Lantern (The), and its Management: including full Practical Directions for producing the Limelight, making Oxygen Gas, and preparing Lantern Slides. By T. C. HEPWORTH. With 10 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, **1s.** ; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

Magna Charta. An exact Facsimile of the Original in the British Museum, printed on fine plate paper, 3 feet by 2 feet, with Arms and Seals emblazoned in Gold and Colours. **5s.**

Mallock (W. H.), Works by:

The New Republic; or, Culture, Faith and Philosophy in an English Country House. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** ; Cheap Edition, illustrated boards, **2s.**

The New Paul and Virginia; or, Positivism on an Island. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

Poems. Small 4to, in parchment, **8s.**

Is Life worth Living? Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

Mallory's (Sir Thomas) Mort d'Arthur: The Stories of King Arthur and of the Knights of the Round Table. Edited by B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

Mark Twain, Works by:

The Choice Works of Mark Twain. Revised and Corrected throughout by the Author. With Life, Portrait, and numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

The Innocents Abroad; or, The New Pilgrim's Progress: Being some Account of the Steamship "Quaker City's" Pleasure Excursion to Europe and the Holy Land. With 234 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**—Cheap Edition (under the title of "MARK TWAIN'S PLEASURE TRIP"), post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

Roughing It, and The Innocents at Home. With 200 Illustrations by F. A. FRASER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

The Gilded Age. By MARK TWAIN and CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. With 212 Illustrations by T. COPPIN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. With 111 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**—Cheap Edition, post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

The Prince and the Pauper. With nearly 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

MARK TWAIN'S WORKS, *continued*—

A Tramp Abroad. With 314 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. —Cheap Edition, post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

The Stolen White Elephant, &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Life on the Mississippi. With about 300 Original Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.—Cheap Edition, post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. With 174 Illustrations by E. W. KEMBLE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.—Cheap Edition, post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Marlowe's Works. Including his Translations. Edited, with Notes and Introductions, by Col. CUNNINGHAM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Marryat (Florence), Novels by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Open! Sesame!

Written in Fire

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

A Harvest of Wild Oats.

A Little Stepson

Fighting the Air.

Massinger's Plays. From the Text of WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Col. CUNNINGHAM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Masterman.—Half a Dozen Daughters: A Novel. By J. MASTERMAN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Matthews.—A Secret of the Sea, &c. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s; cloth, 2s. 6d.

Mayfair Library, The:

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. per Volume.

A Journey Round My Room. By XAVIER DE MAISTRE. Translated by HENRY ATTWELL.

Quips and Quiddities. Selected by W. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

The Agony Column of "The Times," from 1800 to 1870. Edited, with an Introduction, by ALICE CLAY.

Melancholy Anatomised: A Popular Abridgment of "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy."

Gastronomy as a Fine Art. By BRILLAT-SAVARIN.

MAYFAIR LIBRARY, *continued*—

The Speeches of Charles Dickens.

Literary Frivolities, Fancies, Follies, and Frolics. By W. T. DOBSON.

Poetical Ingenuities and Eccentricities. Selected and Edited by W. T. DOBSON.

The Cupboard Papers. By FIN-BEC.

Original Plays by W. S. GILBERT. FIRST SERIES. Containing: The Wicked World — Pygmalion and Galatea — Charity — The Princess — The Palace of Truth—Trial by Jury.

Original Plays by W. S. GILBERT. SECOND SERIES. Containing: Broken Hearts — Engaged — Sweethearts — Gretchen—Dan'l Druce—Tom Cobb —H.M.S. Pinafore — The Sorcerer —The Pirates of Penzance.

Songs of Irish Wit and Humour. Collected and Edited by A. PERCEVAL GRAVES.

Animals and their Masters. By Sir ARTHUR HELPS.

Social Pressure. By Sir A. HELPS.

Curiosities of Criticism. By HENRY J. JENNINGS.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Illustrated by J. GORDON THOMSON.

Pencil and Palette. By ROBERT KEMPT.

Little Essays: Sketches and Characters. By CHAS. LAMB. Selected from his Letters by PERCY FITZGERALD.

Forensic Anecdotes; or, Humour and Curiosities of the Law and Men of Law. By JACOB LARWOOD.

Theatrical Anecdotes. By JACOB LARWOOD.

Jeux d'Esprit. Edited by HENRY S. LEIGH.

True History of Joshua Davidson. By E. LYNN LINTON.

Witch Stories. By E. LYNN LINTON.

Ourselves: Essays on Women. By E. LYNN LINTON.

Pastimes and Players. By ROBERT MACGREGOR.

The New Paul and Virginia. By W. H. MALLOCK.

New Republic. By W. H. MALLOCK.

Puck on Pegasus. By H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL.

Pegasus Re-Saddled. By H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL. Illustrated by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Muses of Mayfair. Edited by H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL.

Thoreau: His Life and Aims. By H. A. PAGE.

MAYFAIR LIBRARY, *continued.*

Puniana. By the Hon. HUGH ROWLEY.

More Puniana. By the Hon. HUGH ROWLEY.

The Philosophy of Handwriting. By DON FELIX DE SALAMANCA.

By Stream and Sea. By WILLIAM SENIOR.

Old Stories Re-told. By WALTER THORNBURY.

Leaves from a Naturalist's Note-Book. By Dr. ANDREW WILSON.

Mayhew.—London Characters and the Humorous Side of London Life. By HENRY MAYHEW. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Medicine, Family.—One Thousand Medical Maxims and Surgical Hints, for Infancy, Adult Life, Middle Age, and Old Age. By N. E. DAVIES, L.R.C.P. Lond. Cr. 8vo, 1s.; cl., 1s. 6d.

Merry Circle (The): A Book of New Intellectual Games and Amusements. By CLARA BELLEW. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

Mexican Mustang (On a), through Texas, from the Gulf to the Rio Grande. A New Book of American Humour. By ALEX. E. SWEET and J. ARMOY KNOX, Editors of "Texas Siftings." With 265 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Middlemass (Jean), Novels by:
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Touch and Go. | Mr. Dorillion.

Miller.—Physiology for the Young; or, The House of Life: Human Physiology, with its application to the Preservation of Health. For Classes and Popular Reading. With numerous Illusts. By Mrs. F. FENWICK MILLER. Small 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Milton (J. L.), Works by:
Sm. 8vo, 1s. each; cloth ex., 1s. 6d. each.

The Hygiene of the Skin. A Concise Set of Rules for the Management of the Skin; with Directions for Diet, Wines, Soaps, Baths, &c.

The Bath in Diseases of the Skin.

The Laws of Life, and their Relation to Diseases of the Skin.

Molesworth (Mrs.).—Hathercourt Rectory. By Mrs. MOLESWORTH, Author of "The Cuckoo Clock," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

Moncrieff.—The Abdication; or, Time Tries All. An Historical Drama. By W. D. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF. With Seven Etchings by JOHN PETTIE, R.A., W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A., J. MACWHIRTER, A.R.A., COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A., R. MACBETH, A.R.A., and TOM GRAHAM, R.S.A. Large 4to, bound in buckram, 21s.

Murray (D. Christie), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

A Life's Atonement.	A Model Father.
Joseph's Coat.	Coals of Fire.
By the Gate of the Sea.	
Val Strange.	Hearts.
The Way of the World.	
A Bit of Human Nature.	
First Person Singular.	
Cynic Fortune.	

Old Blazer's Hero. With Illustrations by A. MCCORMICK. Two Vols., post 8vo, 12s. [*Shortly.*

North Italian Folk. By Mrs. COMYNS CARR. Illustrated by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Nursery Hints: A Mother's Guide in Health and Disease. By N. E. DAVIES, L.R.C.P. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

O'Connor.—Lord Beaconsfield A Biography. By T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P. Sixth Edition, with a New Preface, bringing the work down to the Death of Lord Beaconsfield. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

O'Hanlon.—The Unforeseen: A Novel. By ALICE O'HANLON. New and Cheaper Edition. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Oliphant (Mrs.) Novels by:
Whiteladies. With Illustrations by ARTHUR HOPKINS and H. WOODS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d. each.
The Primrose Path.
The Greatest Heiress in England.

O'Reilly.—Phœbe's Fortunes: A Novel. With Illustrations by HENRY TUCK. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

O'Shaughnessy (Arth.), Works by:
Songs of a Worker. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.
Music and Moonlight. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.
Lays of France. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

Ouida, Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Held in Bondage.
Strathmore.
Chandos.
Under Two Flags.
Cecil Castlemaine's Gage.
Idalia
Tricotrin.
Puck.
Folle Farine.
Two Little Wooden Shoes.
A Dog of Flanders.
Pascarel.
Signa.
In a Winter City.
Ariadne
Friendship.
Moths.
Pipistrello.
A Village Commune.
Bimbi.
In Maremma
Wanda.
Frescoes. [ine.
Princess Napraxine.
Othmar.

Wisdom, Wit, and Pathos, selected from the Works of OUIDA by F. SYDNEY MORRIS. Sm.cr.8vo,cl.ex.,5s.

Page (H. A.), Works by:

Thoreau: His Life and Aims: A Study. With Portrait. Post 8vo,cl.limp, 2s.6d.

Lights on the Way: Some Tales within a Tale. By the late J. H. ALEXANDER, B.A. Edited by H. A. PAGE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Animal Anecdotes. Arranged on a New Principle. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, 5s.

Parliamentary Elections and Electioneering in the Old Days (A History of). Showing the State of Political Parties and Party Warfare at the Hustings and in the House of Commons from the Stuarts to Queen Victoria. Illustrated from the original Political Squibs, Lampoons, Pictorial Satires, and Popular Caricatures of the Time. By JOSEPH GREGO, Author of "Rowlandson and his Works," "The Life of Gillray," &c. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, with a Frontispiece coloured by hand, and nearly 100 Illustrations, 16s.

Pascal's Provincial Letters. A New Translation, with Historical Introduction and Notes, by T. M'CRIE, D.D. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

Patient's (The) Vade Mecum: How to get most Benefit from Medical Advice. By WILLIAM KNIGHT, M.R.C.S., and EDWARD KNIGHT, L.R.C.P. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Paul Ferroll:

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Paul Ferroll: A Novel.
Why Paul Ferroll Killed his Wife.

Paul.—Gentle and Simple. By MARGARET AGNES PAUL. With a Frontispiece by HELEN PATERSON. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Payn (James), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Lost Sir Massingberd.
The Best of Husbands.
Walter's Word. | Halves.
What He Cost Her.
Less Black than we're Painted.
By Proxy. | High Spirits.
Under One Roof.
A Confidential Agent.
Some Private Views.
A Grape from a Thorn.
For Cash Only. | From Exile.
The Canon's Ward.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Kit: A Memory. | Carlyon's Year.
A Perfect Treasure.
Bentinck's Tutor. | Murphy's Master.
Fallen Fortunes.
A County Family. | At Her Mercy.
A Woman's Vengeance.
Cecil's Tryst.
The Clyffards of Clyffe.
The Family Scapegrace.
The Foster Brothers. | Found Dead.
Gwendoline's Harvest.
Humorous Stories.
Like Father, Like Son.
A Marine Residence.
Married Beneath Him.
Mirk Abbey. | Not Wooed, but Won.
Two Hundred Pounds Reward.
The Talk of the Town.

In Peril and Privation: Stories of Marine Adventure Re-told. A Book for Boys. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.

Holiday Tasks: Being Essays written in Vacation Time. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Glow-Worm Tales. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

Pears.—The Present Depression in Trade: Its Causes and Remedies. Being the "Pears" Prize Essays (of One Hundred Guineas). By EDWIN GOADBY and WILLIAM WATT. With an Introductory Paper by Prof. LEONE LEVI, F.S.A., F.S.S. Demy 8vo, 1s.

Pennell (H. Cholmondeley), Works by:

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.
Puck on Pegasus. With Illustrations.
Pegasus Re-Saddled. With Ten full-page Illusts. by G. DU MAURIER.
The Muses of Mayfair. Vers de Société, Selected and Edited by H. C. PENNELL.

Phelps (E. Stuart), Works by:

Post 8vo, 1s. each; cl. limp, 1s. 6d. each.
Beyond the Gates. By the Author of "The Gates Ajar."
An Old Maid's Paradise.
Burglars in Paradise.

Pirkis (Mrs. C. L.), Novels by:

Trooping with Crows. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, 1s.

Lady Lovelace. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. [*Preparing.*

Planché (J. R.), Works by:

The Pursuivant of Arms; or, Heraldry Founded upon Facts. With Coloured Frontispiece and 200 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Songs and Poems, from 1819 to 1879. Edited, with an Introduction, by his Daughter, Mrs. MACKARNESS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious Men. Translated from the Greek, with Notes Critical and Historical, and a Life of Plutarch, by JOHN and WILLIAM LANGHORNE. Two Vols., 8vo, cloth extra, with Portraits, 10s. 6d.

Poe (Edgar Allan):—

The Choice Works, in Prose and Poetry, of EDGAR ALLAN POE. With an Introductory Essay by CHARLES BAUDELAIRE, Portrait and Facsimiles. Crown 8vo, cl. extra, 7s. 6d.

The Mystery of Marie Roget, and other Stories. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

Pope's Poetical Works. Complete in One Vol. Post 8vo, cl. limp, 2s.

Praed (Mrs. Campbell-).—"The Right Honourable:" A Romance of Society and Politics. By Mrs. CAMPBELL-PRAED and JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Princess Olga—Radna; or, The Great Conspiracy of 1881. By the Princess OLGA. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., 6s.

Proctor (Richd. A.), Works by:

Flowers of the Sky. With 55 Illusts. Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

Easy Star Lessons. With Star Maps for Every Night in the Year, Drawings of the Constellations, &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Familiar Science Studies. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Saturn and its System. New and Revised Edition with 13 Steel Plates. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

The Great Pyramid: Observatory, Tomb, and Temple. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Mysteries of Time and Space. With Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

The Universe of Suns, and other Science Gleanings. With numerous Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Wages and Wants of Science Workers. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

Price (E. C.), Novels by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Valentina. | The Foreigners.
Mrs. Lancaster's Rival.

Gerald. Post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.

Rabelais' Works. Faithfully Translated from the French, with variorum Notes, and numerous characteristic Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Rambosson.—Popular Astronomy. By J. RAMBOSSON, Laureate of the Institute of France. Translated by C. B. PITMAN. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, numerous Illusts., and a beautifully executed Chart of Spectra, 7s. 6d.

Reade (Charles), Novels by:

Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, illustrated, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s. each.

Peg Woffington. Illustrated by S. L. FILDES, A.R.A.

Christie Johnstone. Illustrated by WILLIAM SMALL.

It is Never Too Late to Mend. Illustrated by G. J. PINWELL.

The Course of True Love Never did run Smooth. Illustrated by HELEN PATERSON.

The Autobiography of a Thief; Jack of all Trades; and James Lambert. Illustrated by MATT STRETCH.

Love me Little, Love me Long. Illustrated by M. ELLEN EDWARDS.

The Double Marriage. Illust. by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., and C. KEENE.

The Cloister and the Hearth. Illustrated by CHARLES KEENE.

Hard Cash. Illust. by F. W. LAWSON.

Griffith Gaunt. Illustrated by S. L. FILDES, A.R.A., and WM. SMALL.

Foul Play. Illust. by DU MAURIER.

Put Yourself in His Place. Illustrated by ROBERT BARNES.

A Terrible Temptation. Illustrated by EDW. HUGHES and A. W. COOPER.

The Wandering Heir. Illustrated by H. PATERSON, S. L. FILDES, A.R.A., C. GREEN, and H. WOODS, A.R.A.

A Simpleton. Illustrated by KATE CRAUFORD.

A Woman-Hater. Illustrated by THOS. COULDERY.

Singleheart and Doubleface: A Matter-of-fact Romance. Illustrated by P. MACNAB.

Good Stories of Men and other Animals. Illustrated by E. A. ABBEY, PERCY MACQUOID, and JOSEPH NASH.

The Jilt, and other Stories. Illustrated by JOSEPH NASH.

Readiana. With a Steel-plate Portrait of CHARLES READE.

Reader's Handbook (The) of Allusions, References, Plots, and Stories. By the Rev. Dr. BREWER. Fifth Edition, revised throughout, with a New Appendix, containing a COMPLETE ENGLISH BIBLIOGRAPHY. Cr. 8vo, 1,400 pages, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Red Spider: A Romance. By the Author of "John Herring," &c. Two Vols., crown 8vo.

Richardson. — A Ministry of Health, and other Papers. By BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, M.D., &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Riddell (Mrs. J. H.), Novels by:
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Her Mother's Darling.
The Prince of Wales's Garden Party
Weird Stories.
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
The Uninhabited House.
Fairy Water.
The Mystery in Palace Gardens.

Rimmer (Alfred), Works by:
Square 8vo, cloth gilt, 10s. 6d. each.
Our Old Country Towns. With over 50 Illustrations.
Rambles Round Eton and Harrow. With 50 Illustrations.
About England with Dickens. With 58 Illustrations by ALFRED RIMMER and C. A. VANDERHOOF.

Robinson Crusoe: A beautiful reproduction of Major's Edition, with 37 Woodcuts and Two Steel Plates by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, choicely printed. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Robinson (F. W.), Novels by:
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Women are Strange.
The Hands of Justice.

Robinson (Phil), Works by:
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.
The Poets' Birds.
The Poets' Beasts.
The Poets and Nature: Reptiles, Fishes and Insects. [*Preparing.*

Rochefoucauld's Maxims and Moral Reflections. With Notes, and an Introductory Essay by SAINTE-BEUVE. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

Roll of Battle Abbey, The; or, A List of the Principal Warriors who came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror, and Settled in this Country, A.D. 1066–7. With the principal Arms emblazoned in Gold and Colours. Handsomely printed, 5s.

Rowley (Hon. Hugh), Works by:
Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.
Puniana: Riddles and Jokes With numerous Illustrations.
More Puniana. Profusely Illustrated.

Runciman (James), Stories by
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.
Skippers and Shellbacks.
Grace Balmaign's Sweetheart.
Schools and Scholars.

Russell (W. Clark), Works by:
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Round the Galley-Fire.
On the Fo'k'sle Head: A Collection of Yarns and Sea Descriptions.
In the Middle Watch.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. each.
A Voyage to the Cape.
A Book for the Hammock. [*Preparing.*
The Frozen Pirate. The New Serial Novel by W. CLARK RUSSELL, Author of "The Wreck of the *Grosvenor*," begins in "Belgravia" for July, and will be continued till January next. One Shilling, Monthly. Illustrated.

Sala.—Gaslight and Daylight. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Sanson.—Seven Generations of Executioners: Memoirs of the Sanson Family (1688 to 1847). Edited by HENRY SANSON. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex. 3s. 6d.

Saunders (John), Novels by:
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Bound to the Wheel
Guy Waterman. | Lion in the Path.
The Two Dreamers.
One Against the World. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Saunders (Katharine), Novels by. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Joan Merryweather.
Margaret and Elizabeth.
The High Mills.
Heart Salvage. | Sebastian.
Gideon's Rock.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Science Gossip: An Illustrated Medium of Interchange for Students and Lovers of Nature. Edited by J. E. TAYLOR, F.L.S., &c. Devoted to Geology, Botany, Physiology, Chemistry, Zoology, Microscopy, Telescopy, Physiography, &c. Price 4d. Monthly; or 5s. per year, post free. Vols. I. to XIV. may be had at 7s. 6d. each; and Vols. XV. to XXII. (1886), at 5s. each. Cases for Binding, 1s. 6d. each.

Scott (Sir Walter), Poems by:
Marmion. With over 100 new Illusts. by leading Artists. Sm. 4to, cl. ex., **16s.**
The Lay of the Last Minstrel. With over 100 new Illustrations by leading Artists. Sm. 4to, cl. ex., **16s.**

"Secret Out" Series, The:
Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., Illusts., **4s. 6d.** each.
The Secret Out: One Thousand Tricks with Cards, and other Recreations; with Entertaining Experiments in Drawing-room or "White Magic." By W. H. CREMER. 300 Illusts.
The Art of Amusing: A Collection of Graceful Arts, Games, Tricks, Puzzles, and Charades By FRANK BELLEW. With 300 Illustrations.
Hanky-Panky: Very Easy Tricks, Very Difficult Tricks, White Magic Sleight of Hand. Edited by W. H. CREMER. With 200 Illustrations.
The Merry Circle: A Book of New Intellectual Games and Amusements. By CLARA BELLEW. Many Illusts.
Magician's Own Book: Performances with Cups and Balls, Eggs, Hats, Handkerchiefs, &c. All from actual Experience. Edited by W. H. CREMER. 200 Illustrations.

Senior.—By Stream and Sea. By W. SENIOR. Post 8vo, cl. limp, **2s. 6d.**

Seven Sagas (The) of Prehistoric Man. By JAMES H. STODDART, Author of "The Village Life." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

Shakespeare:
The First Folio Shakespeare.—MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the true Originall Copies. London, Printed by ISAAC IAGGARD and ED. BLOUNT. 1623.—A Reproduction of the extremely rare original, in reduced facsimile, by a photographic process—ensuring the strictest accuracy in every detail. Small 8vo, half-Roxburghe, **7s. 6d.**
The Lansdowne Shakespeare. Beautifully printed in red and black, in small but very clear type. With engraved facsimile of DROESHOUT'S Portrait. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
Shakespeare for Children: Tales from Shakespeare. By CHARLES and MARY LAMB. With numerous Illustrations, coloured and plain, by J. MOYR SMITH. Cr. 4to, cl. gilt, **6s.**
The Handbook of Shakespeare Music. Being an Account of 350 Pieces of Music, set to Words taken from the Plays and Poems of Shakespeare, the compositions ranging from the Elizabethan Age to the Present Time. By ALFRED ROFFE, 4to, half-Roxburghe, **7s.**

SHAKESPEARE—*continued.*
A Study of Shakespeare. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **8s.**

Sheridan:—
Sheridan's Complete Works, with Life and Anecdotes. Including his Dramatic Writings, printed from the Original Editions, his Works in Prose and Poetry, Translations, Speeches, Jokes, Puns, &c. With a Collection of Sheridaniana. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with 10 full-page Tinted Illustrations, **7s. 6d.**
Sheridan's Comedies: The Rivals, and **The School for Scandal.** Edited, with an Introduction and Notes to each Play, and a Biographical Sketch of Sheridan, by BRANDER MATTHEWS. With Decorative Vignettes and 10 full-page Illusts. Demy 8vo, half-parchment, **12s. 6d.**

Sidney's (Sir Philip) Complete Poetical Works, including all those in "Arcadia." With Portrait, Memorial-Introduction, Notes, &c., by the Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth boards, **18s.**

Signboards: Their History. With Anecdotes of Famous Taverns and Remarkable Characters. By JACOB LARWOOD and JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with 100 Illustrations, **7s. 6d.**

Sims (George R.), Works by:
How the Poor Live. With 60 Illusts. by FRED. BARNARD. Large 4to, **1s.**
Rogues and Vagabonds. Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**
The Ring o' Bells. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**
Mary Jane's Memoirs. With a Photograph of Mary Jane. Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**

Sister Dora: A Biography. By MARGARET LONSDALE. Popular Edition, Revised, with additional Chapter, a New Dedication and Preface, and Four Illustrations. Sq. 8vo, picture cover, **4d.**; cloth, **6d.**

Sketchley.—A Match in the Dark. By ARTHUR SKETCHLEY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

Smith (J. Moyr), Works by:
The Prince of Argolis: A Story of the Old Greek Fairy Time. Small 8vo, cloth extra, with 130 Illusts., **3s. 6d.**
Tales of Old Thule. With numerous Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth gilt, **6s.**
The Wooing of the Water Witch: A Northern Oddity. With numerous Illustrations. Small 8vo, cl. ex., **6s.**

Slang Dictionary, The: Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 6s. 6d.

Society in London. By A FOREIGN RESIDENT. New and Cheaper Edition, Revised, with an Additional Chapter on SOCIETY AMONG THE MIDDLE AND PROFESSIONAL CLASSES. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Spalding.—Elizabethan Demonology: An Essay in Illustration of the Belief in the Existence of Devils, and the Powers possessed by Them. By T. A. SPALDING, LL.B. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., 5s.

Spanish Legendary Tales. By Mrs. S. G. C. MIDDLEMORE, Author of "Round a Posada Fire." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Speight (T. W.), Novels by:
The Mysteries of Heron Dyke. With a Frontispiece by M. ELLEN EDWARDS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated bds., 2s.
A Barren Title. Cr. 8vo, 1s.; cl., 1s. 6d.
Wife or No Wife? Cr. 8vo, picture cover, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Spenser for Children. By M. H. TOWRY. With Illustrations by WALTER J. MORGAN. Crown 4to, with Coloured Illustrations, cloth gilt, 6s.

Staunton.—Laws and Practice of Chess; Together with an Analysis of the Openings, and a Treatise on End Games. By HOWARD STAUNTON. Edited by ROBERT B. WORMALD. New Edition, small cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Stedman. — The Poets of America. With full Notes in Margin, and careful Analytical Index. By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN, Author of "Victorian Poets." Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., 9s.

Stevenson (R. Louis), Works by:
Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes. Sixth Ed. Frontispiece by W. CRANE. Post 8vo, cl. limp, 2s. 6d.
An Inland Voyage. With Front. by W. CRANE. Post 8vo, cl. lp., 2s. 6d.
Familiar Studies of Men and Books. Second Edit. Crown 8vo, cl. ex., 6s.
New Arabian Nights. Crown 8vo, cl. extra, 6s.; post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.
The Silverado Squatters. With Frontispiece. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
Cheap Edition, post 8vo, picture cover, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.
Prince Otto: A Romance. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
The Merry Men, and other Tales and Fables. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., 6s.

Sterndale.—The Afghan Knife: A Novel. By ROBERT ARMITAGE STERNDALE. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

St. John.—A Levantine Family. By BAYLE ST. JOHN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Stoddard.—Summer Cruising in the South Seas. By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD. Illust. by WALLIS MACKAY. Crown 8vo, cl. extra, 3s. 6d.

Stories from Foreign Novelists. With Notices of their Lives and Writings. By HELEN and ALICE ZIMMERN. Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

St. Pierre.—Paul and Virginia, and **The Indian Cottage.** By BERNARDIN ST. PIERRE. Edited, with Life, by Rev. E. CLARKE. Post 8vo, cl. lp., 2s.

Strutt's Sports and Pastimes of the People of England; including the Rural and Domestic Recreations, May Games, Mummeries, Shows, &c., from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. With 140 Illustrations. Edited by WM. HONE. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, 7s. 6d.

Suburban Homes (The) of London: A Residential Guide to Favourite London Localities, their Society, Celebrities, and Associations. With Notes on their Rental, Rates, and House Accommodation. With Map of Suburban London. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., 7s. 6d.

Swift's Choice Works, in Prose and Verse. With Memoir, Portrait, and Facsimiles of the Maps in the Original Edition of "Gulliver's Travels." Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Swinburne (Algernon C.), Works by:
Selections from the Poetical Works of Algernon Charles Swinburne. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
Atalanta in Calydon. Crown 8vo, 6s.
Chastelard. A Tragedy. Cr. 8vo, 7s.
Poems and Ballads FIRST SERIES. Fcap. 8vo, 9s. Cr. 8vo, same price.
Poems and Ballads. SECOND SERIES. Fcap. 8vo, 9s. Cr. 8vo, same price.
Notes on Poems and Reviews. 8vo, 1s.
Songs before Sunrise. Cr. 8vo, 10s. 6d.
Bothwell: A Tragedy. Cr. 8vo, 12s. 6d.
George Chapman: An Essay. Crown 8vo, 7s.
Songs of Two Nations. Cr. 8vo, 6s.
Essays and Studies. Crown 8vo, 12s.
Erechtheus: A Tragedy. Cr. 8vo, 6s.
Note of an English Republican on the Muscovite Crusade. 8vo, 1s.
Note on Charlotte Bronte. Cr. 8vo, 6s.

SWINBURNE'S (A. C.) WORKS, *continued*—
A Study of Shakespeare. Cr. 8vo, 8s.
Songs of the Springtides. Cr. 8vo, 6s.
Studies in Song. Crown 8vo, 7s.
Mary Stuart: A Tragedy. Cr. 8vo, 8s.
Tristram of Lyonesse, and other Poems. Crown 8vo, 9s.
A Century of Roundels. Small 4to, 8s.
A Midsummer Holiday, and other Poems. Crown 8vo, 7s.
Marino Faliero: A Tragedy. Cr. 8vo, 6s.
A Study of Victor Hugo. Cr. 8vo, 6s.
Miscellanies. Crown 8vo, 12s.

Symonds.—Wine, Women and Song: Mediæval Latin Students' Songs. Now first translated into English Verse, with Essay by J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS. Small 8vo, parchment, 6s.

Syntax's (Dr.) Three Tours: In Search of the Picturesque, in Search of Consolation, and in Search of a Wife. With the whole of ROWLANDSON'S droll page Illustrations in Colours and a Life of the Author by J. C. HOTTEN. Med. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Taine's History of English Literature. Translated by HENRY VAN LAUN. Four Vols., small 8vo, cloth boards, 30s.—POPULAR EDITION, Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, 15s.

Taylor's (Bayard) Diversions of the Echo Club: Burlesques of Modern Writers. Post 8vo, cl. limp, 2s.

Taylor (Dr. J. E., F.L.S.), Works by. Crown 8vo, cloth ex., 7s. 6d. each.
The Sagacity and Morality of Plants: A Sketch of the Life and Conduct of the Vegetable Kingdom. Coloured Frontispiece and 100 Illust.
Our Common British Fossils, and Where to Find Them: A Handbook for Students. With 331 Illustrations.

Taylor's (Tom) Historical Dramas: "Clancarty," "Jeanne Darc," "'Twixt Axe and Crown," "The Fool's Revenge," "Arkwright's Wife," "Anne Boleyn," "Plot and Passion." One Vol., cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.
*** The Plays may also be had separately, at 1s. each.

Tennyson (Lord): A Biographical Sketch. By H. J. JENNINGS. With a Photograph-Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Thackerayana: Notes and Anecdotes. Illustrated by Hundreds of Sketches by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, depicting Humorous Incidents in his School-life, and Favourite Characters in the books of his every-day reading. With Coloured Frontispiece. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, 7s. 6d.

Thomas (Bertha), Novels by: Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Cressida. | **Proud Maisie.**
The Violin-Player.

Thomas (M.).—A Fight for Life: A Novel. By W. MOY THOMAS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Thomson's Seasons and Castle of Indolence. With a Biographical and Critical Introduction by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, and over 50 fine Illustrations on Steel and Wood. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

Thornbury (Walter), Works by
Haunted London. Edited by EDWARD WALFORD, M.A. With Illustrations by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.
The Life and Correspondence of J. M. W. Turner. Founded upon Letters and Papers furnished by his Friends and fellow Academicians. With numerous Illusts. in Colours, facsimiled from Turner's Original Drawings. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, 7s. 6d.
Old Stories Re-told. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.
Tales for the Marines. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Timbs (John), Works by:
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.
The History of Clubs and Club Life in London. With Anecdotes of its Famous Coffee-houses, Hostelries, and Taverns. With many Illusts.
English Eccentrics and Eccentricities: Stories of Wealth and Fashion, Delusions, Impostures, and Fanatic Missions, Strange Sights and Sporting Scenes, Eccentric Artists, Theatrical Folk, Men of Letters, &c. With nearly 50 Illusts.

Trollope (Anthony), Novels by:
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
The Way We Live Now.
Kept in the Dark.
Frau Frohmann. | **Marion Fay.**
Mr. Scarborough's Family.
The Land-Leaguers.
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
The Golden Lion of Granpere.
John Caldigate. | **American Senator**

Trollope (Frances E.), Novels by
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Like Ships upon the Sea.
Mabel's Progress. | **Anne Furness.**

Trollope (T. A.).—Diamond Cut Diamond, and other Stories. By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Trowbridge.—Farnell's Folly: A Novel. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Turgenieff. — Stories from Foreign Novelists. By IVAN TURGENIEFF, and others. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Tytler (C. C. Fraser-). — Mistress Judith: A Novel. By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.

Tytler (Sarah), Novels by:
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
What She Came Through.
The Bride's Pass.
Saint Mungo's City.
Beauty and the Beast.
Noblesse Oblige.
Lady Bell.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.
Citoyenne Jacqueline. Illustrated by A. B. HOUGHTON.
The Huguenot Family. With Illusts.
Buried Diamonds.

Disappeared. With Six Illustrations by P. MACNAB. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Van Laun.—History of French Literature. By H. VAN LAUN. Three Vols., demy 8vo, cl. bds., 7s. 6d. each.

Villari.—A Double Bond: A Story. By LINDA VILLARI. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, 1s.

Walford (Edw., M.A.), Works by:
The County Families of the United Kingdom. Containing Notices of the Descent, Birth, Marriage, Education, &c., of more than 12000, distinguished Heads of Families, their Heirs Apparent or Presumptive, the Offices they hold or have held, their Town and Country Addresses, Clubs, &c. Twenty-seventh Annual Edition, for 1887, cloth gilt, 50s.
The Shilling Peerage (1887). Containing an Alphabetical List of the House of Lords, Dates of Creation, Lists of Scotch and Irish Peers, Addresses, &c. 32mo, cloth, 1s. Published annually.
The Shilling Baronetage (1887). Containing an Alphabetical List of the Baronets of the United Kingdom, short Biographical Notices, Dates of Creation, Addresses, &c. 32mo, cloth, 1s.
The Shilling Knightage (1887). Containing an Alphabetical List of the Knights of the United Kingdom, short Biographical Notices, Dates of Creation, Addresses, &c. 32mo, cl., 1s.

WALFORD'S (EDW.) WORKS, *continued*—
The Shilling House of Commons (1887). Containing a List of all the Members of Parliament, their Town and Country Addresses, &c. New Edition, embodying the results of the recent General Election. 32mo, cloth, 1s. Published annually.
The Complete Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and House of Commons (1887). In One Volume, royal 32mo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 5s.

Haunted London. By WALTER THORNBURY. Edited by EDWARD WALFORD, M.A. With Illustrations by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler; or, The Contemplative Man's Recreation; being a Discourse of Rivers, Fishponds, Fish and Fishing, written by IZAAK WALTON; and Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a clear Stream, by CHARLES COTTON. With Original Memoirs and Notes by Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, and 61 Copperplate Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, cloth antique, 7s. 6d.

Walt Whitman, Poems by. Selected and edited, with an Introduction, by WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI. A New Edition, with a Steel Plate Portrait. Crown 8vo, printed on hand-made paper and bound in buckram, 6s.

Wanderer's Library, The:
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.
Wanderings in Patagonia; or, Life among the Ostrich-Hunters. By JULIUS BEERBOHM. Illustrated.
Camp Notes: Stories of Sport and Adventure in Asia, Africa, and America. By FREDERICK BOYLE.
Savage Life. By FREDERICK BOYLE.
Merrie England in the Olden Time. By GEORGE DANIEL. With Illustrations by ROBT. CRUIKSHANK.
Circus Life and Circus Celebrities. By THOMAS FROST.
The Lives of the Conjurers. By THOMAS FROST.
The Old Showmen and the Old London Fairs. By THOMAS FROST.
Low-Life Deeps. An Account of the Strange Fish to be found there. By JAMES GREENWOOD.
The Wilds of London. By JAMES GREENWOOD.
Tunis: The Land and the People. By the Chevalier de HESSE-WARTEGG. With 22 Illustrations.
The Life and Adventures of a Cheap Jack. By One of the Fraternity. Edited by CHARLES HINDLEY.
The World Behind the Scenes. By PERCY FITZGERALD.

WANDERER'S LIBRARY, THE, *continued*—

Tavern Anecdotes and Sayings: Including the Origin of Signs, and Reminiscences connected with Taverns, Coffee Houses, Clubs, &c. By CHARLES HINDLEY. With Illusts.

The Genial Showman: Life and Adventures of Artemus Ward. By E. P. HINGSTON. With a Frontispiece.

The Story of the London Parks. By JACOB LARWOOD. With Illusts.

London Characters. By HENRY MAYHEW. Illustrated.

Seven Generations of Executioners: Memoirs of the Sanson Family (1688 to 1847). Edited by HENRY SANSON.

Summer Cruising in the South Seas. By C. WARREN STODDARD. Illustrated by WALLIS MACKAY.

Warner.—A Roundabout Journey. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, Author of "My Summer in a Garden." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Warrants, &c.:—

Warrant to Execute Charles I. An exact Facsimile, with the Fifty-nine Signatures, and corresponding Seals. Carefully printed on paper to imitate the Original, 22 in. by 14 in. Price 2s.

Warrant to Execute Mary Queen of Scots. An exact Facsimile, including the Signature of Queen Elizabeth, and a Facsimile of the Great Seal. Beautifully printed on paper to imitate the Original MS. Price 2s.

Magna Charta. An exact Facsimile of the Original Document in the British Museum, printed on fine plate paper, nearly 3 feet long by 2 feet wide, with the Arms and Seals emblazoned in Gold and Colours. 5s.

The Roll of Battle Abbey; or, A List of the Principal Warriors who came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror, and Settled in this Country, A.D. 1066–7. With the principal Arms emblazoned in Gold and Colours. Price 5s.

Wayfarer, The: Journal of the Society of Cyclists. Published Quarterly. Price 1s. Number I., for OCTOBER 1886, Number II., for JANUARY 1887, and Number III., for May, are now ready.

Weather, How to Foretell the, with the Pocket Spectroscope. By F. W. CORY, M.R.C.S. Eng., F.R.Met. Soc., &c. With 10 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Westropp.—Handbook of Pottery and Porcelain; or, History of those Arts from the Earliest Period. By HODDER M. WESTROPP. With numerous Illustrations, and a List of Marks. Crown 8vo, cloth limp, 4s. 6d.

Whistler's (Mr.) "Ten o'Clock." Uniform with his "Whistler *v* Ruskin: Art and Art Critics." Cr.8vo, 1s. [*Shortly.*

Williams (W. Mattieu, F.R.A.S.), Works by:

Science Notes. See the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. 1s. Monthly.

Science in Short Chapters. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

A Simple Treatise on Heat. Crown 8vo, cloth limp, with Illusts., 2s. 6d.

The Chemistry of Cookery. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Wilson (Dr. Andrew, F.R.S.E.), Works by:

Chapters on Evolution: A Popular History of the Darwinian and Allied Theories of Development. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with 259 Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Leaves from a Naturalist's Notebook. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Leisure-Time Studies, chiefly Biological. Third Edit., with New Preface. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., with Illusts., 6s.

Studies in Life and Sense. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Common Accidents, and How to Treat them. By Dr. ANDREW WILSON and others. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth limp, 1s. 6d.

Winter (J. S.), Stories by:

Cavalry Life. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

Regimental Legends. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Women of the Day: A Biographical Dictionary of Notable Contemporaries. By FRANCES HAYS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Wood.—Sabina: A Novel. By Lady WOOD. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

Words, Facts, and Phrases: A Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-Way Matters. By ELIEZER EDWARDS. New and cheaper issue, cr. 8vo, cl. ex., 7s. 6d.; half-bound, 9s.

Wright (Thomas), Works by: Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.

Caricature History of the Georges. (The House of Hanover.) With 400 Pictures, Caricatures, Squibs, Broadsides, Window Pictures, &c.

History of Caricature and of the Grotesque in Art, Literature, Sculpture, and Painting. Profusely Illustrated by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

Yates (Edmund), Novels by: Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Castaway. | **The Forlorn Hope**
Land at Last.

NEW NOVELS.

NEW NOVEL by Author of "Mehalah."
Red Spider: A Romance. By Author "John Herring." Two Vols., cr. 8vo.

WILKIE COLLINS'S NEW STORIES.
Little Novels. By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White." Three Vols., crown 8vo.

WALTER BESANT'S NEW NOVEL.
The World Went Very Well Then. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

CHRISTIE MURRAY'S NEW NOVEL
Old Blazer's Hero. By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY. Two Vols., crown 8vo, 12s. [*Shortly.*

JAMES PAYN'S NEW COLLECTION OF STORIES.
Glow-Worm Tales. By JAMES PAYN. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

NEW RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONARY NOVEL.
Radna; or, The Great Conspiracy of 1881. By the Princess OLGA. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

SARAH TYTLER'S NEW NOVEL.
Disappeared: A Novel. By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Saint Mungo's City," &c. With Six Illustrations by P. MACNAB. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

THE PICCADILLY NOVELS.

Popular Stories by the Best Authors. LIBRARY EDITIONS, many Illustrated, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

BY GRANT ALLEN.
Philistia.
In all Shades.

BY W. BESANT & JAMES RICE.
Ready-Money Mortiboy.
My Little Girl.
The Case of Mr. Lucraft.
This Son of Vulcan.
With Harp and Crown
The Golden Butterfly.
By Celia's Arbour.
The Monks of Thelema.
'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.
The Seamy Side.
The Ten Years' Tenant.
The Chaplain of the Fleet.

BY WALTER BESANT.
All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
The Captains' Room.
All in a Garden Fair.
Dorothy Forster. | Uncle Jack.
Children of Gibeon.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.
Child of Nature.
God and the Man.
The Shadow of the Sword.
The Martyrdom of Madeline.
Love Me for Ever.
Annan Water. | The New Abelard.
Matt. | Foxglove Manor.
The Master of the Mine.

BY HALL CAINE.
The Shadow of a Crime.
A Son of Hagar.

BY MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON.
Deceivers Ever. | Juliet's Guardian.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.
Sweet Anne Page. | Transmigration.
From Midnight to Midnight.

MORTIMER & FRANCES COLLINS.
Blacksmith and Scholar.
The Village Comedy.
You Play me False.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.
Antonina.
Basil.
Hide and Seek.
The Dead Secret.
Queen of Hearts.
My Miscellanies.
Woman in White.
The Moonstone.
Man and Wife.
Poor Miss Finch.
Miss or Mrs.?
New Magdalen.
The Frozen Deep.
The Law and the Lady.
The Two Destinies
Haunted Hotel.
The Fallen Leaves
Jezebel's Daughter
The Black Robe.
Heart and Science
I Say No

BY DUTTON COOK.
Paul Foster's Daughter.

BY WILLIAM CYPLES.
Hearts of Gold.

BY ALPHONSE DAUDET.
The Evangelist; or, Port Salvation.

BY JAMES DE MILLE.
A Castle in Spain.

BY J. LEITH DERWENT.
Our Lady of Tears.
Circe's Lovers.

BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.
Felicia. | Kitty.

BY MRS. ANNIE EDWARDES.
Archie Lovell.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD.
Fatal Zero.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON.
Queen Cophetua.
One by One.
A Real Queen.

Prefaced by Sir BARTLE FRERE.
Pandurang Hari.

BY EDWARD GARRETT.
The Capel Girls.

PICCADILLY NOVELS, *continued*—

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

Robin Gray. | For Lack of Gold.
What will the World Say?
In Honour Bound.
Queen of the Meadow.
The Flower of the Forest.
A Heart's Problem.
The Braes of Yarrow.
The Golden Shaft. | Of High Degree.
Fancy Free. | Loving a Dream.
A Hard Knot.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

Under the Greenwood Tree.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Garth. | Ellice Quentin.
Sebastian Strome.
Prince Saroni's Wife.
Dust. | Fortune's Fool.
Beatrix Randolph.
Miss Cadogna.
Love—or a Name.

BY SIR A. HELPS.

Ivan de Biron.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

The Lover's Creed.

BY MRS. ALFRED HUNT.

Thornicroft's Model.
The Leaden Casket.
Self-Condemned.
That other Person.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

Fated to be Free.

BY HARRIETT JAY.

The Queen of Connaught

BY R. ASHE KING.

A Drawn Game.
"The Wearing of the Green."

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

Number Seventeen.

BY E. LYNN LINTON.

Patricia Kemball.
Atonement of Leam Dundas.
The World Well Lost.
Under which Lord?
With a Silken Thread.
The Rebel of the Family
"My Love!" | Ione.

BY HENRY W. LUCY.

Gideon Fleyce.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY.

The Waterdale Neighbours.
My Enemy's Daughter.
A Fair Saxon.
Dear Lady Disdain.
Miss Misanthrope. | Donna Quixote
The Comet of a Season.
Maid of Athens.
Camiola.

BY MRS. MACDONELL

Quaker Cousins.

PICCADILLY NOVELS, *continued*—

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

Open! Sesame! | Written in Fire.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

Life's Atonement. | Coals of Fire.
Joseph's Coat. | Val Strange.
A Model Father. | Hearts.
By the Gate of the Sea
The Way of the World.
A Bit of Human Nature.
First Person Singular.
Cynic Fortune.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

Whiteladies.

BY MARGARET A. PAUL.

Gentle and Simple.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Lost Sir Massingberd. | A Confidential Agent.
Best of Husbands | From Exile.
Halves. | A Grape from a Thorn.
Walter's Word. | For Cash Only.
What He Cost Her | Some Private Views.
Less Black than We're Painted. | The Canon's Ward
By Proxy | Talk of the Town.
High Spirits.
Under One Roof.

BY E. C. PRICE.

Valentina. | The Foreigners.
Mrs. Lancaster's Rival.

BY CHARLES READE.

It is Never Too Late to Mend.
Hard Cash.
Peg Woffington.
Christie Johnstone.
Griffith Gaunt. | Foul Play.
The Double Marriage.
Love Me Little, Love Me Long.
The Cloister and the Hearth.
The Course of True Love.
The Autobiography of a Thief.
Put Yourself in His Place.
A Terrible Temptation.
The Wandering Heir. | A Simpleton.
A Woman-Hater. | Readiana.
Singleheart and Doubleface.
The Jilt.
Good Stories of Men and other Animals.

BY MRS. J. H. RIDDELL.

Her Mother's Darling.
Prince of Wales's Garden-Party.
Weird Stories.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

Women are Strange.
The Hands of Justice.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS.

Bound to the Wheel.
Guy Waterman.
Two Dreamers.
The Lion in the Path.

PICCADILLY NOVELS, *continued*—

BY KATHARINE SAUNDERS.

Joan Merryweather.
Margaret and Elizabeth.
Gideon's Rock. | Heart Salvage.
The High Mills. | Sebastian.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

The Mysteries of Heron Dyke.

BY R. A. STERNDALE.

The Afghan Knife.

BY BERTHA THOMAS.

Proud Maisie. | Cressida.
The Violin-Player.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

The Way we Live Now.
Frau Frohmann. | Marion Fay.
Kept in the Dark.
Mr. Scarborough's Family.
The Land-Leaguers.

PICCADILLY NOVELS, *continued*—

BY FRANCES E. TROLLOPE.

Like Ships upon the Sea.
Anne Furness.
Mabel's Progress.

BY IVAN TURGENIEFF, &c.

Stories from Foreign Novelists.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

What She Came Through.
The Bride's Pass.
Saint Mungo's City.
Beauty and the Beast.
Noblesse Oblige.
Citoyenne Jacqueline.
The Huguenot Family.
Lady Bell.
Buried Diamonds.

BY C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.

Mistress Judith.

BY J. S. WINTER.

Regimental Legends.

CHEAP EDITIONS OF POPULAR NOVELS.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

BY EDMOND ABOUT.

The Fellah.

BY HAMILTON AÏDÉ.

Carr of Carrlyon. | Confidences.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

Maid, Wife, or Widow?
Valerie's Fate.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

Strange Stories.
Philistia.
Babylon.

BY SHELSLEY BEAUCHAMP.

Grantley Grange.

BY W. BESANT & JAMES RICE.

Ready-Money Mortiboy.
With Harp and Crown.
This Son of Vulcan. | My Little Girl.
The Case of Mr. Lucraft.
The Golden Butterfly.
By Celia's Arbour.
The Monks of Thelema.
'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.
The Seamy Side.
The Ten Years' Tenant.
The Chaplain of the Fleet.

BY WALTER BESANT.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
The Captains' Room.
All in a Garden Fair.
Dorothy Forster.
Uncle Jack

BY FREDERICK BOYLE.

Camp Notes. | Savage Life.
Chronicles of No-man's Land.

BY BRET HARTE.

An Heiress of Red Dog.
The Luck of Roaring Camp.
Californian Stories.
Gabriel Conroy. | Flip.
Maruja.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

The Shadow of the Sword. | The Martyrdom of Madeline.
A Child of Nature. | Annan Water.
God and the Man. | The New Abelard.
Love Me for Ever. | Matt.
Foxglove Manor.
The Master of the Mine.

BY MRS. BURNETT.

Surly Tim.

BY HALL CAINE.

The Shadow of a Crime.

BY MRS. LOVETT CAMERON

Deceivers Ever. | Juliet's Guardian.

BY MACLAREN COBBAN.

The Cure of Souls.

BY C. ALLSTON COLLINS.

The Bar Sinister.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Antonina. | Queen of Hearts.
Basil. | My Miscellanies.
Hide and Seek. | Woman in White.
The Dead Secret. | The Moonstone.

CHEAP POPULAR NOVELS, *continued*—
WILKIE COLLINS, *continued.*

Man and Wife.
Poor Miss Finch.
Miss or Mrs.?
New Magdalen.
The Frozen Deep.
Law and the Lady.
The Two Destinies
Haunted Hotel.
The Fallen Leaves.
Jezebel's Daughter
The Black Robe.
Heart and Science
"I Say No."
The Evil Genius.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

Sweet Anne Page.
Transmigration.
A Fight with Fortune.
From Midnight to Midnight.

MORTIMER & FRANCES COLLINS.

Sweet and Twenty.
Blacksmith and Scholar.
The Village Comedy.
You Play me False.
Frances.

BY DUTTON COOK.

Leo.
Paul Foster's Daughter.

BY C. EGBERT CRADDOCK.

The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains.

BY WILLIAM CYPLES.

Hearts of Gold.

BY ALPHONSE DAUDET.

The Evangelist; or, Port Salvation.

BY JAMES DE MILLE.

A Castle in Spain.

BY J. LEITH DERWENT.

Our Lady of Tears.
Circe's Lovers.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Sketches by Boz.
Pickwick Papers.
Oliver Twist.
Nicholas Nickleby

BY MRS. ANNIE EDWARDES.

A Point of Honour.
Archie Lovell.

BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

Felicia.
Kitty.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

Roxy.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD.

Bella Donna.
Never Forgotten.
The Second Mrs. Tillotson.
Polly.
Seventy-five Brooke Street.
The Lady of Brantome.

BY ALBANY DE FONBLANQUE.

Filthy Lucre.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON.

Olympia.
One by One.
Queen Cophetua.
A Real Queen.

Prefaced by Sir H. BARTLE FRERE.

Pandurang Hari.

BY HAIN FRISWELL.

One of Two.

BY EDWARD GARRETT.

The Capel Girls.

CHEAP POPULAR NOVELS, *continued*—
BY CHARLES GIBBON.

Robin Gray.
For Lack of Gold.
What will the World Say?
In Honour Bound.
In Love and War.
For the King.
In Pastures Green
Queen of the Meadow.
The Flower of the Forest.
A Heart's Problem
Braes of Yarrow.
The Golden Shaft.
Of High Degree.
Fancy Free.
Mead and Stream.
Loving a Dream.
A Hard Knot.

BY WILLIAM GILBERT.

Dr. Austin's Guests.
The Wizard of the Mountain.
James Duke.

BY JAMES GREENWOOD.

Dick Temple.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

Brueton's Bayou.

BY ANDREW HALLIDAY.

Every-Day Papers.

BY LADY DUFFUS HARDY.

Paul Wynter's Sacrifice.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

Under the Greenwood Tree.

BY J. BERWICK HARWOOD.

The Tenth Earl.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Garth.
Ellice Quentin.
Prince Saroni's Wife.
Fortune's Fool.
Sebastian Strome
Dust.
Beatrix Randolph.

BY SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

Ivan de Biron.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

The Lover's Creed.

BY TOM HOOD.

A Golden Heart.

BY MRS. GEORGE HOOPER.

The House of Raby.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS.

'Twixt Love and Duty.

BY MRS. ALFRED HUNT.

Thornicroft's Model.
The Leaden Casket.
Self-Condemned.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

Fated to be Free.

BY HARRIETT JAY.

The Dark Colleen.
The Queen of Connaught.

BY MARK KERSHAW.

Colonial Facts and Fictions.

BY R. ASHE KING.

A Drawn Game.
"The Wearing of the Green."

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

Oakshott Castle.

BY E. LYNN LINTON.

Patricia Kemball.
The Atonement of Leam Dundas.

CHEAP POPULAR NOVELS, *continued*—

E. LYNN LINTON, *continued*—

The World Well Lost.
Under which Lord?
With a Silken Thread.
The Rebel of the Family.
"My Love." | Ione.

BY HENRY W. LUCY.

Gideon Fleyce.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY.

Dear Lady Disdain
The Waterdale Neighbours.
My Enemy's Daughter.
A Fair Saxon.
Linley Rochford.
Miss Misanthrope
Donna Quixote.
The Comet of a Season.
Maid of Athens.
Camiola.

BY MRS. MACDONELL.

Quaker Cousins.

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

The Evil Eye. | Lost Rose.

BY W. H. MALLOCK.

The New Republic.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

Open! Sesame
A Harvest of Wild Oats.
A Little Stepson.
Fighting the Air.
Written in Fire.

BY J. MASTERMAN.

Half-a-dozen Daughters.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

A Secret of the Sea.

BY JEAN MIDDLEMASS.

Touch and Go. | Mr. Dorillion.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

A Life's Atonement
A Model Father.
Joseph's Coat.
Coals of Fire.
By the Gate of the Sea.
Val Strange.
Hearts.
Way of the World.
A Bit of Human Nature.
First Person Singular.
Cynic Fortune.

BY ALICE O'HANLON.

The Unforeseen.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

Whiteladies.

BY MRS. ROBERT O'REILLY.

Phœbe's Fortunes.

BY OUIDA.

Held in Bondage.
Strathmore.
Chandos.
Under Two Flags.
Idalia.
Cecil Castlemaine's Gage.
Tricotrin.
Puck.
Folle Farine.
A Dog of Flanders.
Pascarel.
Signa.
Princess Napraxine.
Two Little Wooden Shoes.
In a Winter City.
Ariadne.
Friendship.
Moths.
Pipistrello.
A Village Commune.
Bimbi.
Wanda.
Frescoes.
In Maremma.
Othmar.

CHEAP POPULAR NOVELS, *continued*—

BY MARGARET AGNES PAUL.

Gentle and Simple.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Lost Sir Massingberd.
A Perfect Treasure.
Bentinck's Tutor.
Murphy's Master.
A County Family.
At Her Mercy.
A Woman's Vengeance.
Cecil's Tryst.
Clyffards of Clyffe
The Family Scapegrace.
Foster Brothers.
Found Dead.
Best of Husbands.
Walter's Word.
Halves.
Fallen Fortunes.
What He Cost Her
Humorous Stories
Gwendoline's Harvest.
£200 Reward.
Like Father, Like Son.
Marine Residence.
Married Beneath Him.
Mirk Abbey.
Not Wooed, but Won.
Less Black than We're Painted.
By Proxy.
Under One Roof.
High Spirits.
Carlyon's Year.
A Confidential Agent.
Some Private Views.
From Exile.
A Grape from a Thorn.
For Cash Only.
Kit: A Memory.
The Canon's Ward
Talk of the Town.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

The Mystery of Marie Roget.

BY E. C. PRICE.

Valentina. | The Foreigners.
Mrs. Lancaster's Rival.
Gerald.

BY CHARLES READE.

It is Never Too Late to Mend.
Hard Cash. | Peg Woffington.
Christie Johnstone.
Griffith Gaunt.
Put Yourself in His Place.
The Double Marriage.
Love Me Little, Love Me Long.
Foul Play.
The Cloister and the Hearth.
The Course of True Love.
Autobiography of a Thief.
A Terrible Temptation.
The Wandering Heir.
A Simpleton. | A Woman-Hater
Readiana. | The Jilt.
Singleheart and Doubleface.
Good Stories of Men and other Animals.

BY MRS. J. H. RIDDELL.

Her Mother's Darling.
Prince of Wales's Garden Party.
Weird Stories.
The Uninhabited House.
Fairy Water.
The Mystery in Palace Gardens

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

Women are Strange.
The Hands of Justice

CHEAP POPULAR NOVELS, *continued*—

BY JAMES RUNCIMAN.
Skippers and Shellbacks.
Grace Balmaign's Sweetheart.
Schools and Scholars.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.
Round the Galley Fire.
On the Fo'k'sle Head.
In the Middle Watch.

BY BAYLE ST. JOHN.
A Levantine Family.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.
Gaslight and Daylight.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS.
Bound to the Wheel.
One Against the World.
Guy Waterman.
The Lion in the Path.
Two Dreamers.

BY KATHARINE SAUNDERS.
Joan Merryweather.
Margaret and Elizabeth.
The High Mills.
Heart Salvage. | Sebastian.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS.
Rogues and Vagabonds.
The Ring o' Bells.
Mary Jane's Memoirs.

BY ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.
A Match in the Dark.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.
The Mysteries of Heron Dyke.

BY R. A. STERNDALE.
The Afghan Knife.

BY R. LOUIS STEVENSON.
New Arabian Nights.
Prince Otto.

BY BERTHA THOMAS.
Cressida. | Proud Maisie.
The Violin-Player.

BY W. MOY THOMAS.
A Fight for Life.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.
Tales for the Marines.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.
Diamond Cut Diamond.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
The Way We Live Now.
The American Senator.
Frau Frohmann.
Marion Fay.
Kept in the Dark.
Mr. Scarborough's Family.
The Land-Leaguers.
The Golden Lion of Granpere.
John Caldigate.

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE
Like Ships upon the Sea.
Anne Furness.
Mabel's Progress.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.
Farnell's Folly.

CHEAP POPULAR NOVELS, *continued*—

BY IVAN TURGENIEFF, &c.
Stories from Foreign Novelists.

BY MARK TWAIN.
Tom Sawyer.
A Pleasure Trip on the Continent of Europe.
A Tramp Abroad.
The Stolen White Elephant.
Huckleberry Finn.
Life on the Mississippi.

BY C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.
Mistress Judith.

BY SARAH TYTLER.
What She Came Through.
The Bride's Pass.
Saint Mungo's City.
Beauty and the Beast.

BY J. S. WINTER
Cavalry Life. | Regimental Legends.

BY LADY WOOD.
Sabina.

BY EDMUND YATES.
Castaway. | The Forlorn Hope.
Land at Last.

ANONYMOUS.
Paul Ferroll.
Why Paul Ferroll Killed his Wife.

POPULAR SHILLING BOOKS.

Jeff Briggs's Love Story. By BRET HARTE.
The Twins of Table Mountain. By BRET HARTE.
Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.
Kathleen Mavourneen. By Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's."
Lindsay's Luck. By the Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's."
Pretty Polly Pemberton. By the Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's."
Trooping with Crows. By Mrs. PIRKIS.
The Professor's Wife. By LEONARD GRAHAM.
A Double Bond. By LINDA VILLARI.
Esther's Glove. By R. E. FRANCILLON.
The Garden that Paid the Rent. By TOM JERROLD.
Curly. By JOHN COLEMAN. Illustrated by J. C. DOLLMAN.
Beyond the Gates. By E. S. PHELPS.
An Old Maid's Paradise. By E. S. PHELPS.
Burglars in Paradise. By E. S. PHELPS.
Doom: An Atlantic Episode. By JUSTIN H. MACCARTHY, M.P.
Our Sensation Novel. Edited by JUSTIN H. MACCARTHY, M.P.
A Barren Title. By T. W. SPEIGHT.
Wife or No Wife? By T. W. SPEIGHT
The Silverado Squatters. By R. LOUIS STEVENSON.

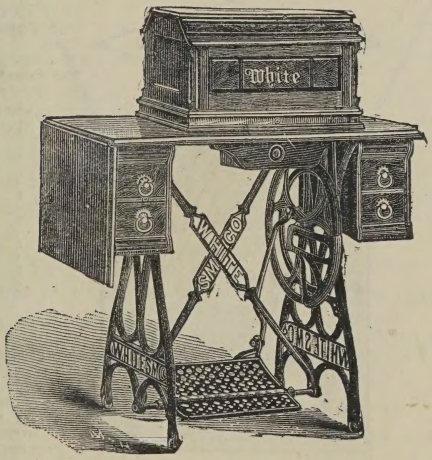
J. OGDEN AND CO. LIMITED, PRINTERS, GREAT SAFFRON HILL, E.C.

UNPARALLELED SUCCESS

OF THE

"WHITE"

Sewing Machine.



Gold Medal, Amsterdam Exhibition, 1883.

600 MACHINES Manufactured and Sold every day.

500 Sewing Machine Dealers in England alone sell the "WHITE."

Samples of Work and Price List gratis on application.

Try a "WHITE" before purchasing.

No other Machine ever had such a Record of Popularity.

"WHITE" SEWING MACHINE CO.

19, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

[*Twain.*]

A RECENT TESTIMONIAL.

"I have found your Chinese Diamond Cement so good for the repair of broken China, Glass, &c., that I wish you to send me a half dozen *6d.* bottles. I will give you one instance of the way in which it acts, and you can make what use you like of my letter. In October, 1883, our slop basin belonging to the breakfast service was let fall, just before breakfast, and broken into four or five large pieces and a few chips; in fact, I may say, broken all to pieces. I had all the pieces collected, and at once joined them together with

JACKSON'S CHINESE DIAMOND CEMENT.
At 6d. and 1s.; by Inland Post for 1s. 2d.
For mending every Article of Ornament or Furniture, Glass, China, Earthenware, &c.

'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.'
JACKSON'S CHINESE DIAMOND CEMENT
FOR BROKEN CHINA, GLASS, EARTHENWARE, ORNAMENTS, TOYS, &c.
IN BOTTLES AT 6D. & 1S.
Grandma's China.

JACKSON'S CHINESE DIAMOND CEMENT.
Surpasses in neatness, in strength, in cheapness, and retains its virtues in all climates.
Sold in Bottles, at 6d. and 1s.; by Post, 1s. 2d.

your Cement, making the basin again perfect; and wishing to test the cement, I had the basin used in the afternoon at the tea-table, and it was perfectly watertight, and has been in general use ever since, and has had the ordinary treatment such basins get; and in fact we often forget that it has been broken. I have used the Cement in numbers of other instances with equal success, and can recommend it as the best I have seen or used."

From the Laboratory of

THOMAS JACKSON, Strangeways, MANCHESTER.

Sold by the principal Druggists at Home and Abroad.

LOW'S STANDARD NOVELS

In small post 8vo, uniform, cloth extra, bevelled boards.

Price SIX SHILLINGS each, unless where otherwise stated.

By R. D. BLACKMORE.

Lorna Doone: A Romance of Exmoor. Twenty-fifth Edition. (Also an Edition charmingly Illustrated, 21s., 31s. 6d. and 35s.)
Alice Lorraine.
Cradock Nowell.
Clara Vaughan.
Cripps the Carrier.
Erema; or, My Father's Sin.
Mary Anerley.
Christowell: A Dartmoor Tale.
Tommy Upmore.

By THOMAS HARDY.

The Trumpet-Major.
Far from the Madding Crowd.
The Hand of Ethelberta.
A Laodicean.
Two on a Tower.
A Pair of Blue Eyes.
The Return of the Native.
The Mayor of Casterbridge.

By GEORGE MACDONALD.

Mary Marston.
Guild Court.
The Vicar's Daughter.
Adela Cathcart.
Stephen Archer.
Weighed and Wanting.
Orts.

By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.

Daisies and Buttercups: A Novel of the Upper Thames.
The Senior Partner.
Alaric Spenceley.
A Struggle for Fame.

By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY.

A Golden Sorrow.
Out of Court.

By FRANK R. STOCKTON, Author of "Rudder Grange."

The Late Mrs. Null.

By C. F. WOOLSON.

Anne.
East Angels.
For the Major. 5s.

By WILLIAM BLACK.

A Daughter of Heth. Nineteenth Edition.
Three Feathers.
Kilmeny.
In Silk Attire.
Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart.
Sunrise.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Wreck of the "Grosvenor."
John Holdsworth (Chief Mate).
A Strange Voyage.
A Sailor's Sweetheart.
The Lady "Maud."
Little Loo: A Tale of South Sea.
A Sea Queen.
Jack's Courtship.
My Watch Below.

By Mrs. BEECHER STOWE.

Old Town Folk.
We and Our Neighbours.
Poganuc People.

By Mrs. B. M. CROKER.

Some One Else.

By JEAN INGELOW.

Don John.
Sarah De Beranger.
John Jerome: His Thoughts and Ways. 5s.

By Mrs. MACQUOID.

Elinor Dryden.
Diane.

By Miss COLERIDGE.

An English Squire.

By Rev. E. GILLIAT, M.A.

A Story of the Dragonades.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

Three Recruits, and the Girls they Left Behind Them.

By LEWIS WALLACE.

Ben Hur: A Tale of the Christ.

London: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE & RIVINGTON,
188, Fleet Street, E.C.; *and of all Booksellers.*

PEARS'

Curious & beautiful Optical illusion presented by the proprietors of **Pears' Soap**

Strobic Circles invented by Professor Silvanus P. Thompson, D.Sc., B.A.

HOLD this Diagram by the right-hand bottom corner and give it a slight but **rapid** circular twisting motion, *when each circle will separately revolve on its own axis.* The inner cogged wheel will be seen to revolve in an *opposite direction.*

Protected against infringement and solely controlled by The Leadenhall Press, E.C.

PEARS' SOAP—SOLD EVERYWHERE.